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PORCUPINE'S

WORKS;

CONTAINING VARIOUS

WRITINGS AND SELECTIONS,

EXHIBITING A FAITHFUL PICTURE

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA;

OF THEIR

GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, POLITICS, AND RESOURCES;

OF THE CHARACTERS OF THEIR

PRESIDENTS, GOVERNORS, LEGISLATORS, MAGISTRATES, AND MILITARY MEN;

AND OF THE

CUSTOMS, MANNERS, MORALS, RELIGION, VIRTUES AND VICES

OF THE PEOPLE:

COMPRISING ALSO

A COMPLETE SERIES OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND REMARKS,

FROM THE END OF THE WAR, IN 1783,

TO THE

ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT, IN MARCH, 1801.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

(A Volume to be added annually.)

VOL. V.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR COBBETT AND MORGAN, AT THE CROWN AND MITRE, PALL MALL.

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OF

VOL. V.

Selections from Porcupine's Gazette, from the Beginning of March, to the End of May, 1797.

SELECTIONS

FROM

PORCUPINE's GAZETTE.

GAZETTE SELECTIONS.

SATURDAY, 4th MARCH, 1797.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

THE objects which this paper has in view have already been ſet forth, and that they are generally approved of is demonſtrated by the numbers of ſubſcribers, that the propoſals have brought from all parts of the United States. Nothing ſeems neceſſary here, then, but to give a ſketch of the manner in which the publication will be conducted.

The editor of an advertiſing paper, which was uſhered to the world not long ſince, expreſſed a good deal of concern for the anxious ſuſpenſe of the public mind reſpecting his politics: and to ſay the truth, it is often a ſubject of curious ſpeculation, and one that would puzzle the moſt accurate calculators, to determine beforehand what will be the politics of a news-monger. It is generally a thing ſo dependent upon circumſtances, ſo entirely ſubjected to the control of adventitious cauſes, ſuch, for inſtance, as the caprice of the multitude, the length of the purſes of certain wholeſale ſubſcribers, &c. &c. that it is extremely difficult, if not altogether impoſſible, for the public, or even the editor himſelf, to know what will be his politics, before he begins to publiſh, or, for any length of time,

after he has begun. This ſtate of uncertainty, however, my readers and I are happily exempted from. My politics, ſuch as they are, are known to every one; and few, I believe, doubt of their continuing the ſame.

Profeſſions of impartiality I ſhall make none. They are always uſeleſs, and are beſides perfect nonſenſe, when uſed by a news-monger: for, he that does not relate news as he finds it, is ſomething worſe than partial; and as to other articles that help to compoſe a paper, he that does not exerciſe his own judgment, either in admitting or rejecting what is ſent him, is a poor paſſive tool, and not an editor. For my part, I feel the ſtrongeſt partiality for the cauſe of order and good government, ſuch as we live under, and againſt every thing that is oppoſed to it. To profeſs impartiality here, would be as abſurd as to profeſs it in a war between Virtue and Vice, Good and Evil, Happineſs and Miſery. There may be editors who look on ſuch a conflict with perfect indifference, and whoſe only anxiety is to diſcover which is the ſtrongeſt ſide. I am not one of theſe, nor ſhall a paper under my direction, ever be made an inſtrument of deſtruction to the cauſe I eſpouſe.

Communications will be thankfully received. I wiſh my paper to be a rallying point for the friends of Government. Here they may ſpeak their minds without reſerve. They may employ their leiſure hours, without fearing that their productions will be rejected, or gutted, or frittered away, for fear of offending this or that perſon, ſociety, or nation. I have not deſcended from the Cenſorial chair merely to become a news-monger; I have not made this ſacrifice for the ſake of augmenting the number of retailers of ſmall-beer politics; in ſhort, I have not taken up that cut-and-thruſt weapon, a daily paper, without a reſolution not only to make uſe of it myſelf,

ſelf, but to lend it to whomſoever is diſpoſed to aſſiſt me. But, as all the reſponſibility muſt alight on me, it is no more than reaſonable, that I ſhould have an abſolute power to accept of, or to refuſe, whatever aid is offered me; and that this may be exerciſed unfettered by the fear of giving offence, I think proper to notify, that I wiſh to receive no communications (except from diſtant correſpondents), that are not depoſited in the letter-box, which I have for this purpoſe placed in the window of my ſhop, and which will be kept open till ten o'clock in the evening. Gentlemen at a diſtance, who think my undertaking worthy of their aid, will pleaſe to direct their letters to me, poſt paid; and I take this opportunity of requeſting all my correſpondents in the United States, whether they write on their buſineſs or mine, to pay the poſtage and place it to my account. This is a regulation I have been obliged to adopt, to diſappoint certain democratic blackguards, who, to gratify their impotent malice, and put me to expenſe, ſend me loving epiſtles, full of curſes and bawdry.

It will naturally be expected, that a paper publiſhed in five weeks from the day of its being propoſed, muſt, for a time, exhibit a want of early poſſeſſion of intelligence to be derived from correſpondents in foreign countries; but, I truſt, this will not long be viſible, as I have taken meaſures, which I doubt not will prove efficacious, for a regular ſupply of papers from every port of conſequence in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and in the Weſt Indies. In the mean time, I ſhall be extremely obliged to any gentlemen for the uſe of papers of recent date, or for important news of any kind, in whatever way it may come to hand.

Beſides the uſual ſource of foreign intelligence, the public papers, it is my intention to give extracts

from all the good political pamphlets, publiſhed in London; from which a much better idea of the real ſituation of affairs is generally to be gathered, than from the promiſcuous miſcellany of a newſpaper. I I will not promiſe to publiſh tranſlations from French pamphlets; becauſe ſuch is the "unreſtrained liberty of the preſs" among that free and enlightened people, that I much fear no politiçal pamphlets are publiſhed. One thing I will promiſe, however, and that is, to ſpare neither pains nor coſt to come at the exact ſtate of ſlavery, and its conſequent miſery, that the people of that once happy country are now groaning under. Not that I would by any means undertake, with the beſt poſſible information, to give a full account of the ſeven hundred and five harlequin tyrants and all the devil's tricks they have played and are playing; but I think it would be extremely uſeful, at this time, to place the ſituation of France in a true light: one ſuch example is better than all the precepts in the world.

The price of Advertiſements will, of courſe, be according to the propoſed conditions, and, in this line, I think, "Porcupine's Gazette" need not fear a rival. The ſubſcribers already amount to more than a thouſand, not including ſome hundreds whoſe names have not yet reached me. This paper has more ſubſcribers at Baltimore, New-York, and at almoſt every town of note along the great poſt road, than any two other papers publiſhed in Philadelphia.

The laſt paragraph may, by ſome, be conſtrued into a boaſt; but when a man declares what it is his intereſt to declare, and does not depart from the truth, no one can juſtly accuſe him either of vanity or deception. Such a declaration does not reſemble thoſe public thankſgivings (of which we have lately ſeen ſo many) for hundreds of ſubſcribers never obtained, and a "liberal proportion of advertiſing favours,"

favours," never received. This is ſinging Te Deum after a defeat, or after a ſevere repulſe at leaſt.

After acknowledging the encouragement I have received, I ſhould not conclude, perhaps, without thanking my ſubſcribers; but I truſt they will give my ſilence on this ſubject the proper interpretation. I never was maſter of the God-bleſs-your-honour ſtyle; and as I have at this time promiſed to lend my feeble ſupport to a good cauſe, I imagine that a punctual adherence to that promiſe is the beſt and moſt unequivocal mode of expreſſing my gratitude to thoſe who have favoured my undertaking.

To FRANKLIN BACHE, *Editor of the Aurora.*

SIR,

Your vehicle of lies and ſedition, of Saturday laſt, contained the following paragraph:

" *From a Correſpondent.—Speech of Peter Porcupine.*

" In converſation a few days ago the Britiſh cor-
" poral declared, 'that he never would forgive the
" Americans for their rebellion againſt their king,
" and that he never would reſt until they were re-
" duced to their former obedience.' If the fellow,
" whoſe back ſtill exhibits the marks of his former
" virtue, ſhould dare to deny this, it can be ſub-
" ſtantiated by undoubted evidence. After this
" ſpeech it may be well to repeat, that Peter Porcu-
" pine is conſidered the champion of the fede-
" raliſts!!!"

Now, pray, is this of your manufacture, or is it really from a correſpondent? If you own it for yours, I aſſert that you are a liar, and an infamous ſcoundrel: if you do not, your correſpondent has my free leave to take thoſe appellations to himſelf.

Having thus ſettled the point of courteſy, give me leave to aſk you, my ſweet ſleepy-eyed ſir, what end

you could propoſe to yourſelf in publiſhing not only what you knew to be a falſehood, but what you muſt, if you are not quite an idiot, perceive every one elſe would look upon as ſuch? Do you dread the effects of my paper; and do you imagine that a poor miſerably conſtructed falſehood of your publiſhing will tend to obſtruct its ſucceſs? If you do, you are egregiouſly miſtaken. Not all that you and your correſpondents can ſay, not all the reports of your ſpies, nor all the aſſignats of your Gallic friends, diſpoſed of in bribes, will ever be able to rob me of a ſingle ſubſcriber.

But, I cannot for my life ſee, why you ſhould wrangle with me. "Two of a trade can never agree." Very true; but I hope in God my trade is very different from yours. We are, to be ſure, both of us news-mongers by profeſſion; but then, the articles that you have for ſale are very different from mine. Beſides, you ſell yours wholeſale; a line which I ſhall be many years before I arrive at. Your exportation buſineſs, too, is a branch that I am ſure I never ſhall interfere with; and as to the give-away trade*, which forms no contemptible portion of your commerce (and perhaps none of the leaſt profitable), you may, for me, have the excluſive enjoyment of it for life. No one ſhall have my paper that does not pay for it.

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* Bache was paid by the three ſucceſſive French Ambaſſadors, Genet, Fauchet, and Adet, for 100 of each number of his gazette, which were ſent to Europe, and for 300 more, which were diſtributed amongſt the people *gratis*. The newſpapers are not, in America, purchaſed in quantities, and diſtributed to the readers, by *newſmen*. There are no perſons of this deſcription in that country. The proprietor diſtributes all his papers by the aſſiſtance of carriers, who, in going through the ſtreets, can eaſily ſcatter their papers amongſt the people, unperceived. The French agents have availed themſelves of this circumſtance, and have never failed, on any important occaſion, of propagating amongſt the people thoſe opinions which they wiſhed to ſee adopted.

Why

Why then, in the name of all that is rascally and corrupt, cannot you let me alone? I tell you what, Mr. Bache, you will get nothing by me in a war of words; and so you may as well abandon the contest while you can do it with a good grace. I do not wish (and I call on the public to remember what I say), I do not wish to fill my paper with personal satire and abuse; but I will not be insulted with impunity; and particularly by you. I have not forgotten your pointing out the propriety of describing my person, and hinting at the same time the dark purpose of so doing: I have not forgotten, that while a mob of vile infamous pamphleteers were barking round me, the grandson of old Franklin published a paragraph setting forth the justice of cutting my throat. You thought they had laid me sprawling, and, like a base cur, came to have your snap among the rest. I have not forgotten all this; but I see no necessity for teasing the public with a repetition of it; and for the same reason I wish to avoid all personality whatever. Our readers, and especially those of this city, know already every thing that is worth knowing about you and me. Nothing that we can say will alter their opinions of us; and as for altering our opinions of one another, that is a thing not to be thought of. I am getting up in the world, and you are going down; for this reason it is that you hate me, and that I despise you; and that you will preserve your hatred and I my contempt, till fortune gives her wheel another turn, or till death snatches one or the other of us from the scene.

It is therefore useless, my dear Bache, to say any more about the matter. Why should we keep buffetting and spurring at each other? Why should we rend and tear our poor reputations to pieces, merely for the diversion of the spectators? A great number of persons, rather lovers of fun than of decency, have

already pitted us, and are prepared to enjoy the combat. Let us diſappoint them; let us walk about arm in arm: many a couple, even of different ſex, do this, and at the ſame time like one another no better than we do.

Your pride may, indeed, reject the ſociety of a Britiſh corporal, as you very juſtly ſtyle me; but, my dear Sir, whatever we have been, we are now both of the ſame honeſt calling. Nobody looks upon you as the grandſon of a philoſopher and an ambaſſador. People call you (they do indeed) Ben Bache the newſman; nothing more I aſſure you. And, as they have no regard to your illuſtrious deſcent, ſo you may be ſure they will not long remember the meanneſs of mine.

Once more, then, I ſay, let us be friends. You will profit from my converſation. I ſhall convince you, as well by precept as example, that it is a folly for a man to print papers and throw them about the ſtreets.

As I began this letter without ceremony, ſo I ſhall end it.

P. PORCUPINE.

Britiſh Commerce and Finances—Among all the ſources of public deception, none has been oftener reſorted to, by the papers in the pay of France, than the ruined commerce and exhauſted finances of Britain. I do not know how it has happened, but they certainly have ſucceeded in perſuading a conſiderable portion of the people, that England muſt ſink under the burden of the preſent conteſt, merely for want of the means of ſupporting it. They have, againſt reaſon, and ocular demonſtration, contrived to propagate this opinion, till it begins to be looked upon as a ſort of political hereſy to diſbelieve their reports. Yet notwithſtanding all this, their reports on this ſubject are, and ever have been, fraught with miſrepre-

miſrepreſentation, and ſometimes with abſolute falſehood.

I ſhall not ſtop here to inquire, how it comes to paſs, that the commerce and finances of Britain are looked upon as ſubjects of ſuch importance here as to be worth miſrepreſentation; it is ſufficient to me that it is ſo; and whatever is worth miſrepreſenting, is worthy of being placed in a true light.

The Marquis of Lanſdown, whoſe fingers itch to be playing with the guineas in the Engliſh Exchequer, brought forward ſome time ago a ſtring of reſolutions (nearly as long as that of Citizen Madiſon, of irkſome memory), by which the Lords were to make a public confeſſion of the wretched ſtate to which, by their own imbecility, they had ſuffered the king's miniſters to reduce the nation, and concluded his penitential propoſitions with the following exhortation:

"In a ſituation ſo alarming, and ſo manifeſtly "tending to deſtroy the confidence of the people in "parliament, which (as every reflecting man muſt "have with deep concern obſerved) has for ſome years "paſt been rapidly on the decline; it behoves par-"liament, by a timely revival of its ancient energy "and integrity, to convince the people that their "conſtitutional guardians are awake to the common "danger, and are determined to come forward with "ſuch firm meaſures of public order and reform, as "will effectually relieve the ſubject, and remedy "evils which, if ſtill ſuffered to accumulate, will "be paſt all remedy, and muſt inevitably terminate "in public confuſion."

On this a debate enſued, during the courſe of which Lord Auckland went into a full and complete examination of the ſubject, concluding a ſpeech of great length with the following conſolatory remarks:

"I ſhall,

" I ſhall, my Lords, cloſe this comparative account " by a ſtriking and important ſtatement.

" Amount of revenue (including the " land and malt) below the com- " puted expenditure on a peace " eſtabliſhment of fifteen millions, " 1783, - - £.2,000,000

" Ditto above the computed expendi- " ture on a ſimilar peace eſtabliſh- " ment, with the addition of in- " creaſed charges for the debt in- " curred by the preſent war, 1795, £.3,400,000

" If we compare the exceſs of 1795 (£.3,400,000) with the deficiency of 1783 (£. 2,000,000), the difference of the revenue in favour of the latter period will be £.1,400,000.

" Your Lordſhips cannot fail to have remarked that all theſe objects converge in a remarkable manner towards the ſame concluſion; and that coincidence is an irregular proof that they all ſpring from the ſame ſource, the real proſperity of the country. If there is any inaccuracy in my ſtatements, I am perſuaded it is inconſiderable, and certainly it is not intentional.

" Facts, ſuch as theſe, my Lords, greatly outweigh all the declamations that the genius and eloquence of mankind can produce. I ſhall leave them therefore without comment; they ſufficiently enforce themſelves. They are unequivocal proofs of the reſources of the kingdom; no man can look with an unprejudiced eye at ſuch ſtatements, and not perceive that this country has increaſed in proſperity even under the preſſure of the war.

" To what, under the protection and favour of Divine Providence, ſhall ſuch proſperity be aſcribed? To our naval ſuperiority and ſucceſſes; to our conqueſts in the Eaſt and Weſt Indies; to the acquiſition of new markets; to the enterpriſing ſpirit of our merchants;

merchants; to the improvements of our manufactures; to the energy of our countrymen in arts and in arms; to the union of liberty with law; to the national character cherished by, and cherishing, the principles of our inimitable constitution; that constitution, which it has been the object of our enemies to destroy, by means and efforts utterly destructive to themselves; that constitution which is the great purpose of our struggles, in that just and necessary war, to preserve and to maintain."

This day Mr. John Adams entered on his functions, as President, and Mr. Jefferson on his as Vice President, of the United States of America.

The ceremony of instalment took place at twelve o'clock, in the House of Representatives, in presence of the members of that House and of the Senators.

Citizen Adet.—It is said that this suspended minister is actually preparing to leave us. Whether he is to be succeeded by some other graduate from the school of insurrection, is not yet ascertained; but there is every reason to suppose that his post will not long remain vacant.

Mr. Vans Murray, a member of the Federal House of Representatives, from the State of Maryland, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Republic of Holland.

Stock—Six per cent	17*s*
Three per cent.	10*s*
4 1-2 per cent.	—
5 1-2 per cent.	—
Deferred six per cent.	12*s*3
Bank of the United States,	16 1-2 per cent.
——— Pennsylvania,	20 do.
——— North America,	45 do.

Insurance

Insurance Comp. N. A. shares, 35 per cent.
——————— Pennsylvania, 4 per cent. adv.

Course of Exchange—On London, at 30 days, par
——————— at 60 days, - - 65
——————— at 90 days, - - 62 1-2
Amsterdam, 60 days, per guilder, - 40
——————— 90 days, - - - 42

MONDAY, 6th MARCH.

Philadelphia.—Saturday morning, the Senate of the United States, being convened in their chamber, on the call of the late President, Thomas Jefferson was sworn in as Vice President of the United States, and President of the Senate. He addressed them in the following extempore speech:

" *Gentlemen of the Senate,*

" Entering on the duties of the office to which I am called, I feel it incumbent on me to apologize to this honourable House, for the insufficient manner in which I fear they may be discharged. At an earlier period of my life, and through some considerable portion of it, I have been a member of legislative bodies; and not altogether inattentive to the forms of their proceedings. But much time has elapsed; since that, other duties have occupied my mind; in a great degree it has lost its familiarity with this subject. I fear that the House will have but too frequent occasion to perceive the truth of this acknowledgment.—If a diligent attention, however, will enable me to fulfil the functions now assigned me, I may promise that diligence and attention shall be sedulously employed. For one portion of my duty I will engage with more confidence, because it will depend on my will, not on my capacity.

" The rules which are to govern the proceedings

of this Houſe, ſo far as they ſhall depend on me for their application, ſhall be applied with the moſt rigorous and inflexible impartiality, regarding neither perſons, their views nor principles, and ſeeing only the abſtract propoſition ſubject to my deciſion. If, in forming that opinion, I concur with ſome and differ from others, as muſt of neceſſity happen, I ſhall rely on the liberality and candour of thoſe from whom I differ, to believe that I do it on pure motives. I might here proceed, and with the greateſt truth to declare, my zealous attachment to the Conſtitution of the United States, that I conſider the union of theſe ſtates as the firſt of bleſſings, and as the firſt of duties, the preſervation of that Conſtitution which ſecures it; but I ſuppoſe theſe declarations not pertinent to the occaſion of entering into an office whoſe primary buſineſs is merely to preſide over the forms of this Houſe: and no one more ſincerely prays, that no accident may call me to the higher and more important functions which the Conſtitution eventually devolves on this office. Theſe have been juſtly confided to the eminent character which has preceded me here, whoſe talents and integrity have been known and revered by me through a long courſe of years, and have been the foundation of a cordial and uninterrupted friendſhip between us; and I devoutly pray he may be long preſerved for the government, the happineſs, and proſperity of our common country*."

"Soon

* A declaration more falſe and hypocritical than this, never diſgraced a public aſſembly. Not only had Jefferſon been the rival candidate of Adams, not only had he ſeen every baſe and wicked art made uſe of to degrade and diſappoint his opponent, but it was notorious, that he himſelf had written ſeveral moſt artful and infamous libels againſt the man whom he here pretends to love and reſpect, and for whoſe life, health, and continuance in office he affects to pray! The fable of the Fox and the Grapes is but too frequently

" Soon after, the Senate removed to the Chamber of the Houſe of Repreſentatives.

" At an early hour, a great number of citizens had aſſembled round Congreſs Hall, to witneſs the retirement of our late worthy Preſident Waſhington from public life: the concourſe increaſed to ſuch a degree as to fill the ſtreet, and when the gallery doors were thrown open, the Houſe was ſuddenly filled up to overflowing. The ladies added to the dignity of the ſcene, numbers of them were ſeated in the chairs of the Repreſentatives, and others were accommodated with ſeats on the floor of the Houſe.

" A few minutes after, the Senate arrived, preceded by their Preſident; George Waſhington entered, but before he had advanced half way acroſs the floor, a burſt of applauſe broke forth from every quarter of the Houſe—on the entrance of John Adams like marks of approbation were expreſſed."

The Chief Juſtice of the United States, Oliver Elſworth, together with Judges Cuſhing, Wilſon, and Iredell, were ſeated at a table in front of the elevated ſeat; John Adams then took his oath of office, as Preſident of the United States, and delivered the following ſpeech:

" When it was firſt perceived, in early times, that no middle courſe for America remained, between unlimited ſubmiſſion to a foreign legiſlature, and a total independence of its claims; men of reflection were leſs apprehenſive of danger, from the formidable power of fleets and armies, they muſt determine to reſiſt, than from thoſe conteſts and diſſenſions, which would certainly ariſe, concerning the forms of

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frequently found applicable to the conduct of public men; but, for a man to put up a petition to Heaven that he may long be kept from the poſt for which he has been a candidate, is a ſketch of hypocriſy unexampled even amongſt republican patriots.

government

government to be inſtituted, over the whole and over the parts of this extenſive country. Relying, however, on the purity of their intentions, the juſtice of their cauſe, and the integrity and intelligence of the people under an over-ruling Providence, which had ſo ſignally protected this country from the firſt, the Repreſentatives of this nation, then conſiſting of little more than half its preſent numbers, not only broke to pieces the chains which were forging, and the rod of iron that was lifted up, but frankly cut aſunder the ties which had bound them, and launched into an ocean of uncertainty.

" The zeal and ardour of the people, during the revolutionary war, ſupplying the place of government, commanded a degree of order, ſufficient at leaſt for the temporary preſervation of ſociety.—The confederation, which was early felt to be neceſſary, was prepared from the models of the Batavian and Helvetic confederacies, the only examples which remain with any detail and preciſion, in hiſtory, and certainly the only ones, which the people at large had ever conſidered. But reflecting on the striking difference, in ſo many particulars, between this country and thoſe where a courier may go from the ſeat of government to the frontier in a ſingle day, it was then certainly foreſeen by ſome who aſſiſted in Congreſs at the formation of it, that it could not be durable.

" Negligence of its regulations, inattention to its recommendations, if not diſobedience to its authority, not only in individuals but in States, ſoon appeared with their melancholy conſequences—univerſal languor, jealouſies and rivalries of States; decline of navigation and commerce; diſcouragement of neceſſary manufactures; univerſal fall in the value of lands and their produce; contempt of public and private faith; loſs of conſideration and credit with foreign nations; and at length in diſ-

contents, animoſities, combinations, partial conventions, and inſurrections, threatening ſome great national calamity.

" In this dangerous criſis, the people of America were not abandoned by their uſual good ſenſe, preſence of mind, reſolution, or integrity. Meaſures were purſued to concert a plan, to form a more perfect union, eſtabliſh juſtice, enſure domeſtic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and ſecure the bleſſings of liberty. The public diſquiſitions, diſcuſſions, and deliberations, iſſued in the preſent happy Conſtitution of Government.

" Employed in the ſervice of my country abroad during the whole courſe of theſe tranſactions, I firſt ſaw the Conſtitution of the United States in a foreign country. Irritated by no literary altercations, animated by no public debate, heated by no party animoſity, I read it with great ſatisfaction, as a reſult of good heads, prompted by good hearts; as an experiment better adapted to the genius, character, ſituation and relations of this nation and country, than any which had ever been propoſed or ſuggeſted. In its general principles and great outlines, it was conformable to ſuch a ſyſtem of government as I had ever moſt eſteemed, and in ſome States, my own native State in particular, had contributed to eſtabliſh. Claiming a right of ſuffrage, in common with my fellow-citizens, in the adoption or rejection of a Conſtitution which was to rule me and my poſterity, as well as them and theirs, I did not heſitate to expreſs my approbation of it on all occaſions in public and in private. It was not then, nor has been ſince, any objection to it, in my mind, that the Executive and Senate were not more permanent.—Nor have I ever entertained a thought of promoting any alteration in it, but ſuch as the people themſelves, in the courſe of their experience, ſhould ſee

and

and feel to be neceſſary or expedient, and by their Repreſentatives in Congreſs and the State Legiſlatures, according to the Conſtitution itſelf, to adopt and ordain.

" Returning to the boſom of my country, after a painful ſeparation from it for ten years, I had the honour to be elected to a ſtation under the new order of things, and I have repeatedly laid myſelf under the moſt ſerious obligations to ſupport the Conſtitution. The operation of it has equalled the moſt ſanguine expectation of its friends: and from an habitual attention to it, ſatisfaction in its adminiſtration and delight in its effects, upon the peace, order, proſperity and happineſs of the nation, I have acquired an habitual attachment to it and veneration for it.

" What other form of government indeed can ſo well deſerve our eſteem and love?

" There may be little ſolidity in an ancient idea, that congregations of men into cities and nations, are the moſt pleaſing objects in the ſight of ſuperior intelligences; but this is very certain, that to a benevolent humane mind, there can be no ſpectacle preſented by any nation, more pleaſing, more noble, majeſtic, or auguſt, than an aſſembly, like that which has ſo often been ſeen in this and the other chamber of Congreſs, of a government, in which the executive authority, as well as that of all the branches of the Legiſlature, are exerciſed by citizens ſelected, at regular periods, by their neighbours, to make and execute laws for the general good. Can any thing eſſential, any thing more than mere ornament and decoration, be added to this by robes or diamonds? Can authority be more amiable or reſpectable, when it deſcends from accidents, or inſtitutions eſtabliſhed in remote antiquity, than when it ſprings freſh from the hearts and judgments of an honeſt and enlightened people? For it is the people only

that are repreſented: it is their power and majeſty that is reflected, and only for their good, in every legitimate government, under whatever form it may appear. The exiſtence of ſuch a government as ours for any length of time, is a full proof of a general diſſemination of knowledge and virtue throughout the whole body of the people. And what object or conſideration more pleaſing than this can be preſented to the human mind? If national pride is ever juſtifiable or excuſable, it is when it ſprings, not from power or riches, grandeur or glory, but from conviction of national innocence, information, and benevolence.

"In the midſt of theſe pleaſing ideas, we ſhould be unfaithful to ourſelves, if we ſhould ever loſe ſight of the danger to our liberties, if any thing partial or extraneous ſhould infect the purity of our free, fair, virtuous and independent elections.—If an election is to be determined by a majority of a ſingle vote, and that can be procured by a party, through artifice or corruption, the government may be the choice of a party for its own ends, not of the nation, for the national good. If that ſolitary ſuffrage can be obtained by foreign nations by flattery or menaces, by fraud or violence, by terror, intrigue, or venality, the government may not be the choice of the American people, but of foreign nations. It may be foreign nations who govern us, and not we the people who govern ourſelves. And candid men will acknowledge, that, in ſuch caſes, choice ſhould have little advantage to boaſt of, over lot or chance.

"Such is the amiable and intereſting ſyſtem of government (and ſuch are ſome of the abuſes to which it may be expoſed) which the people of America have exhibited to the admiration and anxiety of the wiſe and virtuous of all nations, for eight years, under the adminiſtration of a citizen, who, by a long courſe of great actions, regulated by prudence, juſtice,

juſtice, temperance, and fortitude; conducting a people inſpired with the ſame virtues, and animated with the ſame ardent patriotiſm and love of liberty, to independence and peace, to increaſing wealth and unexampled proſperity; has merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the higheſt praiſes of foreign nations, and ſecured immortal glory with poſterity.

"In that retirement which is his voluntary choice, may he long live to enjoy that delicious recollection of his ſervices, the gratitude of mankind, the happy fruits of them to himſelf and the world, which are daily increaſing, and that ſplendid proſpect of the further fortunes of his country, which is opening from year to year. His name may be ſtill a rampart; and the knowledge that he lives, a bulwark againſt all open or ſecret enemies of his country's peace.

"This example has been recommended to the imitation of his ſucceſſors, by both Houſes of Congreſs, and by the voice of the legiſlatures and the people throughout the nation.

"On this ſubject it might become me better to be ſilent, or to ſpeak with diffidence: but as ſomething may be expected, the occaſion, I hope, will be admitted as an apology, if I venture to ſay, that

"If a preference, upon principle, of a free republican government, formed upon long and ſerious reflection, after a diligent and impartial inquiry after truth; if an attachment to the Conſtitution of the United States, and a conſcientious determination to ſupport it, until it ſhall be altered by the judgments and wiſhes of the people, expreſſed in the mode preſcribed in it; if a reſpectful attention to the conſtitutions of the individual States, and a conſtant caution and delicacy towards the State governments; if an equal and impartial regard to the rights, intereſts, honour, and happineſs of all the States of

the Union, without preference or regard to a northern or ſouthern, an eaſtern or weſtern poſition, their various political opinions on uneſſential points, or their perſonal attachments; if a love of virtuous men of all parties and denominations; if a love of ſcience and letters, and a wiſh to patronize every rational effort to encourage ſchools, colleges, univerſities, academies, and every inſtitution for propagating knowledge, virtue, and religion among all claſſes of the people, not only for their benign influence on the happineſs of life, in all its ſtages and claſſes, and of ſociety in all its forms; but as the only means of preſerving our Conſtitution from its natural enemies, the ſpirit of ſophiſtry, the ſpirit of party, the ſpirit of intrigue, the profligacy of corruption, and the peſtilence of foreign influence, which is the angel of deſtruction to elective governments; if a love of equal laws, of juſtice and humanity, in the interior adminiſtration; if an inclination to improve agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, for neceſſity, convenience, and defence; if a ſpirit of equity and humanity towards the aboriginal nations of America, and a diſpoſition to meliorate their condition, by inclining them to be more friendly to us, and our citizens to be more friendly to them; if an inflexible determination to maintain peace and inviolable faith with all nations, and that ſyſtem of neutrality and impartiality toward the belligerent powers of Europe, which has been adopted by this government, and ſo ſolemnly ſanctioned by both Houſes of Congreſs, and applauded by the legiſlatures of the States and the public opinion, until it ſhall be otherwiſe ordained by Congreſs; if a perſonal eſteem for the French nation, formed in a reſidence of ſeven years, chiefly among them, and a ſincere deſire to preſerve the friendſhip which has been ſo much for the honour and intereſt of both nations; if, while the conſcious

conſcious honour and integrity of the people of America, and the internal ſentiment of their own powers and energies, muſt be preſerved, an earneſt endeavour to inveſtigate every juſt cauſe and remove every colourable pretence of complaint; if an intention to purſue by amicable negotiation, a reparation for the injuries that have been committed on the commerce of our fellow-citizens by whatever nation; and if ſucceſs cannot be obtained, to lay the facts before the legiſlature, that they may conſider what further meaſures the honour and intereſt of the government and its conſtituents demand; if a reſolution to do juſtice, as far as may depend upon me, at all times and to all nations, and maintain peace, friendſhip, and benevolence with all the world; if an unſhaken confidence in the honour, ſpirit, and reſources of the American people, on which I have ſo often hazarded my all, and never been deceived; if elevated ideas of the high deſtinies of this country, and of my own duties towards it, founded on a knowledge of the moral principles and intellectual improvements of the people, deeply engraven on my mind in early life, and not obſcured but exalted by experience and age: and, with humble reverence, I feel it to be my duty to add, if a veneration for the religion of a people, who profeſs and call themſelves Chriſtians, and fixed reſolution to conſider a decent reſpect for Chriſtianity among the beſt recommendations for the public ſervice; can enable me, in any degree, to comply with your wiſhes, it ſhall be my ſtrenuous endeavour that this ſagacious injunction of the two Houſes ſhall not be without effect.

" With the great example before me; with the ſenſe and ſpirit, the faith and honour, the duty and intereſt of the ſame American people, pledged to ſupport the Conſtitution of the United States, I entertain no doubt of its continuance in all its

energy, and my mind is prepared, without hesitation, to lay myself under the most solemn obligations to support it to the utmost of my power.

"And may that Being, who is supreme over all, the patron of order, the fountain of justice, and the protector, in all ages of the world, of virtuous liberty, continue his blessing upon the nation and its government, and give it all possible success and duration, consistent with the ends of his providence."

TUESDAY, 7th MARCH.

To the Public.—Most of my readers will recollect, that, about the time I entered into the bookselling business, a publication appeared, entitled, "Christianity contrasted with Deism; by Peter Porcupine." This attack on the Christian Religion was first published at New-York, and the fictitious name, which I had long before assumed, was placed to it, either to discredit my performances, or for the most innocent purpose of promoting the sale of the work. I immediately denied it, and Mr. Fenno was so obliging as to publish that denial. It died away: its demerit in point of style, as well as matter, was its passport to oblivion. Yet, to answer some end or other, it is now revived, and very industriously circulated.

Merely as a bookseller's puff I can have no objection to the use of my assumed name: it is, on the contrary, rather flattering to my vanity as an author, to observe that the assumption is looked upon as a recommendation to purchasers; more especially as the title is completely equivocal; for no one can tell by it whether the contrast be favourable to Christianity or not. But, in the other point of view, looking on the use of my name as intending to fix the odium of the detestable performance on me, I have very great objections to it. I would lie under any other

other imputation, that can poſſibly ſpring from the fertile brain of diſappointed malice, rather than that of endeavouring to ſap the foundation of the Chriſtian faith; the rock to which we all cling in the hour of diſtreſs, and without which the idea of death, or even the remoteſt ſymptom of mortal diſeaſe, appals the ſtouteſt heart.

In the rigid ſenſe of the term, I am certainly very far from being a Chriſtian. I feel the dominion of the turbulent paſſions: when my coat is taken from me, I cannot give my cloak; nor does a buffet on one cheek incline me patiently to turn the other. But as far as profeſſions can go, whether verbally or in writing, I truſt I have ſome pretenſions to that character. Let any one examine my publications, from the firſt to the laſt, and ſay, if he can, that they contain even a hint that leads towards infidelity. Whatever ill qualities I may poſſeſs, that of hypocriſy is not one of them, every body will allow. Had I been a deiſt, I ſhould have declared it long ago. It is impoſſible for me to ſuppreſs the utterance of what I think. Thoſe who have read the Strictures on Tom Paine's Age of Reaſon, on the doctrines of Prieſtley, and on the impious proceedings of the French aſſemblies, will do well to compare them with the other parts of my writings, and then judge whether it be poſſible for the ſame man to be at once capable of ſuch profound diſſimulation and ſuch indiſcreet openneſs.

But the work in queſtion carries on the face of it the marks of impoſture. Had I actually written it, can it be ſuppoſed that I would have put that very name to it, under which I had uſed all my feeble efforts to diſcountenance and reprobate the opinions it inculcates? Had I been hypocrite enough to write in defence of a religion that I did not believe in, would not the ſame hypocriſy have taught me to aſſume another name, when I began to attack it? To

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe the contrary is an abſurdity too groſs to merit expoſition.

The fact is, this impious effuſion of ſome illiterate, democratic demon is now trumped up in hopes of oppoſing the progreſs of this paper. The diſcomfited crew are rallying their broken and diſperſed columns. Lies, ſlanders, and menaces have failed; the uſe of a name that they hate and dread more than they do hell, has at laſt been reſorted to. The deſperateneſs of the ſtep proves to what deſpair they are reduced.

Either the name of Peter Porcupine was taken up by this democratic writer to promote the ſale of his pamphlet, or it was done to injure me in the opinion of my friends: if for the former purpoſe, it proves that the name is of more value than that of the real author; and if for the latter, it proves that the democrats, after all their railing, look upon my friends as being the moſt pious and conſcientious part of the community. What their friends are, then, need not be added. P. P.

From the Aurora of Yeſterday Morning.—"Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happineſs ruſhing in upon mankind.—If ever there was a time that would licenſe the reiteration of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the ſource of all the misfortunes of our country, is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer poſſeſſed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart, in uniſon with the freedom and happineſs of the people, ought to beat high with exultation, that the name of Waſhington from this day ceaſes to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corrup-

corruption—a new æra is now opening upon us, an æra which promiſes much to the people; for public meaſures muſt now ſtand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be ſupported by a name. When a retroſpect is taken of the Waſhingtonian adminiſtration for eight years, it is a ſubject of the greateſt aſtoniſhment, that a ſingle individual ſhould have cankered the principles of republicaniſm in an enlightened people, juſt emerged from the gulf of deſpotiſm, and ſhould have carried his deſigns againſt the public liberty ſo far, as to have put in jeopardy its very exiſtence: ſuch, however, are the facts, and with theſe ſtaring us in the face, this day ought to be a *jubilee* in the United States. March 4.

Remarks on the foregoing.—" And when David " came to Bahurim, behold, there came out a man " of the houſe of Saul, whoſe name was Shimei, " the ſon of Gera, of the tribe of Benjamin; he " came forth, and curſed ſtill as he came.

" And he caſt ſtones at David, and at all the ſer- " vants of David, and at all the people, and all the " mighty men that were on his right hand and on " his left.

" Then ſaid Abiſhai the ſon of Zeruiah, Why " ſhould this dead dog curſe my lord? Let me, I " pray thee, go over and take off his head.

" And David forbad it, and ſaid, Let him alone, " let him curſe!"

Good old David ſaw, I ſuppoſe, that the malignity of this blaſted ſprig of the ſtock of Benjamin not only carried its own puniſhment with it, but that it could not fail in a ſhort time to work his ruin, without the aid of any other cauſe.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH.

Taking of the Baſtile.—In my endeavours to pull off the veil of deception, I ſhall now and then go back a little, becauſe, to remove errors built on miſrepreſentation of facts, the facts themſelves muſt be firſt ſtated in a true light.

The French revolution, that ſource from which the jacobin gazettes of America have drunk of the never-dying ſtreams of falſehood, furniſhes few inſtances of impoſition, more artfully and effectually propagated, than that heroic act, the taking of the Baſtile.

Playfair, in his Hiſtory of Jacobiniſm, ſets the whole of this brilliant achievement in a fair point of view. He was on the ſpot, and he turned that circumſtance to the advantage of the cauſe of truth. The following note on the Baſtile adventure will make ſome of the quondam admirers of French valour bluſh at their credulity:

Note.—A circumſtance little known will prove that there was no bravery diſplayed in the taking of the Baſtile. A number of the ſubſcribers to the Lyceum at Paris determined to collect and publiſh the facts relative to ſo extraordinary an exploit; accordingly, a great number of witneſſes were examined, and it was diſcovered at laſt, that the governor had opened the door, and let the conquerors walk in. A debate then aroſe among the compilers of the hiſtory—Shall we publiſh a thing that will be diſgraceful to the Pariſians after ſo much boaſting and ſo many falſities? or ſhall we deſiſt? were the queſtions. Let us go on, ſaid one ſubſcriber; we are ſearching for truth, let us find it: but as all truths are not good to be told, let us not publiſh it. The advice was taken, and the latter part of it was the beſt; for certainly the conquerors of the Baſtile would

would ſoon have pulled down the Lyceum, if the truth had been publiſhed.

This anecdote, for the truth of which I appeal to M. de la Harpe and M. la Croix, or any of the literary gentlemen who attended the Lyceum at that time, is a proof of the ſpirit of democratic deception which pervaded the people of Paris from the beginning of the revolution, and the unanimity with which the French nation joins in exalting its own bravery and deceiving the world. Whilſt all orders of nobility were deſtroying, an order was inſtituted (compoſed of revolted ſoldiers, and ſome of the ſans-culottes of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and M. M. Bailly and La Fayette), decorated with a medal, bearing the inſcription, "Conquerors of the Baſtile." The origin of this was inſurrection, and the manner of obtaining it, was the teſtimony of ſeven conquerors, which dubbed the eighth conqueror too. As French books of heraldry are all burned, I know not by what regulation M. Bailly and La Fayette were admitted conquerors, as they were at Verſailles on that glorious day. It was by ſuch tricks as this that all Europe was juggled by the firſt revoluioniſts, who were neither conquerors, philoſophers, nor well-meaning men; but who, by falſe facts and falſe appearances, contrived to paſs for all the three.

Curious Advertisements.

Who loves a lie—lame ſlander helps about—Pope.

I Consider as a bad man: and though averſe to controverſy, and wiſhing to live in peace with all men, it will not accord with my ſentiments to ſuffer ſlanderous imputations to be paſſed over in ſilence. When the deteſtable tongue of malice endeavours to blaſt my reputation, who will blame me for publicly refuting the villanous charge?

On the 29th day of October last, at the house of Joseph Pearson, in Ridley, Israel Elliott asserted, "that I sold corn to the British," meaning, I suppose, when the British army were in Philadelphia during the late war: I declared it was an infamous falsehood—he said Nicholas Diehl was his author.

Subsequent to the above, I happened to be at the house of Henry Paschall in Kingsessing, the said Elliott, Nicholas Diehl, Hugh Lloyd, and Matthew Huston being present.—I mentioned the charge to the neighbours, and declared it was an infamous lie; Nicholas Diehl utterly denied that he ever mentioned it to Elliott, which Lloyd and Huston will prove.

I declare the above assertion of Israel Elliott's to be an *infamous lie*,—and defy all created beings to make it appear, that I ever, during the continuance of that just, necessary and glorious war, directly or indirectly aided, assisted, or abetted the British, or their adherents (the Tories), in their attempt to subjugate the United States, or either of them, in any manner or way whatever.

March 2. JOHN PEARSON.

Darby, Delaware County, March 4th, 1797.

To the Public.—Some time since, as I was going towards Chester, I happened to stop at the house of Mr. Aaron Morton, where, to my great astonishment, I read, publicly posted up, the foregoing denial, signed John Pearson.

Seeing my character thus publicly attacked, I felt the necessity of as public a justification of it. I am charged with the propagation of a falsehood. Barely to assert that the charge is without foundation, would, perhaps, be sufficient, considering the character of the accuser; but I do not wish to oppose assertion by assertion: I should be ashamed to suffer, for a moment, a competition between my veracity and that

that of John Pearſon. For this reaſon it is, that I lay before the public the following depoſition.

Delaware County, ſſ.—Perſonally appeared William Smith before me, the ſubſcriber, one of the Juſtices of the Peace in and for the county aforeſaid; and on his ſolemn affirmation doth declare, that he was at Nicholas Deihl's, ſenior, houſe, and heard him ſay that John Pearſon need not pretend to be ſo great a Whig as he was: he, the ſaid Smith, aſked for what reaſon? He ſaid he traded with the Britiſh, and ſold them Indian corn. Further ſaith not. Affirmed and ſubſcribed this 26th of January, 1797, before me,

Ben. W. Oakford. WILLIAM SMITH.

Thus is Mr. Smith's oath oppoſed to Pearſon's bare word, the oath of a man whoſe word nobody will doubt, oppoſed to the naked aſſertions of one who finds moſt belief where he is leaſt known; and thus has the meddling, factious, and turbulent tanner of Darby, who, were he permitted, would dreſs the ſkins of his peaceable neighbours with as little remorſe as he does the hides of quadrupeds; thus has this would-be village tyrant, by his arrogance and inſolence, eſtabliſhed the truth of my aſſertion, which he wiſhed to be looked upon as a lie, and rendered that public which was before confined to a few. By a violent effort to efface what the hand of time would have ſoon worn away, he has revived the ſtain, and has rendered it indelible.

March 6. ISRAEL ELLIOTT.

To the Public.—When I wrote the piece which Iſrael Elliott, without my knowledge, publiſhed in Porcupine's Gazette of the 13th inſt. I only meant abſolutely to deny the malicious charge of Elliott, which he in the reply, compoſed for him, has not pretended to ſupport, but wanders from the ſubject into perſonal abuſe. The falſehood, I ſuppoſe, originated

ginated in his indefatigable malice. I ſay his malice, for it commenced at the time when I, as a juſtice of the peace, choſen twice by the unſolicited ſuffrages of the good Whigs of the neighbourhood (previous to Thomas Mifflin's having the power to commiſſion ſuch a man as him, a power ſhamefully proſtituted), was obliged to take cognizance of his conduct on a charge of fornication. The epithets of his writer, of "factious, turbulent tyrant," cannot apply to me—I therefore take no further notice of him. Having the good fortune to be taught the tanner's trade, I am acquainted with ſkins, and Elliott may reſt aſſured I will not dreſs his. I ſhould expect from the abandoned profligacy of his youth, and conſequent filthineſs, the ſkin would prove rotten, and as ſkins dried in a hot climate (and mercury may have a ſimilar effect in ours) the old ſores would break out afreſh, and cauſe holes—in that caſe it would not do for a drum, as the celebrated Liſca's * was uſed for—unleſs, as it would be noiſeleſs, it might ſuit a captain of the militia horſe like him, who has the daſtardly cowardice publicly to declare, that we (meaning the Americans) were not able to contend with the Britiſh.

I am extremely ſorry to be concerned in a diſpute of any kind, and wiſh anxiouſly for peace. I was not the aggreſſor, and have not been in any caſe of that nature; if there is any individual upon the earth who conceives himſelf injured by me, let him come forward; the neighbours (the beſt tribunal) ſhall determine, and ſuch compenſation ſhall be made by me as they think proper.

Darby, March 24. JOHN PEARSON †.

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* Meaning, I ſuppoſe, Ziſca's.—EDITOR.

† The reader will obſerve, that both theſe honeſt men were *juſtices of the peace*; and will, doubtleſs, conclude, that the appointment of ſuch men to ſuch an office muſt be wholly aſcribed to the ſuperior wiſdom and virtue of *republican government*.

From

From the Merchants' Advertiſer †.—A London Courier of December ſtates, that a change in the adminiſtration was conſidered as indiſpenſable to the obtainment of a peace, and aſſerts, that the following arrangement had been laid before the friends of a great perſonage:

Firſt Lord of the Treaſury—Duke of Bedford.
Secretaries of State—Marquis of Lanſdown, Right Honourable C. J. Fox.
Lord Chancellor, with a Peerage—Hon. T. Erſkine.
Lord Preſident of the Council—Lord Thurlow.
Firſt Lord of the Admiralty—Earl Howe.
Maſter General of the Ordnance—Duke of Northumberland.
Lord Privy Seal—Duke of Grafton.
Ambaſſador to the French Republic—Earl of Lauderdale.
Treaſurer of the Navy—Mr. Sheridan.
Preſident of the Indian Board of Control—Earl of Guildford.
Paymaſter of the Army—Mr. Grey.
Secretary at War—General Fitzpatrick.
Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaſter—Mr. Mansfield.
Secretaries of the Treaſury—Mr. W. Adam, Mr. Courtenay.
Attorney General—Mr. Pigot.
Solicitor General—Mr. Mingay.

Thus far the London Courier; and thus our Merchants' Advertiſer, in ſtrict obſervance of that impartiality which it profeſſes, diſmiſſes the abominable lie, without gloſs or comment. The editors or conductors of this advertiſing paper did ſet out with the pious reſolution, not to meddle with party matters; this, eſpecially when we recollect that they all bear an implacable hatred to one of the powers now at war, will undoubtedly be looked upon as an inſtance of the moſt heroic ſelf-denial.

However, I muſt not be underſtood as allowing, that their natural inclination has never got the better of their prudence and piety. A few days ago, after repeating an article from the Whitehall Evening

† A paper publiſhed by my old bookſeller, Bradford, in partnerſhip with one *Lloyd*, a ſcoundrel, who, in 1793, graced the pillory at the Royal Exchange, London.

Poſt, they add, in italics; "It is but fair to ob-"ſerve, that the Whitehall Evening Poſt is under "the direction of the Britiſh Miniſter." Now, then, if a ſtrict impartiality would admit of ſuch a commentary as this, why would it not admit of ſomething in the ſame way after the extract before us? When an article was extracted which ſeemed rather favourable to the cauſe of Great Britain, it was "but fair" to undermine its force by aſcribing it to undue influence; but when, on the other hand, a well-known falſehood is to be found in a London paper, and that falſehood holds out a belief of the inſtability of the miniſtry, and of the conſequent abandonment of the intereſts of the kingdom; then, it is very fair to let the intelligence ſtand upon its own foundation. This, in the new-fangled jargon of mendicants for public favour, is called impartiality.

Yes, Meſſrs. Conductors, there is very little doubt but you would rejoice at ſuch a change in the adminiſtration of Great Britain. You would then promiſe yourſelves the pleaſure of ſeeing the ruin of thoſe whom you hate, merely becauſe they are not already ruined.

Randolph.—The following reſolution was laid on the table of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States by Mr. Williams, and agreed to by the Houſe:

"Whereas, it is ſtated to this Houſe in the report "of the Secretary of the Treaſury, of the 15th of "February, that the accounts of Edmund Ran-"dolph, Eſquire, late Secretary of State, for monies "advanced to him for foreign expenditures, ſtill re-"main unſettled; and that neither the accounts of "the foreign miniſters, bankers, and agents of the "United States, nor the records of the Department "of State, contain any explanation in reſpect to a "conſiderable ſum of the ſaid monies:" Reſolved, that

that the Secretary of the Treaſury lay before this Houſe, at their next ſeſſion, information of the amount of monies ſo received by the ſaid Edmund Randolph, for which there is no explanation as aforeſaid, and what meaſures have been taken to obtain a ſettlement of his accounts*."

THURSDAY, 9th MARCH.

B. Franklin Bache.—A gentlemen who ſtyles himſelf, and I believe juſtly, a Friend to Good-nature (in yeſterday's paper), aſks me what "diſorder that animal is ſeized with, which ſnarls and growls ſo in the Aurora."—I will tell the gentleman in one word: his diſorder is poverty. While that able financier, Citizen Guillotine, poſſeſſed influence enough to keep aſſignats at par; while the French agents had a demand on the treaſury of the United States; the democrats, and the ſour mortal in queſtion among the reſt, were in perfect good humour: there was then nothing but feaſting and jollity; the coppers were heard to clink in the pockets of the very ſcum of them, and their faces wore a continual grin. But now, when the ſource of corruption is dried up; when the ſpoons, the watches, the rings, the lockets, and the thimbles, that the murderers of Paris ſtripped from the corpſes of their prey; now, when all theſe are ſpent in bribing foreign traitors, and in decking the new-born deſpots, the poor democrats grow hungry, and it is well known that hunger and anger are ſeldom long ſeparate.

So much for the malady. As to the cure, I am

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* It is aſtoniſhing that even to this time (July 1799), not another word has ever been heard about this deficit. *Randolph* lives undiſturbed in Virginia, though he owes thouſands to his country! So careful are republican governments of the treaſure of the people! Such a defaulter, under the Britiſh Government, would find no reſt for the ſole of his foot: he would be proſecuted, and lampooned, and caricatured out of exiſtence.

not certain that I could wiſh to ſee it effected, either by a healing or mortal remedy. A long life of miſery, of the cravings of an empty ſtomach, and the ſtings of a guilty conſcience, is not a puniſhment adequate to the atrocities committed by this yelper of the democratic kennel. However, if I muſt preſcribe a remedy, I muſt. I would then recommend confinement in the firſt place; 2dly, his drink ſhould be water, and his food bullock's liver, ſerved out with a ſparing hand; 3dly, he ſhould be conſtantly employed in that polite and healthy exerciſe, beating of hemp, until ſuch time as he is capable of making a rope; and, 4thly, to complete the cure, he ſhould be decently tucked up in his own manufacture.

General Waſhington.—In a morning paper of yeſterday appeared the following extract from a London ſans-culotte Gazette.—"Even the advocates of "Miniſters are obliged to bear their tribute of ap- "probation to the merits of Waſhington. Would "to God that their patrons had imitated his pacific "diſpoſition! Waſhington is one of thoſe few cha- "racters who, during his lifetime, has commanded "the praiſe of all parties, by unequivocally deſerv- "ing well, by a conduct above all the aſſaults of "envy, and beyond the reach of ſuſpicion—*Id quod* "*difficillimum eſt, laudem ſine invidia peperit.*—The "conduct of Auguſtus in his laſt moments is not "unknown to our claſſical readers. But how much "more juſtly than any proud tyrant that ever ex- "iſted, may George Waſhington make his laſt ap- "peal to his fellow-citizens, 'whether he has done "well;' and claim to his departing ſcene the meed "of their grateful applauſe!"

When we compare this language with that of Bache, and ſome other journaliſts in this country, we are naturally led to inquire, how it comes to paſs that men of the ſame principles, politics, and views,

views, differ ſo very widely on a ſubject which neither can miſunderſtand. The patriots of Great Britain tell the people there, that General Waſhington may "claim to his departing ſcene, the meed "of grateful applauſe;" but the patriots of America deny this: ſo far from allowing the claim, they ſay "he is the ſource of all the misfortunes of our "country," and rejoice, that he is "reduced to a "level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer "poſſeſſed of power to multiply evils on the United "States. Their hearts beat high with exultation, "that the name of Waſhington now ceaſes to give "currency to political iniquity, and to legalize cor-"ruption."

The firſt moment of leiſure that offers itſelf I ſhall endeavour to explain this ſeeming inconſiſtency, and have not the leaſt doubt but it will appear, that the patriots of England and thoſe of America underſtand one another perfectly well, and that, though their means be different, their end is exactly the ſame *.

French Fraternity.—From a liſt of "Evidences of "French Fraternity," in the Baltimore Federal Gazette, it appears that the French privateers and gunboats have captured and carried into St. Domingo, fifty-four American veſſels, in the courſe of about

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* There is one ſubject of the praiſe beſtowed on the General that requires immediate remark; that is, his *pacific diſpoſition*. "Would to God," ſay the Engliſh Republicans, "that Miniſters "had imitated his *pacific diſpoſition!*" This, you will pleaſe to obſerve, is decidedly approving of the Preſident's having pertinaciouſly refuſed to join in the war. For this he certainly was deſerving of praiſe; but do theſe miſcreant eulogiſts perceive, that in this their approbation, they do, in reality, juſtify the conduct of their miniſtry in entering into the war? Do they know, that America was *bound by treaty to aſſiſt France* in a *defenſive* war? If they do know this, they muſt acknowledge, that France was the *aggreſſor* in this war, or they muſt condemn the pacific conduct of General Waſhington.

one month; of which twenty-nine were condemned, value not eſtimated, thirteen condemned, veſſels and cargoes, valued at upwards of one hundred and eighty thouſand dollars, ſeven remained for trial, three abandoned, and two cleared.

Lyceum *.—The query in Tueſday's paper, propoſed for diſcuſſion by this ultramarine aſſociation, appears calculated to lead the members into hampering and unprofitable diſputes, rather than to ſecond their generous endeavours to enlighten and inform the public. Inſtead of fruitleſs inquiries about what none of us underſtand, nor wiſh to underſtand, I imagine my correſpondent would have done well to propoſe a queſtion or two of the following kind:

1. When eloquent ſwine are growling and ſqueezing and fighting for the waſh, which is "head hog "at trough," he that gets the lowermoſt place, or he that gets the uppermoſt?

2. Is it either probable or poſſible, that thoſe who have been traitors to their own country, will ever be faithful to another?

3. Which is the moſt abundant ſource of emigration, the love of plunder or the fear of the gallows?

FRIDAY, 10th MARCH.

Mifflin's Sincerity.—On Wedneſday laſt a meſſage was ſent to the Legiſlature by the Governor of Pennſylvania, in which he informed the two Houſes,

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* A company of vagabond political ſpouters, chiefly from the London Correſponding Society, Coachmakers' Hall, &c. &c. who having been put out by the extinguiſher of Mr. Pitt, are come here to get lighted up again. The perſons who have the direction of affairs in the Univerſity of Pennſylvania, are certainly entitled to the thanks of the public for furniſhing apartments for theſe ſeditious wretches.

that

that he had offered the new houſe (formerly built for the Preſident) to Mr. Adams, the Preſident elect. This meſſage was accompanied with the copy of the Governor's letter to the Preſident, and the Preſident's anſwer. The Governor concludes thus: "I "take this opportunity, Sir, to preſent my con- "gratulations upon your election to the office of "Chief Magiſtrate of the United States; and to "aſſure you that as far as my conſtitutional powers "and duties extend, you may rely upon a zealous "and faithful co operation to advance the honour, "and enſure the ſucceſs of your adminiſtration."

Governor Mifflin congratulating Mr. Adams on his election to the office of Preſident!! Gracious heavens! and Mr. Dallas wrote the letter, I ſuppoſe. I ſhould like to have ſeen the Preſident's face while he was reading this ſincerely affectionate congratulation. If his muſcles are not as inflexible as the rock of Gibraltar, he muſt have burſt into a laugh that convulſed his whole frame.

This was, however, a ſort of an after-day congratulation, and was conveyed in ſuch a way as to leave a doubt, whether it was meant as a compliment or an inſult. If our worthy and chaſte and honeſt Governor had been very anxious to expreſs his joy at the election of Mr. Adams, one would imagine that he would have made it the ſole ſubject of a note, and not have mentioned it at the bottom of a letter on buſineſs, as a thing that had accidentally ſhot acroſs his memory.—"I take this opportunity," &c. Yes, but if this opportunity had not offered itſelf, what would he have done? If Pennſylvania had not wanted a tenant for a houſe, the letter would not have been written, and conſequently the congratulation would have died in the tender breaſt of the congratulator.

The good Governor's letter puts me in mind of

one, mentioned by a ſprightly French female, which ran nearly thus:

" To Madam, the Counteſs of C———.

" My dear Creature,

" For the love of God ſend me the rouge which " you promiſed me yeſterday, for I look as pale as " death. *Apropos*, my poor dear huſband is juſt " dead."

This *apropos* is very much like Governor Mifflin's " I take this opportunity;" and as ſuch I dare ſay it was received; for, notwithſtanding the wheedling of His *Excellency*, the Preſident refuſed to have any thing to do with the houſe*.

Mr. Pinckney.—Reports are in circulation, that this gentleman has been refuſed an audience at the court of the Cut-throat Republic.

SATURDAY, 11th MARCH.

Wilmingtonians.—By a gentleman juſt arrived from Wilmington (Del.) it is reported, that General Waſhington paſſed through that borough yeſterday, amidſt the acclamations of the *grateful citizens.*

If ever public acclamations were pleaſing to the ears of heaven, thoſe of the people of Wilmington, on this occaſion, were ſurely ſo; for it is ſaid by Him who cannot err, that, in the celeſtial manſions, " there is more rejoicing over one repentant ſinner, " than over ninety and nine that need no repent- " ance."

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* It was ridiculous enough to ſee a legiſlature employed in examining the correſpondence between a Governor and a Preſident on the ſubject *of letting a dwelling-houſe;* but it was, if poſſible, ſtill more ridiculous to hear the Preſident reject the bargain upon *conſtitutional principles.* " I entertain," ſays he, " *great* doubts " whether, by *a candid conſtruction of the Conſtitution*, I am at " liberty"——to do what?—To rent the houſe certainly; for nothing elſe was propoſed to him.

This

This Wilmington (and it is a pity too, for it is a delightful little place), this Wilmington, in Delaware, was the moſt abominable ſans-culotte of any town in the whole continent. They burnt their Senators and Mr. Jay in effigy; they caballed, and harangued, and remonſtrated with more induſtry and virulence than even the virtuous town meetings of Boſton and Philadelphia. I leave any one to gueſs at their indefatigableneſs in the cauſe of faction, when they made ſhift to drag the old Pennſylvania Farmer to the field of oppoſition, and to prevail on him to take a part in the combat, though a Quaker.

People wonder at this factious diſpoſition in the Wilmingtonians, ſeeing that they are moſtly Quakers, which uſually ſignifies men mild, peaceable, and obedient to the laws. But the Quakers of Wilmington differ from all other Quakers in America: they frown and look fierce, and, if contradicted in converſation, not honey, but wormwood, drops from their lips: they are a ſort of Puritans in a Quaker's dreſs.

Some exceptions, however, muſt be underſtood here. Many of the people, as well Quakers as others, of this pleaſant little town, did not ſtand in need of French ſpoliations to render them friendly to the federal government, or to awaken their gratitude towards General Waſhington.

From the Gazette of the United States.

Department of State, Philadelphia, March 9, 1797.

SIR,

I encloſe the copy of a letter which I received the third inſtant, from the late Preſident of the United States. The letter itſelf will ſatisfy you of the propriety of its being publiſhed. The original, as deſired, is depoſited in this office.

I am, Sir, your obedient ſervant,

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

DEAR

DEAR SIR, Philadelphia, 3d March, 1797.

At the concluſion of my public employments, I have thought it expedient to notice the publication of certain forged letters, which firſt appeared in the year 1777, and were obtruded upon the public as mine. They are ſaid by the editor to have been found in a ſmall portmanteau, that I had left in the care of my mulatto ſervant, named Billy, who, it is pretended, was taken priſoner at Fort Lee in 1776.

The period when theſe letters were firſt printed will be recollected, and what were the impreſſions they were intended to produce on the public mind. It was then ſuppoſed to be of ſome conſequence to ſtrike at the integrity of the motives of the American commander in chief, and to paint his inclinations as at variance with his profeſſions and his duty. Another criſis in the affairs of America having occurred, the ſame weapon has been reſorted to, to wound my character and deceive the people.

The letters in queſtion have the dates, addreſſes, and ſignatures here following:

"New-York, June 12th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Waſhington, at Mount Vernon, Fairfax county, Virginia." "G. W."

"To John Parke Cuſtis, Eſq. at the Hon. Benedict Calvert's, Eſq. Mount Airy, Maryland." June 18th, 1776." "George Waſhington."

"New-York, July 8th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Waſhington, at Mount Vernon, Fairfax county, Virginia." "G. W."

"New-York, July 15th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Waſhington, Eſq. &c." "G. W."

"New-York, July 16th, 1776. To Mr. Lund Waſhington, &c." "G. W."

"New-York, July 22d, 1776. To Mr. Lund Waſhington, &c." "G. W.

"June

" June 24th, 1776. To Mrs. Washington."
" G. W."

At the time when these letters first appeared, it was notorious to the army immediately under my command, and particularly to the gentlemen attached to my person, that my mulatto man Billy had never been one moment in the power of the enemy. It is also a fact, that no part of my baggage, or any of my attendants, were captured during the whole course of the war. These well-known facts made it unnecessary, during the war, to call the public attention to the forgery, by an express declaration of mine: and a firm reliance on my fellow-citizens, and the abundant proofs they gave of their confidence in me, rendered it alike unnecessary to take any formal notice of the revival of the imposition during my civil administration. But as I cannot know how soon a more serious event may succeed to that which will this day take place, I have thought it a duty that I owe to myself, to my country, and to truth, now to detail the circumstances above recited, and to add my solemn declaration, that the letters herein described are a base forgery, and that I never saw or heard of them until they appeared in print.

The present letter I commit to your care, and desire it may be deposited in the office of the Department of State, as a testimony of the truth to the present generation and to posterity.

Accept, I pray you, the sincere esteem and affectionate regard of,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

TIMOTHY PICKERING, *Secretary of State.*

MONDAY,

MONDAY, 13th MARCH.

General Waſhington accuſed of Murder.—The following moſt wicked attempt to blaſt the character of the General, is taken from the Aurora of this morning:

MR. BACHE,

I ſaw in your laſt number a letter ſigned Geo. Waſhington, ſolemnly denying the authenticity of certain private letters dated in 1776, and aſcribed to him. For the honour of my country I ſincerely rejoice, that thoſe letters were not genuine; but I muſt ſay, that I think Mr. Waſhington blameable for not having earlier noticed the forgery. I own for one, that his long ſilence produced on my mind diſagreeable doubts. Others have felt them, and I cannot but think, that, as a ſervant of the public, it was his duty immediately to have removed ſuch doubts, ſince it was in his power to do it ſo readily. His perſonal pride ſhould have been overcome for the ſake of his public duty. The neceſſity of public confidence being attached to officers in important ſtations, eſpecially in a government like ours, ſhould have pointed out early to him the neceſſity, however diſagreeable the taſk to his perſonal feelings, of ſtepping forward with a public denial of the unworthy ſentiments attributed to him in thoſe ſpurious letters.

Since he has prevailed upon himſelf to break the ice, there is another ſubject on which the public mind, I think, ſhould receive ſome light. I have not known it lately to be a matter of public diſcuſſion, but it has been frequently brought forward in private converſations, and I never could find any one capable of giving a ſatisfactory explanation; and probably, from the old date of this tranſaction (1754), Mr. Waſhington may be the only perſon capable of giving an eclairciſement.

The accuſation in queſtion is no leſs, than having, while

while commanding a party of American troops, fired on a flag of truce; killed the officer in the act of reading a ſummons under the ſanction of ſuch a flag; of having attempted to vindicate the act, and yet, of having ſigned a capitulation, in which the killing of that officer and his men was acknowledged as an act of aſſaſſination.

The charge is of ſo ſerious a nature; firing on a flag of truce ſo unprecedented an act, even in ſavage warfare; and ſigning an acknowledgment of having been guilty of aſſaſſination ſo degrading to a man, and more eſpecially to a military man, that I feel confident, there muſt have been ſome egregious miſtatement in the account given of the buſineſs. I have imagined this alſo muſt be ſome forgery, or that Major George Waſhington who was taken at Fort Neceſſity in 1754, could not be the ſame perſon as George Waſhington, late Preſident of the United States.

The tranſaction alluded to is recorded in a pamphlet publiſhed here in the year 1757, purporting to be the tranſlation of a "Memorial containing a ſummary View of Facts, with their Authorities, in anſwer to the Obſervations ſent by the Engliſh Miniſtry to the Courts of Europe."

Mr. Waſhington can ſettle every doubt upon this ſubject, by declaring whether this Memorial was a forgery: whether the Journal it contains, purporting to be his Journal, and eſpecially the capitulation, acknowledging the killing of Mr. Jumonville and his men, to have been an act of aſſaſſination, were papers forged to anſwer the purpoſes of the French court; or whether he is the Major Waſhington there alluded to.

T. T. L.

Remarks on the above.—The Aurora, which begins now to be pretty generally, and not improperly, termed

termed the Infernal Gazette, had before accuſed General Waſhington of every crime, ſave that of murder; and, as love always treaſures up its tendereſt careſſes, ſo it ſeems hatred reſerves its moſt malicious aſperſions, for the moment of a farewell.

The General, in his very firſt ſpeech to Congreſs, hinted that he was aware of the ſlanders to which his ſituation would expoſe him; but, I believe, prepared as he was for the bite of ingratitude, he little imagined that he ſhould at laſt retire to his fields with the character of a murderer! I ſhall not ſtop to admire the indefatigable malice that could lead a man forty-three years back to ſearch for this ſubject of calumny; nor ſhall I inquire, at preſent, whether Frenchmen or Frenchmen's ghoſts are to haunt us for everlaſting. Murder is ever murder; and, whether of recent or ancient date, whether committed on the body of a Chriſtian, a Jew, or a Frenchman, it ought to come to light.

Happily we have written evidence to appeal to. If it appear that the charge is well founded, we muſt give the criminal up to the juſt cenſure of the world; but, on the other hand, if it ſhould appear to be (as I am conſcious it will) a baſe cut-throat accuſation, intended merely to embitter the remainder of the life of General Waſhington, what execration, what diſgrace, what miſery and torment, is due to the wretch who has dared to bring it forward!

Previous to the year 1754, there had been continual diſputes between England and France relative to the boundaries of their poſſeſſions, lying in what is now called the weſtern countries of the United States. It would be foreign to our preſent purpoſe to dwell on the merits of theſe diſputes, which the improvidence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle left an opening to; it is ſufficient to remark, that they produced a war in America, in which the Engliſh were generally unſucceſsful. Seeing that nothing was to

be

be done with the enemy by confining the war to the continent of America, the King of England reſolved on hoſtilities by ſea alſo, where ſucceſs was certain. Several French veſſels were ſeized, without the formality of a declaration of war, the king inſiſting that the French had already begun making war on him in America. The French made a demand of their veſſels, as property ſeized in time of profound peace; to this the Engliſh gave a refuſal, accompanied with certain obſervations, which were addreſſed to the different courts of Europe. Theſe obſervations were anſwered by the French in a memorial, likewiſe addreſſed to the courts of Europe; and it is this memorial to which the induſtrious correſpondent of the patriotic Mr. Bache is indebted for his charge of aſſaſſination.

Such is the ſource of information to which we are now going to apply. It repreſents Monſieur de Cantiecœur commandant of a detachment of French troops employed in the conſtruction of Fort du Queſne. Here he "was informed," ſays the Memorial, "that a conſiderable body of forces was marching towards him. Hereupon he charged M. de Jumonville with a written ſummons, in form of a letter, directed to the firſt Engliſh officer he ſhould meet: it was dated 23d of May, 1754. He aſſured the Engliſh that no violence would be offered them, and deſired the Engliſh commander to return his anſwer by M. de Jumonville, &c. This latter ſet out with an eſcort of thirty men, and the next morning found himſelf ſurrounded by a number of Engliſh and Indians. The Engliſh quickly fired two vollies, which killed ſome ſoldiers. M. de Jumonville made a ſign that he had a letter from his commander; hereupon the fire ceaſed, and they ſurrounded the French officer to hear it. He immediately ordered the ſummons to be read, and as it was reading the ſecond time, the Engliſh (for ſo

the Americans were then called) aſſaſſinated him, and made his men priſoners of war."

There is ſomething ſo abſurd, ſo completely ſelf-contradictory, ſo impoſſible, in this account, that it is hardly neceſſary to oppoſe it by the journal of Major Waſhington, whom, as commander of the Engliſh, the Memorial treats as an aſſaſſin. I quote this journal, however, with pleaſure, becauſe it recalls us back to times when Frenchmen were looked upon in their true light:

"About eight at night I received an expreſs from the Half King, which informed me, that, as he was coming to join us, he had ſeen along the road the tracks of two men, which he had followed, till he was brought thereby to a low obſcure place; that he was of opinion the whole party of the French was hidden there. That very moment I ſent out forty men, and ordered my ammunition to be put in a place of ſafety, under a ſtrong guard to defend it, fearing it to be a ſtratagem of the French to attack our camp; and with the reſt of my men ſet out in a heavy rain, and in a night as dark as pitch, along a path ſcarce broad enough for one man; we were ſometimes fifteen or twenty minutes out of the path before we could come to it again, and ſo dark, that we would often ſtrike one againſt another: all night long we continued our route, and the 28th about ſunriſe we arrived at the Indian camp, where, after having held a council with the Half King, it was concluded we ſhould fall on them together; ſo we ſent out two men to diſcover where they were, as alſo their poſture, and what ſort of ground was thereabout; after which, we formed ourſelves for an engagement, marching one after the other, in the Indian manner: we were advanced pretty near to them, as we thought, when they diſcovered us; whereupon I ordered my company to fire; mine was ſupported by that of Mr. Wager's, and my company and

and his received the whole fire of the French, during the greateſt part of the action, which only laſted a quarter of an hour, before the enemy was routed.

"We killed M. de Jumonville, the commander of that party, as alſo nine others; we wounded one, and made twenty-one priſoners, among whom were M. la Force, M. Drouillon, and two cadets. After this I marched on with the priſoners; they informed me that they had been ſent with a ſummons to order me to depart. A plauſible pretence to diſcover our camp, and to obtain the knowledge of our forces and our ſituation! It was ſo clear that they were come to reconnoitre what we were, that I admired at their aſſurance, when they told me they were come as an embaſſy; for their inſtructions mentioned that they ſhould get what knowledge they could of the roads, rivers, and of all the country as far as Potowmack; and inſtead of coming as ambaſſadors publicly, and in an open manner, they came ſecretly, and ſought after the moſt hidden retreats, more like deſerters than ambaſſadors: in ſuch retreats they encamped, and remained hid for whole days together, and that no more than five miles from us: from thence they ſent ſpies to reconnoitre our camp: after this was done, they went back two miles, from whence they ſent the two meſſengers ſpoken of in the inſtructions, to acquaint M. de Canticcœur of the place we were at, and of our diſpoſition, that he might ſend his detachments to enforce the ſummons as ſoon as it ſhould be given.

"Beſides, an ambaſſador has princely attendants: whereas this was only a ſimple petty French officer. An ambaſſador has no need of ſpies, his character being always ſacred: and ſeeing their intention was ſo good, why did they tarry two days, at five miles diſtance from us, without acquainting me with the ſummons, or, at leaſt, with ſomething that related to the embaſſy? That alone would be ſufficient to

raiſe the greateſt ſuſpicions, and we ought to do them the juſtice to ſay, that as they wanted to hide themſelves, they could not pick out better places than they had done.

"The ſummons was ſo inſolent, and ſavoured of the gaſconade ſo much, that if it had been brought openly by two men, it would have been an immediate indulgence to have ſuffered them to return.

"It was the opinion of the Half King in this caſe, that their intentions were evil, and that it was a pure pretence; that they never intended to come to us but as enemies; and if we had been ſuch fools as to let them go, they would never help us any more to take other Frenchmen.

"They ſay, they called to us as ſoon as they had diſcovered us; which is an abſolute falſehood, for I was then marching at the head of the company going towards them, and can poſitively affirm, that when they firſt ſaw us, they ran to their arms without calling; as I muſt have heard them, had they ſo done."

And thus the aſſaſſination ſtory is completely done away. Pretty ambaſſadors truly, armed with fuſils and ſcalping-knives! Almoſt as bad as the French ambaſſadors of the preſent day.

But we are told by Bache's correſpondent, who is certainly ſome Frenchman, that Mr. Waſhington himſelf afterwards acknowledged the aſſaſſination, in an inſtrument that he ſigned at Fort Neceſſity. We ſhall ſee that this is as impudent a falſehood as ever found its way to the public (even through the foul channel of the Aurora), when we come to examine the paper referred to.

Bache's correſpondent was well aware, that the journal, juſt quoted, would do away any evil impreſſion that might be made by an extract from the lying Memorial of the court of France. For this reaſon it was thought neceſſary to conſirue Mr. Waſhington's

Waſhington's ſigning of a capitulation, in which the death of Jumonville is called an aſſaſſination, into an acknowledgment of the truth of the charge.

The following is the capitulation alluded to—

CAPITULATION

Granted by Mr. de Villiers, Captain and Commander of his Majeſty's Troops, to thoſe Engliſh Troops actually in Fort Neceſſity.

July the 3d, 1754, at eight o'clock at night.

As our intentions have ever been not to trouble the peace and good harmony ſubſiſting between the two princes in amity, but only to revenge the *aſſaſſination* committed on one of our officers, bearer of a ſummons, as alſo on his eſcort, and to hinder any eſtabliſhment on the lands of the dominions of the king my maſter: upon theſe conſiderations, we are willing to ſhow favour to all the Engliſh who are in the ſaid fort, on the following conditions, viz.

Article I. We grant leave to the Engliſh commander to retire with all his garriſon, and to return peaceably into his own country; and promiſe to hinder his receiving any inſult from us French; and to reſtrain, as much as ſhall be in our power, the Indians that are with us.

II. It ſhall be permitted him to go out, and carry with him all that belongs to the Engliſh, except the artillery, which we reſerve.

III. That we will allow them the honours of war; that they march out with drums beating, and one ſwivel gun, being willing thereby to convince them, that we treat them as friends.

IV. That as ſoon as the articles are ſigned by both parties, the Engliſh colours ſhall be ſtruck.

V. That to-morrow, at break of day, a detachment of French ſhall go and make the garriſon file off, and take poſſeſſion of the fort.

VI. As the Engliſh have but few oxen or horſes left, they are at liberty to hide their effects, and to

come again, and ſearch for them, when they have a number of horſes ſufficient to carry them off; and that for this end, they may have what guards they pleaſe; on condition that they give their word of honour, to work no more upon any buildings in this place, or any part on this ſide of the mountains.

VII. And as the Engliſh have in their power one officer, two cadets, and moſt of the priſoners made at the *aſſaſſination* of M. de Jumonville, and promiſe to ſend them back with a ſafe guard to Fort du Queſne, ſituate on the Ohio: for ſurety of their performing this article as well as this treaty, M. Jacob Vambrane and Robert Stobo, both captains, ſhall be delivered to us as hoſtages, till the arrival of our French and Canadians above mentioned. We oblige ourſelves on our ſide, to give an eſcort to return theſe two officers in ſafety; and expect to have our French in two months and a half at fartheſt. A duplicate of this being fixed upon one of the poſts of our blockade, the day and year above mentioned.

Signed { JAMES MACKAY,
G. WASHINGTON,
COULON VILLIERS.

Now I ſhall not plead the danger in which the Engliſh were, the impoſſibility of further reſiſtance, the hurry and confuſion in which this ſcroll muſt have been ſigned, added to the circumſtance of its being in a language, that perhaps neither Major Waſhington nor any of his people perfectly underſtood: I ſhall wave all theſe conſiderations, and ſhall ſtill inſiſt, that here is no acknowledgment of having committed the crime of aſſaſſination.

The articles ſigned by Major Waſhington do indeed affect to call the death of Jumonville ſo, but who is it that gives it this name? The perſons who impoſe the terms of capitulation, and not thoſe who accept

accept them. The French commandant drew them up; and though he ſpeaks all along in the firſt perſon plural, which ſeems to imply that all thoſe who ſigned participated in the draught, yet it is clear that no one but himſelf had any thing to do with it, and that the uſe of the plural pronoun we, and its correſpondent ones, was in conformity to a vain cuſtom only.

A writing in the firſt perſon plural makes all thoſe who ſign it reſponſible for the whole, or for none of its contents; makes them the ſpeakers of every word in it, or of no word at all. If then, Major Waſhington and Mr. Mackay are to be looked upon as the ſpeakers in this capitulation, what are we to make of their ſaying: "As our intentions are only to *revenge the aſſaſſination*, &c."—Again; "*We* grant *to the Engliſh*."——"*We* allow the honours of war, &c" Do Major Waſhington and his brother officers ſay this? And if Major Waſhington does not ſay this, why is he to be looked upon as the ſpeaker of a particular word of it?

The fact is, the ſigning of a paper like this can never be conſtrued to extend any further than to *an acceptance of the terms impoſed*, and by no means renders thoſe who accept them anſwerable for the phraſeology in which thoſe terms are expreſſed. If the Frenchmen choſe to call the killing of Jumonville murder, or aſſaſſination, that was nothing to the perſons with whom he was treating, ſo long as it made no difference in the terms of capitulation, which would have been the caſe had they formally acknowledged the juſtice of the charge. Had there been an article, indeed, by which the murder of Jumonville was acknowledged, then the perſons who ſigned might have been juſtly ſaid to have confeſſed their crime; but in the preſent caſe the pretended crime is introduced only by way of apology for the proceedings of him who draws up the inſtrument;

no compenſation, no retaliation, no ſatisfaction whatever, is ſtipulated for, or even hinted at; in ſhort, the crime, which the victor aſſerts that he is expreſsly come to revenge, forms no part of the capitulation, and therefore is not acknowledged by the parties who ſigned that capitulation.

The motives of the court of France in bringing forward this charge, ſhall next be noticed.

The French, for a year or two preceding the time when Jumonville was killed, had been encroaching on the weſtern part of the Engliſh territory, and all under the moſt ſolemn profeſſions of a pacific diſpoſition. We have ſeen a French commandant conſtructing Fort du Queſne (now Fort Pitt). Their Indians made incurſions into the very heart of the Engliſh provinces: in Pennſylvania they ſcalped people at Lancaſter, no more than ſixty miles from Philadelphia.

Still, however, war was far from their wiſhes. They had too lately felt the power of Great Britain by ſea; and, in caſe of a war, it was of the greateſt importance to them to throw the *firſt aggreſſion*, the *firſt act of hoſtilities*, on the enemy. When, therefore, the commandant on the Ohio learned that the Governors of Pennſylvania and Virginia had raiſed a force and ſent it to the frontiers, in order to put a ſtop to their ſavage inroads; when he found that he had to contend with ſoldiers in place of ſcattered inhabitants, he detached Jumonville with a ſmall party to diſcover their poſition, ſtrength, &c. If he ſucceeded, it was well; if not, if he was taken, he was *an ambaſſador*, the *bearer of a ſummons*. Curious invention! When men are ſent with a ſummons, they bear a flag of truce; but this would have been acknowledging a ſtate of warfare, and that was not a ſtate the French ſighed after. Their blood-hounds in America in thoſe days were juſt what their blood-hounds now are in Europe. They hold it juſt they

ſhould have the privilege of making war on their neighbours, of ſending their ſpies (or ambaſſadors), into every country in the world; raiſe inſurrections, hire incendiaries and aſſaſſins by thouſands; but if the injured nation takes up arms to avenge itſelf, or adopts any efficacious meaſure to drive the miſcreant and bloody race from its boſom, they begin to cry *Murder!* and call on the univerſe to aſſiſt them againſt their oppreſſors.

As it happened, the *ambaſſador*, Jumonville, did not ſucceed. He was found with arms in his hands, was attacked and killed in the field of battle, and with the weapons of honourable war. This brought things to a point: the French commandant was obliged either to acknowledge the hoſtile intentions of Jumonville's errand, or to repreſent his death as an *aſſaſſination*.

Still actuated by the ſame policy, Villiers, who took Fort Neceſſity, as we have ſeen above, artfully ſays in the capitulation, that he is not come to make war, but merely "to *revenge the aſſaſſination*, &c." The fort was taken, the horſes, and cattle, and cannon ſeized, and yet this Frenchman was not making war! He was only come "to *revenge an aſſaſſination!*" The ſincerity of this declaration will be ſeen in a moment.

When men are expreſſly ſent to *revenge* a murder, they generally do revenge it, and that too by taking the life of the murderer, if he falls into their hands. How did it happen, then, that the avengers of Jumonville never thought of demanding Mr. Waſhington? This, one would naturally ſuppoſe, would have been the firſt condition they would have offered to the beſieged, and one that they would never have departed from; yet was this ſo far from being the caſe, that Mr. Waſhington was ſuffered to march out with the honours of war, when they had it in their power to impoſe whatever conditions they pleaſed, and they humanely confined their

vengeance to the horſes, oxen, and cannon, found in the fort.

Such mercy and forbearance in any Frenchman, when triumphant, muſt naturally ſeem incredible; what, then, will the reader think of it, when he is told, that the Frenchman who took Fort Neceſſity, Coulon Villiers, was the brother of Jumonville? Will he, can he believe, that a man, who was ſent expreſsly, by his ſuperior officer, to inflict vengeance on the aſſaſſin of his brother; who attacked a fort, loſt many lives, and hazarded his own, to come at him; can any one believe, that this enraged brother (a Frenchman too) would, when he ſaw the aſſaſſin within his graſp, have ſuffered him quietly to depart, without ſo much as aſking pardon for the heinous deed? No; he would have retaliated on him, the moment he was poſſeſſed of him; the firſt tree would have been his gallows, if the impatience of the victor would have ſuffered him to delay his death, in order to render it the more ignoble.

This circumſtance alone is a clear and undeniable proof, that Villiers knew that his brother had not been aſſaſſinated, and that the word *aſſaſſination* was introduced into the capitulation merely as an excuſe for attacking thoſe, with whom the beſieger wiſhed the world to believe he was not at war.

WEDNESDAY, 13th MARCH.

Wilcocks to Adet.—Sir, you ſent a certain French general to explore the weſtern part of the United States; the counties of Pennſylvania beyond the Alleghany; Kentucky; the country along the Ohio to the Miſſiſippi. You inſtructed him, in writing, to tell the people that Louiſiana would probably be ſurrendered to the French. You inſtructed this general (I could tell his name) to ſound the diſpoſition of the people *about a ſeparation from the United*

United States, and an union with Louiſiana. You inſtructed him to perſuade them, that the Atlantic States were, in their intereſts, prejudices, and inclinations, *Engliſh:* that the intereſt of the weſtern people made them *French.* Sir, you inſtructed this general to ſound the diſpoſition of the people with regard to a Preſident for the United States, and to *promote the election of Mr. Jefferſon!* You alſo deſired him to obſerve the country, as to military purpoſes, ſtate of fortifications, &c. And laſtly, Sir, this ſame general was furniſhed with money, to be employed in accompliſhing the objects of his miſſion.

You may not have known that this general was detected in promoting the very buſineſs you ſent him on; but I have ſatisfactory reaſon to know, and believe, he was detected.

You may wonder how I came by my knowledge, and I am ſorry that I may not at this time diſcloſe it. But I fancy, if you recur to your files, you will be convinced you do not hear without authority, from

March 9. WM. WILCOCKS.

I think Mr. Wilcocks has given us here a pretty fair ſample of French fraternity. The facts he has brought forward are certainly of great importance now, but they ought to have been laid before the people of the United States long ago, for they muſt have been very long in the poſſeſſion of thoſe whoſe duty as well as intereſt demand the communication.

The expedition of the French general to whom Mr. Wilcocks alludes, is not ſuch a ſecret as he ſeems to imagine. When he was on his journey weſtward, he got into diſpute, with ſome perſons in the ſtage, about the Britiſh treaty, which had juſt then been ratified. The diſpute grew warm; the prudence, which the nature of the Frenchman's miſſion impoſed on him, gave way to his uncontrollable vanity and inſolence; and he ſwore, that

he hoped, in a few years, to return with an army, and lay the city of Philadelphia in aſhes!

This is, I believe, the only country on earth, where ſuch a declaration would have gone unpuniſhed. Let not a cold inſenſibility to outrages of this nature be called magnanimity; it is no ſuch thing, it is rather a proof of a total want of public ſpirit, without which no nation ever did, or ever will, long preſerve its liberty and independence. Thoſe who can hear their country ſlandered and menaced, inſulted and degraded, without reſenting the injury as done to themſelves, will patiently ſuffer an hoſtile army to invade it, without drawing a ſword in its defence.

War with France, and an Alliance with Great Britain propoſed by a Correſpondent.—After Mr. Bache and his correſpondents have laboured for more than three years paſt, by degrading the government of this country, as far as they have been able, to draw on us the arms of a rapacious enemy, it is extremely provoking they ſhould affect ſurpriſe at the idea of our ſeeking redreſs by the only means left in our power. Shall we continue to ſubmit patiently to the inſults and robberies of the French, until we have not a ſailor left to navigate our veſſels, nor a dollar to freight them, rather than recur to a lawful defence, and a *natural alliance?* Honour, intereſt, ſafety, all point to means of defence; and ſhall we be deterred from uſing them, by the clamours of a faction in the pay of our enemies? If this faction has intereſt enough with the Executive Directory, to perſuade them to make compenſation for what they have already taken by force and by fraud, and to recall their execrable decrees againſt the United States, it will be wiſely done to exert it. We are averſe from war; peace is moſt agreeable to our intereſt as well

as

as inclination: but let them ceaſe to flatter themſelves or their French maſters with a hope that we will much longer bear or forbear. Is there a ſingle American who has the leaſt reſpect for the honour or welfare of his country, that will heſitate a moment to "declare war againſt France, and form a treaty "of alliance offenſive and defenſive with Great "Britain," rather than continue any longer to be a butt for the inſolence, and a prey to the rapacity of the French Republic? What is there in the name of a republic, or of allies (and nothing but the names of either exiſt), that can warrant robbery, perfidy, and inſults on her part, or ſuch ſervile ſubmiſſion on ours? Or what is there in the name of monarchy or Great Britain, that ſhall deter us from *uniting with her in arms,* to obtain juſtice, when all other means have failed? Names have amuſed and deceived the honeſt unſuſpecting Americans long enough: the charm is diſſolved; the French themſelves have broken it; and we are now compelled, by provocations without meaſure, to vindicate our own dignity, and to endeavour to obtain compenſation for our plundered property.

To Tredwell Jackſon, Hangman to the Democratic Society of New-York.—CITIZEN, Your having been appointed to burn my Gazette, a paper that your ſociety had formally condemned; I can look upon you in no other light than that of their Jack Ketch extraordinary. You will, undoubtedly, look upon this as a compliment, ſince, as you well know, your fellow-labourers, the guillotiners of France, have been honoured with an honourable title, and that their employment is one of the moſt important in that free and happy republic.

They tell me you have ſomething to do in the inſurance offices; I hope, therefore, that the drubbing which the burning of my Gazette brought on you,

you, will induce you to enſure your hide and bones. Should you take a jaunt to Philadelphia, ſuch a precaution will be particularly neceſſary. P. P.

Lord Malmſbury.—This day news is received of his having been ordered to quit Paris.

Mr. Pinckney.—It is reported that this gentleman has been refuſed an audience at Paris.

Spain.—The war, in conjunction with the French infidels, is ſaid to be very unpopular.

NOTICE

To enterpriſing Traders, Gentlemen of Genius, *&c. &c.*

Juſt arrived from the Manufactory at Waſhington City, and fit for immediate Uſe, a large and general Aſſortment of

NOTES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Of a very ſuperior Quality, bearing the following dates, viz.

Sundry notes and engagements due 3 à 18 months paſt;
Ditto, ditto, due next term;
Ditto, ditto, payable in the millennium, with a collateral ſecurity of the chance of a fifth mortgage on ſome valuable

NEW DISCOVERIES;

all of which will be peremptorily ſold for caſh, and a reaſonable allowance made to thoſe who buy to ſell again.

TOUCH HALF THE READY & Co.

South corner of Speculation Square,

N. B. Warehouſe opened 1 à 3 o'clock, P. M.

Mr.

Mr. Porcupine

Will pleaſe inſert the above in his Gazette—We are aware of his terms—(caſh on the nail)—But we *pledge our ſacred word of honour*, we will pay the coſt on Monday noon, when we ſhall unavoidably receive 300,000 cents for our Pine-Knob tract.

March 7th, 1797. T. H. T. R. & CO.

TUESDAY, 14th MARCH.

Metallic Points.—Mr. Porcupine, We are often diſpoſed to find fault with thoſe abſurdities which occur at a diſtance from us, without reflecting that we ourſelves may be guilty of an equal, or even a higher, degree of the ſame eccentric conduct.

"The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
"But tax not ourſelves though we practiſe the ſame."

I am led to this remark, by having lately peruſed a pamphlet, entitled, "Evidences of the Efficacy of "Doctor Perkins's Patent Metallic Inſtruments."—Theſe points, as they are ſignificantly called, having within a ſhort period been highly celebrated (how juſtly I ſay not), in the cure of an immenſe variety of diſeaſes; and as they have in ſome degree received the approbation of the public, influenced moſt probably by the reſpectable names which are brought forward in the above pamphlet, they become with propriety the object of inquiry; becauſe, if uſeful, they ſhould be more known and employed; if otherwiſe, the ſooner they are conſigned to oblivion the better.

In looking over the European papers, and eſpecially thoſe from England, the ſuppoſed emporium of conſummate quackery, we are aſtoniſhed that death in any ſhape ſhould appear there, when we read of their reſtorative balſams, and tinctures, &c. for every complaint incident to man. Some allow-

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ance is, however, to be made for the diſpoſition to have our pockets thus picked, when we conſider that the remedies are chiefly internally applied, and may therefore be ſuppoſed to have ſome effect upon the ſyſtem.

The famous balſam of Fierabras, ſo celebrated by the ingenious author of Don Quixote, would not want advocates at the preſent period. The wonderful expectations which were formed from the application of that powerful agent, the electric fluid, in various diſeaſes, gradually ſubſided; animal magnetiſm followed, but very ſoon loſt its credit, though much might be expected from its operation upon the imagination, whoſe influence on the ſyſtem I need not inſiſt on.

But, Mr. Porcupine, when I ſee our wiſe rulers, and others throughout the Union, by a hop, ſtep, and jump, at once paſs the intermediate grades, and arrive in a moment at the ſummit of quackery, as if determined to outdo their trans-atlantic brethren in folly, I confeſs I cannot remain an idle ſpectator of this ſacrifice to error. I can aſſure you, I am not actuated by a deſire of depreciating any man's merit; but by the ſame motive you ſo ſtrongly advocate—a love of truth.

To imagine the metallic points can cure an epilepſy (or even ſuſpend it), cynanche tonſillaris, burns, or even a rheumatic pain, requires a greater ſtock of faith than falls to my ſhare. I much wonder if the good people who allowed themſelves to be ſo completely deceived, pay as great a deference to the miracles of old. I confeſs, I doubt many of them; for we generally find extremes meet in the ſame perſon—I will not ſay they had any other view than the good of mankind, in allowing their names to appear in the above pamphlet; but I think their judgments ſhould have been exerciſed in their obſervations. I ſhall not even ſay that the Doctor himſelf is now laughing

laughing in his ſleeve at the cullability of his fellow-citizens. Yet I cannot help thinking this muſt be the caſe, when he ſees them running eagerly to buy for twenty dollars, two pieces of metal, intrinſically not worth ſixpence. If they poſſeſs any virtues, it muſt be either magnetic, which never was ſuppoſed to have any influence on the body; or we muſt conclude the Doctor is acquainted with the black art, the puniſhment for which, in old times, I need not mention. Let me, however, ſeriouſly aſk the Doctor, on what principle does this amazing property of his points depend? He may ſafely inform me, as he has obtained a patent for them; of courſe I cannot legally take advantage of the information; and he will, if he goes on as he has begun, ſoon make a noble fortune *; and with more propriety he may, ſhould he be induced to build, like Joe L'Oblong, of hair-dreſſing memory, call his ſeat "The Citizens' Folly." But the Doctor may be perfectly ſure, I will take no undue advantage of his communication, whilſt I can obtain either a fork, a ſkewer, or what I believe to be the only truly efficacious metallic point in diſeaſes, a lancet, even if applied by the "inexorable Doctor Ruſh."—I am, yours, &c.

Genoeſe Baſeneſs.—A new convention between the French republic and Genoa excludes the Engliſh from the Genoeſe ports, during the war, and the veſſels of the latter are prohibited from carrying proviſions to the Britiſh. Genoa is to protect her own forts and harbours, but in caſe of neceſſity ſhe is to be aided by French troops. If Genoa ſhall be involved in a war with England, France will undertake to protect her trade and navigation, and will

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* It is ſaid he has ſold upwards of a thouſand ſets, which makes the enormous ſum of twenty thouſand dollars.

aſſiſt

aſſiſt her with ſhips of war, and intercede for her in negotiations for peace.—Genoa pays to France two millions of livres in advance, and two millions *to be refunded after peace!!!*

French Piracies.—This day's Gazette concludes a detail of certain acts of French piracy on the American commerce. My valuable correſpondent, who has furniſhed this detail, concludes with the following general eſtimate:

" A reaſonrble eſtimate of the loſs ſuſtained by		
" the above-mentioned piracies, veſſels cap-		
" tured and ſeized in the different ports:		
" 250 at 10,000 dolls. - -		2,500,000
" 1 Indiaman - - -		500,000
To which add for		
" American property ſold to the		
" French government from '92		
" to '96 not paid for by an offi-		
" cial return Sept. '96 -		7,000,000
" Veſſels ſeized, and cargoes de-		
" tained or ſold in the Weſt In-		
" dies, before the promulgation		
" of Adet's decree -	100	1,000,000
	Dolls.	11,000,000

This is a pretty round ſum, nearly equal to a ſixth part of all the national debt, and its loſs muſt be felt ſeverely by the community at large, but more immediately by thoſe concerned in the ſhipping trade: but it does not ſeem to excite that indignation and alarm, that might be expected among a people who, about three years ago, diſcovered ſo much reſentment againſt the Britiſh ſpoliations.—Many at that time, and ſome very reſpectable perſons too, raged and ſtormed as furiouſly as Achilles did, when he was robbed of his miſtreſs, who are now

now as patient as Job, when "the Chaldeans with three bands had carried off all his camels, and ſlain his ſervant with the edge of the ſword." I have not philoſophy enough to account for this—or to diſcover how a ſimilar cauſe ſhould produce ſuch contrary effects; unleſs it be that we were then "kicked "into courage," and are now, by a more potent application of the foot, *kicked entirely out of it.*

Various are the inſtances of French rapacity, inſolence, and cruelty, and of American humiliation and baſeneſs, diſplayed in the above mentioned detail. To inſert them *all* would require the room of a volume; the following one, however, muſt not be omitted.—The brig William, Captain Benjamin Henderſon, belonging to Mr. William Gray, jun. of Salem, Maſſachuſetts. She was met with on the 19th October 1793, by the French privateer Citizen Genet, which had left Philadelphia ten days before. The privateer obliged Captain Henderſon to hoiſt out his boat and bring his papers on board, which being done, he aſked to whom the French ſugar on board belonged? He replied, To William Gray, of Salem—upon which the perſon who aſked the queſtion, and who he underſtood was the French captain, called him a damned liar, and walking forward ſpoke to the men: five ſailors immediately advanced, took Captain Henderſon by the collar, dragged him to one of the guns, where they held him, cut his trowſers behind, and beat him with twenty laſhes on the bare fleſh, until he was black and blue. On expoſtulating on this extraordinary treatment of a neutral veſſel, he was told, that the Americans were a parcel of damned raſcals, and did not deſerve better treatment. On Captain Henderſon's being diſmiſſed, ſix French ſailors were ſent with him on board the William: theſe immediately fell to ranſacking the veſſel, and plundered from her in caſh and goods to the amount of 350*l.*

The foregoing is preſented to the public as an accurate ſtatement: the occurrence is known to many: and Mr. Gray is now in poſſeſſion of authentic proofs to ſupport it.

Bache's Eulogium on Mr. Adams.—It cannot be forgotten, that this miſcreant grandſon of the ſeditious old Franklin employed his infamous paper for ſeveral months in defaming Mr. Adams. It cannot be forgotten, that he made uſe of every art to perſuade the people, that that gentleman was an *ariſtocrat*, and even a *monarchiſt* both in principle, and, as far as poſſible, in practice; and that, ſhould he be elected *Preſident*, he moſt certainly would deſtroy every veſtige of republicaniſm in the United States. In fact, there is no ſpecies of turpitude that this baſe hireling of France has not imputed to Mr. Adams. With the recollection of all this I beg the reader to peruſe with attention the following paragraphs.

"Who can peruſe the Preſident's inauguration addreſs without giving it his moſt unreſerved approbation? It is ſo long ſince the citizens of America heard an acknowledgment on the part of their Executive, that all power was derived from the people, that they had almoſt forgot their government was a repreſentative one—how grateful then to every republican muſt it be to hear their new Preſident ſo highly eſtimating "inſtitutions which ſpring from the hearts and judgments of an honeſt and enlightened people?" to hear him ſpeak of the "power and majeſty of the people," and to pledge himſelf to conſult only "their good" in all his actions? Not leſs pleaſing muſt it be to hear him place in a light bordering on ridicule, the "diamonds, robes, and other ornaments and decorations" of royalty.

"It has hitherto been too common to degrade the ſovereignty of the ſeveral States, and to treat them as mere

mere ſubordinate corporations. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, expreſſes his fixed determination to "pay a reſpectful attention to their conſtitutions, and a conſtant caution and delicacy towards their governments." How will the anti republicans foam at finding him alſo determined not to attempt to ſupport any amendment to the Conſtitution of the United States, but in the mode preſcribed therein! Their hopes on this ſubject muſt vaniſh in an inſtant.

"The determination to maintain our "faith inviolate," although perhaps too late to be attended with proper effect—his profeſſion of "perſonal "eſteem for the French nation," who have been ſo groſsly abuſed by the miniſters of his predeceſſor; his deſire to preſerve our friendſhip with that republic, which, contrary to the aſſertion of the federal junto, he declares has been "much for the honour "and credit of both countries"—his "endeavour to "remove every colourable pretence of complaint," although the taſk will be an arduous one, cannot fail of giving the higheſt ſatisfaction to his conſtituents. It is a courſe of conduct which they have long been earneſtly looking for in the Executive of the Union. The period is arrived when there is a fair probability that their hopes will be realized, and the views of a deſigning and wicked faction be utterly fruſtrated *.

"It is impoſſible in the few moments which I have allowed myſelf, to do juſtice to the feelings which this addreſs has occaſioned—we diſcover in it no little attempts to wound the feelings of one party by exaggerated applauſe of the other—no mean inſinuations, indicative always of a low and grovelling

* By language like this the French faction thought to have gained him over; and, indeed, his ſpeech was *well calculated to give them hopes.*

mind, againſt the party which was known to be oppoſed to his election. Let any one contraſt it with the ſpeech made by our governor upon his exaltation to his preſent office, and he will find abundant room for compariſon. The one is the effuſion of a noble and generous mind, which, in the gratitude it feels for thoſe who have honoured him with their ſuffrages, betrays no ill will or diſſatisfaction at thoſe who have voted for his competitor: the reader is left to form his own opinion of the other *."

[*Aurora of the* 10*th.*]

Again—" After having brought our country to the verge of ruin, Waſhington has retreated from the gathering ſtorm. Having run the veſſel of ſtate between rocks and ſhoals, he has abandoned the helm, and left her to her fate. Our country was proſperous when he began his political career, and by his means it has become miſerable. Never were proſpects more flattering overcaſt by the conduct of any man. Let our ſituation be a warning to future generations. It will be an inſtructive leſſon never to give too much adulation or too much confidence to one man; never to ſuppoſe an individual every thing, and his country nothing.

" A kind Providence, it is to be hoped, ſtill has feeling for us, and will extricate us from our difficulties. It is *univerſally admitted that Mr. Adams is a man of incorruptible integrity* †, and that the reſources

* This praiſe is a cruel ſatire on the Preſident.

† Remember that Mr. Adams was one of the twenty Senators whom this very wretch Bache accuſed of having *ſold their country to Great Britain* in ratifying the treaty. Mr. Adams was one of thoſe who were burnt in effigy at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, 1795. Mr. Jay was burnt in effigy, having about his neck, tied with a hempen ſtring, *Adams's Work on Government*, on the cover of which was written this motto: " GOLD *bade me write.*" This is the man who, now the baſe faction wiſh to gain him over to their purpoſes, " *is* UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED *to be of* INCOR-

ſources of his own mind are equal to the duties of his ſtation; we may then flatter ourſelves that his meaſures will be taken with prudence, that he will not become the head of a party, and that he will not be the tool of any man or ſet of men. His ſpeech on his inauguration augurs well to our country. Let it be compared with any of his predeceſſors, and they muſt hide their diminiſhed heads in the compariſon. He declares himſelf the friend of France and of peace, the admirer of republicaniſm, the enemy of party, and he avows his determination to let no political creed interfere in his appointments. How honourable are theſe ſentiments! how characteriſtic of a patriot! When Waſhington, as Preſident, was fulminating his anathemas againſt particular deſcriptions of citizens, Adams, in his place, is endeavouring to ſooth the irritated public mind, and to harmonize the different parties. May Heaven grant ſucceſs to his labours, and his reward be in the fruition of his endeavours and the plaudits of his country!"—*Aurora of the 14th.*

French Arret.—Sir, Pleaſe to give the following infamous arret, and the remarks thereon, a place in your Gazette:

INCORRUPTIBLE *integrity!*" But, in fact, there is nothing too inconſiſtent, too barefaced, too brutiſhly baſe, for the Democratic faction of America.

Bache (and when I ſay Bache, I mean Jefferſon, Madiſon, Gallatin, Dallas, M'Kean, and all the faction, of whom he is the mouth-piece), Bache conceived that the Preſident's inauguration ſpeech indicated an intention of admitting the Democrats into place, and of patching up a peace with France, or rather bowing the neck to her. This ſuppoſed intention, which muſt have damned the Preſident in the opinion of every good man, entitled him to the praiſes and flattery of Bache, who was in hopes of bringing him over to the Democrats, or, at leaſt, to coax him into a line of conduct that ſhould make him be deſpiſed by the Federaliſts.

" *Arret.*—The ſpecial agents of the Executive Directory in the Weſt Indies,

" Conſidering, that the ports of the iſlands at the windward and leeward, as well as thoſe of Demara, Eſſequibo, and Berbice, delivered up to the Engliſh, occupied and defended by the emigrants, are in a ſtate of permanent ſiege, and ought not to enjoy the ſame advantages as the ports of the different Engliſh colonies, poſſeſſed by that power before the war, and by other titles."

Remarks.—Theſe ſpecial agents of the terrible republic ſeem to be as mad as a ſtraw-bed king in Bedlam: while the wretch is confined within the four walls of a cell, he conceits himſelf the ruler of nations. How can theſe iſlands be in a ſtate of permanent ſiege, or any ſiege at all, when the agents have not force enough to inveſt a ſingle one of them, nor even to protect the trade of their own inſular Baſtille? Let them firſt ſend out an armament to diſperſe their enemies, who conſtantly inveſt this iſland, before they publiſh any more of their bombaſtic arrets, to regulate the trade of others.

" Conſidering it to be contrary to every principle to treat a horde of rebels, without country, without government or flag, with the ſame regard which civilized nations obſerve among themſelves during war."

Remarks.—" A horde of rebels"—true Victor Hugues! A horde of rebels, whether they have a country, a government, and a flag, or no, are ſtill rebels, and have no juſt right to expect the ſame treatment as loyal ſubjects and citizens: but Lebas and Hugues are the laſt men in the world, who ſhould preach this doctrine. It points immediate deſtruction at their own authority. But waving this point; are the merchants of America bound to ſurrender a profitable trade to the iſlands in queſtion, which are now in the poſſeſſion of the Engliſh,

liſh, upon the authority of your arret? Shall they declare the faithful adherents of the ancient government rebels, and withhold from them the neceſſaries of life, or, in other words, aid you to deſtroy them, becauſe you have thought proper, contrary to all law and right, to forbid the trade? No! So long as we have ſpirit enough to aſſert our own independence as a ſovereign ſtate, or humanity to feel for the miſeries of others, we ſhall ſpurn at the inſolence and cruelty of ſuch a decree.

" Conſidering that by authentic acts in our poſſeſſion, it is proved that divers places of the colonies delivered to the Engliſh by the French and Dutch rebels, belong not to the Britiſh Government, more than La Vendée, in which the Engliſh Miniſtry had alſo their mercenary troops, regiments in their pay, wearing the ſame uniform as the troops of the King of England."

Remarks.—It is immaterial to us how, or on what conditions, the Engliſh obtained the poſſeſſion of theſe iſlands; it is ſufficient that they now hold them, and that the French and Dutch Republics united have not force enough to recover them. Of courſe theſe ſpecial agents have no more right to interdict our trade thither than to any other places in the poſſeſſion of their enemies.

" Conſidering that by virtue of the ſecond article of the treaty of alliance concluded at Paris, Feb. 6th, 1778, between the United States and France, the former power engages to defend the poſſeſſions in America, in caſe of war, and the government and commerce of the United States have ſtrongly abuſed the forbearance of the French Republic, in turning to her detriment the favours which had been accorded to them, of entering and trading in all the ports of the French colonies:

" By permitting for a longer time neutral veſſels to carry proviſions of war and of ſubſiſtence to men

evidently in a ſtate of rebellion, we ſhould be the means of prolonging civil war, the calamities and the crimes which proceed therefrom, order as follows."

Remarks.—" Conſidering that by virtue of the treaty of alliance concluded at Paris in 1778"—Ah! Citizen Agents, you had better not have touched on this ſubject; it calls up the ghoſts of murdered men againſt you. This treaty was concluded with the King of France, the unfortunate Louis XVI. with the nobility, the gentry, the landed and commercial intereſt; or, in other words, with thoſe who not only poſſeſſed the rightful government, but who were alſo the proprietors of the ſoil and all that was on it; and the alliance carried honour and ſafety with it. But if this ancient and reſpectable government, this proprietariſhip, by one of thoſe ſtupendous events which occur once in four or five centuries to ſcourge and aſtoniſh mankind, ſhould be transferred to a band of atheiſtical philoſophers, clerks, ſtage players, country attornies, and valets, united for the purpoſe of univerſal plunder, tell me, Civilians, would the contract ſtill be binding on the United States? But be this matter as it may, I am ſure the treaty has no relation to our trade in the Engliſh ports, or, if you like the words better, to ports in their poſſeſſion; nor could the contracting parties ever have thought of the conſtruction that theſe upſtart agents have given it; unleſs we may ſuppoſe that Louis intended to lay us under an obligation to ſtarve his friends, and feed his foes, and that we were wicked enough to ſign ſuch an abominable compact.

After this explanatory preamble the agents go on to promulgate their reſolves as follows:

" Art. I. The ſhips of the republic and French privateers are authorized to take and conduct into the ports of the republic, neutral veſſels deſtined for

for the Windward and Leeward iſlands of America, delivered up to the Engliſh, occupied and defended by the emigrants."

Theſe ports are, Martinique, St Lucia, Tobago, Demarara, Berbice, Eſſequibo; and, at the leeward, Port-au-Prince, St. Mark's, l'Archayes, and Jeremie.

"Art. II. Every armed veſſel having a commiſſion from either of thoſe ports, ſhall be reputed a pirate, and the crews adjudged and puniſhed as ſuch.

"Art. III. The veſſels and cargoes deſcribed in the firſt and ſecond articles, are declared good prizes, and ſhall be ſold for the benefit of the captors.

"Art. IV. Every veſſel taken which ſhall be cleared out to the Weſt Indies, generally, is comprehended in the firſt and ſecond article."

All theſe reſolves grow naturally from the premiſes, and are as ſtupid as they are daring, eſpecially the ſecond; which declares all the captains and crews of Engliſh veſſels, armed in either of the ſaid iſlands, to be pirates. Theſe ruffians ſeem to have forgotten not only all treaties, but all laws, even the law of retaliation; the *lex talionis* has no weight with them. Can they imagine that their enemies, with a ſuperior force in their hands, will not retaliate? or are they totally indifferent about the fate of the miſerable ſlaves whom they arm and ſend out to plunder? But the fourth reſolve outdoes all their other extravagancies. "Every veſſel taken which ſhall be cleared out to the Weſt Indies, generally (ours are often cleared in this manner), is comprehended in the firſt and ſecond article;" that is, every American veſſel, even though ſhe ſhould touch firſt at Cape François or Guadaloupe, ſhall be condemned on account of her doubtful clearance, and the crews be puniſhed as pirates. I do not know how others may feel on this occaſion, but I frankly declare that for every American

ſeaman that ſuffered in this or any other manner, in the purſuit of his lawful buſineſs, I would inſtantly retaliate tenfold on the French ſans-culottes, until there was not one of the ſavage race left alive in the United States.

Genius of American Captains.—The London Morning Chronicle, of 16th November laſt, obſerves:—"The Americans are remarked as not having diſtinguiſhed themſelves by any works of *imagination*. "If we may judge, however, from the ſpecimen of "the reports aſcribed to American captains, the "natives of that continent are by no means deficient "in invention: but it is probable, indeed, that "this faculty may be improved by travelling."

If the ſans-culotte, who publiſhes the Morning Chronicle (and a moſt furious one he is), finds in the reports of our captains ſo ample a ſubject for commendation, what ought to be the extent of our praiſe! Three times have they landed the French in England; and as often has the tri-coloured flag been hoiſted on St. James's palace, and the head of Pitt rolled from the guillotine. We have received poſitive information of ſeventeen rebellions in Ireland, Scotland, and England, one of which was headed by the Duke of Clarence. To enumerate the efforts of imagination, with which the ſea-travellers have entertained us, ſince the beginning of the preſent war, would far exceed the limits of a newſpaper. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments are outſtripped both in number and in marvelouſneſs by the maritime tales we are ſpeaking of, the authors of which ſeem to ſtudy nothing, during their abſence, but how to render themſelves agreeable at their return. I have always obſerved, that the longer the paſſage is, the tougher and more complex is their ſtory. When their imagination has only a week or two to work in, the production is very ſimple and lame:

you

you perceive their drift at once. But after being months at ſea, with the ſails flapping or the helm tied up, then detection is amazingly difficult—the piece comes out perfect in all its parts; the language, the characters, the time, and the plot; which laſt is often ſo perplexingly intricate, that after having buſied the politicians for ſeveral days, the unravelling of it is abandoned in deſpair. This is nearly our ſituation at the preſent moment.

Swiniſh Multitude of Philadelphia.—Good Mr. Porcupine, I am out of all patience with the *Swiniſh Multitude* of this place. Indulge my complaint with a place in your Gazette. Permit me to lecture the world a little. Thoſe fine-ſounding words *Liberty* and *Equality* have hurt this place more than the Britiſh army and the yellow fever.

I cannot get along the ſtreets for crowds of raggamuffins, tatterdemalions, and ſhabby *freemen*, ſtrolling about idle, who, if they had maſters, might be employed in ſomething uſeful both to ſociety and themſelves. Go to the State-houſe or Congreſs Hall, the galleries are filled with a reſpectable group of idle oyſter-men and lounging apprentices, ſuperintending the proceedings of government. Go to the Court-houſe, it is crowded with vagrants who have nothing to do, but ſtudy law. You cannot ſqueeze into an auction-room for idle vagabonds, who are glad of ſomething to ſtare at: the occupation of theſe gentlemen is commerce. Every raſcal in the city who can ſteal half a dollar, you will ſee in the chief ſeat at the Theatre. A funeral, a houſe on fire, a ſhip-launch, a ſpeech, a birth-day, or a quarrel in the ſtreets, collects them in thouſands; perhaps the poor devils are ſtarving with hunger and cold. Would it not be a kindneſs to themſelves to take their liberty from them? and a material advantage to the public to whip them to their work? That

That government which promotes the general good both of the public and of individuals is certainly the beſt—O for monarchy, deſpotiſm, ſlavery, or any ſpecies of government, that will conduce to the happineſs of mankind! It is our intereſt to be beaten and compelled to our good, when we are too ignorant and too ſtupid to ſtudy and purſue it ourſelves. Few are fit to be their own maſters; one ſpends his money, another his time, ſome their clothes, others their victuals; thus many ſuffer for want of better maſters than themſelves; ſuch, nature intended to ſerve. I have a ſum of money ſufficient to ſupport me all my life, but know not how to huſband it; I may waſte it in a ſhort ſpace, and be reduced to beggary the reſt of my life: were it not better to put it into the hands of ſome wiſe banker, who would parcel it out to me according to my neceſſities? So, if liberty be put into my hand, and I know not how to uſe it, let a wiſe maſter take me under his protection, and make me comfortable. If time be given to me, and I know not how to employ it, let a prudent maſter diſpoſe of it according to his better judgment: "To-day you ſhall do this, boy; to-morrow, that, &c." Such a ſtupid creature will probably be lazy, for, though we know our duty and intereſt, we are often backward to the performance; then beating, correction, and compulſion become neceſſary. I wiſh every lounger in Philadelphia had a maſter, were it but to keep him out of the ſtreets, that we might paſs in ſafety. In one place a wheelbarrow drives me into the gutters, whilſt the maſter of the ceremony deafens me with the vociferation of "Beautiful Oyſters!" In another, a wench with a baſket fills the way; then three jolly fellows, linked together, would be as fatal to me as a chain-ſhot, if I did not give place. Another meeting me, heſitates which ſide to give me, until he throws his dirty corporation full in my face; and juſt now a brawny boor, with

with a *foot a yard long*, trod on my toes till I almoſt fainted, and provoked my paſſion ſo high, that I could not paſs your box without entering my complaint againſt our *ſwiniſh multitude*. It brings to my mind Horace's *ſus lutulenta*, when our dirtier *ſwine* run againſt me in the ſtreet. If I can rid the ſtreets of them, I ſhall be the beſt ſcavenger in the city. John Farmer tells his hogs, that the devil took poſſeſſion of the *ſwine* long ago, and has not left them yet; the devil of lounging poſſeſſes the ſwine of Philadelphia. I wiſh the Gadarean devil would enter them, and conduct them into the Delaware.

HARRY HEDGEHOG.

THURSDAY, 16th MARCH.

General Sketch of foreign News, down to Dec. 20, 1799.

RUSSIA.

It is ſaid to have loſt its old intriguing ambitious expreſs; if this be true, it is naturally to be expected that it will have ſome influence on the negotiations for peace. Should the war continue, it is to be hoped that the new Emperor will diveſt himſelf of the ſelfiſh and jealous policy of his predeceſſor, and ſend armies, inſtead of promiſes, to the aid of the

EMPEROR,

Who, with ſuch aſſiſtance as Ruſſia is able to give, would in a little time reconquer every inch of territory that the barbarians of Gaul have overrun. On the Rhine, and in its vicinity, his armies are every day gaining ground on thoſe of the regicides. By Paris papers of the 8th December, it appears that one of their generals had been ſent to Vienna to propoſe an armiſtice, which the Emperor was not at all anxious to accept. There is every reaſon to hope that the Auſtrians are now maſters of the important fortreſs

fortreſs of Kehl, and that they will be enabled to take up winter-quarters on the left of the Rhine.

The Emperor perſiſts in his determination not to treat with the Directory but in conjunction with Great Britain and Ruſſia. He has directed the Germanic diet to come to a definitive and categorical reſolution as ſoon as poſſible, concerning thoſe ſtates of the Empire which have concluded a ſeparate peace with the French republicans. His Majeſty exacts that thoſe ſtates ſhall furniſh proviſionally their contingents of troops, and orders them to join the Imperial armies.

London accounts of the 19th December ſay, that at Vienna it was generally underſtood that peace entirely depended on the Britiſh cabinet, the French negotiator having been ſent back. The whole reſources of the Empire were to be employed in proſecuting the war with unprecedented vigour, eſpecially in

ITALY,

Where, it ſeems by the following paragraphs from London papers of the 19th and 20th December, *French republicaniſm* is growing very much out of faſhion; and that, in place of taking Mantua, the ſans-culottes are like to meet with a *Sicilian veſpers.*

Bonaparte, it is ſaid, has been ſo ſtraitened for reinforcements, that it was propoſed by the Directory to claim the Spaniſh troops ſtipulated for in the treaty for immediate ſervice in Italy.

Accounts immediately from Rome confirm all the reports, that his Holineſs again attempted to re-open negotiations with the French, and repreſent the army of Bonaparte as ſo much weakened by the late actions with the Auſtrians, that he is in no condition of putting his threats of deſtroying Rome into execution, even to ſtrengthen the garriſon of Ferrara and Bologna. Theſe places, it is ſaid, will

will ſoon be attacked by the Pope's troops, in conjunction with ſome Engliſh emigrants, every day expected at Civita Vecchia from Corſica. The formation of the new Italian republic, it is obſerved, does not go on as if the formers of it were in earneſt.

It appears that the loſs of the French in the action of the 6th ult. between Baſſano and Vicenza, amounted to 4000 men in killed, wounded, priſoners, or drowned in the Brenta; that in the affair of the 13th, near Caldero, the Auſtrians met with the moſt complete ſucceſs, took ſeveral pieces of cannon, and made a great number of priſoners, among whom is a general; that the battle of the 16th, near Arcole, remained undecided, both parties claiming the palm of victory, and that General Alvinzy maintains himſelf in a poſition in front of Vicenza. The ſame letters add, that General Davidovich, in the engagement of the 17th ult. near Rivoli, took twelve pieces of cannon, and two ammunition-waggons; and that the loſs of the French on that day conſiſted of 2000 killed, wounded, and priſoners; but theſe letters do not reach down to the 21ſt ult. when, according to Bonaparte's and Berthier's letters, General Davidovich retreated.

A letter from Florence mentions, that the diſaſters experienced by the French on the Rhine, have revived the animoſity of the inhabitants of Tuſcany againſt the French, and that the republican miniſter Miot, as well as ſeveral other republicans, have been publicly inſulted.

In tracing the Vandal army backwards, we traverſe the enſlaved country of the enſlaved king of

SARDINIA,

Who is in a ſituation to be envied only by his unfortunate ſubjects and their neighbours of

GENEVA,

GENEVA;

Whoſe treachery to their ancient magiſtrates and defenders renders them objects of ſcorn rather than of pity. By the laſt letters from this little ſtate, it appears that French regeneration has produced its full effect, the combined evils of poverty, vice, and ſlavery. All the moſt ingenious artiſts have found means to fly to other countries, where opulence finds exerciſe for their talents, and where ſecurity is an incentive to induſtry. Nothing remains but the ſiftings of Geneva, the chaff. It is, from being one of the happieſt, moſt orderly, and moſt moral ſtates of Europe, become a little nation of pure unadulterated mob, ſuch as never was equalled, except in the republic of

FRANCE.

Softly, reader! Take care how you tread here! We have rambled about over monarchical and deſpotic ſtates; but now that we have ſet our foot on the land of liberty, we muſt advance with caution. —The firſt thing is a bayonet at your breaſt. "Your paſſport!"—There it is, an't pleaſe your ſans-culotteſhip. Next they examine you all over, like a horſe at a fair. Your height, hair, eyes, forehead, noſe, cheeks, chin, lips, teeth, and complexion. When the commiſſary, the filthy agent of liberty and equality, has, jockey or butcher like, finiſhed his ſurvey of your carcaſe, you are conducted by a file of raggamuffins to what is called the town-houſe, which generally gives pretty evident tokens of having lately been a barn or ſtable. Here you have to ſtand hat in hand (if it is not already ſtolen from you) before half a dozen baleful-looking ſcoundrels, who were the other day on the highway or at the galleys; and, having ſupported their ſcoffs and ſcornful looks and geſtures for an hour or two, you are ſuffered,

firſt paying Liberty her fees, to proceed till you come to the next red-capped villain that pleaſes to ſtop and examine you.

It is rather tickliſh work to talk about news in a republic like this; yet we do find that there are newſpapers ſuffered. As far as we can poſſibly judge from theſe, of the real ſtate of the public mind, the people ſeem as anxious for peace as their tyrants for a continuance of the war. Theſe latter profeſs a deſire to put a ſtop to the effuſion of blood, but it is eaſy to ſee that they have no ſuch intention. Paris papers of the 12th December ſeem to ſay, that there is a proſpect of a happy iſſue to the negotiation with Lord Malmſbury, while letters arrived at Boſton, from Rotterdam, aſſure us, that he has been ordered by the tyrants to quit their ſtarving land. Theſe letters are ſaid to be dated ſo late as the 5th of January. Accounts from England ſay that there was a fleet at Breſt ready for ſea, conſiſting of fifteen ſail of the line and about the ſame number of frigates; but the report of a fleet, with troops on board, having ſailed for

IRELAND,

is not totally unfounded; and it is with the greateſt pleaſure we affirm, from London accounts, that the reports reſpecting the diſturbances in Ireland were generally mere efforts of the imagination, and always exaggerated. The people of that iſland ſeem ready to co-operate heartily with their fellow-ſubjects of

GREAT BRITAIN,

Where the ſtrong meaſures of the Parliament, to ſuppreſs ſeditious meetings, and the unexampled ſucceſs of Mr. Pitt's financiering operations, ſeem to have ſtruck faction dumb. The Britiſh fleet, under the command of Admiral Colpoys, is playing juſt the ſame game with the ſans-culotte fleet at Breſt, as

Captain Murray is now playing with Commodore Barney, at Norfolk; that is to ſay, one is acting the part of the cat, and the other that of the mouſe. The cruiſers of Great Britain let nothing eſcape them in the European ſeas, eſpecially along the coaſt of France. I wiſh as much could be ſaid of thoſe in the

WEST INDIES;

But, in that unfortunate quarter, I know not how it happens, they do nothing at all. They ſeem to go there for no other purpoſe but to get drunk and die. Whether better is to be expected from Sir R. Abercromby, muſt be left to thoſe who know him. A report has been in circulation, that Guadaloupe was taken, and that conſummate cut-throat, Victor Hugues, made priſoner; but this is not confirmed. To mention, in this ſketch, particular inſtances of French depredations on the commerce of

AMERICA,

would be ſwelling it out unneceſſarily, as every paper teems with them. The Weſt Indies is the grand ſcene. Every thing that can carry guns is fitted out from all the ports they poſſeſs. Whites, blacks, and mulattoes, are employed in the ſervice; the profits ariſing from which, except a certain proportion, is ſeized on by the regicides. They are a nation of pirates. It is fooliſh to imagine that they will quit the lucrative trade. They never will till they are dragged from their holds.

Much has been ſaid about Mr. Pinckney's not being received in France; and ſo many contradictory reports are in circulation, that it is quite impoſſible to ſpeak poſitively on the ſubject.

St.

St. Domingo—Proclamation.—Port-au-Prince, January 15, 1797. GORDON FORBES, *Major-general and Commander in Chief of St. Domingo, &c. &c. to all the Inhabitants of the Spaniſh Part of St. Domingo.*

The French Republic, abuſing the aſcendency which the chances of war have given it in Europe, over his Catholic Majeſty, and the condeſcenſion which this monarch thinks himſelf obliged to ſhow to its will, has forced him to declare war againſt his faithful friend and ally, the King of Great Britain. Thus the evils which for four years paſt have afflicted humanity, are about to increaſe. His Majeſty feels them with ſorrow, and the firſt impulſe of his ſolicitude is directed towards you.—He has, in conſequence, ordered me to declare and guarantee to you the following reſolutions:

All the rights, privileges, prerogatives, and advantages, without any exception whatever, which were offered and promiſed to you by my Proclamation of the 12th of July laſt, ſhall, notwithſtanding the war, be faithfully granted to all the inhabitants of the towns, boroughs, forts, and other places of your territory, who, upon the firſt ſummons thereof, made according to the cuſtoms of war, ſhall unite themſelves to the government, and ſubſcribe the oath of allegiance and fidelity to his Majeſty.

But the more indulgence and generoſity which his Majeſty intends for thoſe among you who will loyally and voluntarily place themſelves under his protection, the more ſeverity he will think he ought to uſe towards thoſe who ſhall oppoſe to him either an offenſive or defenſive reſiſtance. The treaty of Baſle not having been revoked, it will not be as faithful ſubjects of your King, but only as the ſoldiers of the French Republic, that you ſhall be

conſidered in your oppoſition to the ſucceſs of his Majeſty's arms.

Inhabitants of the Spaniſh part of this iſland, I am pleaſed in the conſideration, that you will haſten to enable me to put you all into the enjoyment of the numberleſs advantages of the Britiſh government, and to give full ſcope, with reſpect to each of you in particular, only to thoſe natural ſentiments of affection and good will I bear towards you.

You, as well as the whole univerſe, know, that, inſulated by nature from the continent of Europe, England might have remained inſulated without danger from the commotions of the French revolution.—But it could not ſee without horror, a monſtrous ſyſtem, which, under the name of Liberty and Equality, tended only to ſmother the ſacred and eternal principles of religion and ſocial inſtitutions; it could not ſee without the moſt tender care and compaſſion, the unfortunate of all ſexes and ages coming in crowds into its boſom, ſeeking an aſylum from the chains and daggers of perſecution. Such were the motives, the only motives, which compelled his Majeſty to take arms, to call around him the martyrs of the French revolution, and to laviſh on them his protection and kindneſs.

Inhabitants of the Spaniſh part, come into the ports of this iſland, where the protecting flag of his Majeſty floats triumphant. In ſpite of the horrors of war, notwithſtanding the national diſtreſs of their inhabitants, you will only perceive the conſolating images of eaſe, plenty, joy, and happineſs, animated and vivified by the richeſt commerce in the world, and the favours of the moſt generous of governments; tranſport yourſelves afterwards to the places ſubjected to the empire and dominion of the Republic—then chooſe the fate of a man ſimply protected by England, or of a ſubject of the French Republic.

And

And you, prelates, prebendaries, prieſts, and eccleſiaſtics of all the orders that compoſe the auguſt clergy of St. Domingo, contemplate the reſpect and the liberty with which the holy exerciſe of the religion of which you are miniſters, is officiated in the countries lately ſubjected to his Majeſty—aſk, on the other hand, of the French domains, of all France, what is become of their prelates, their prieſts, and altars; read, in ſhort, the recent hiſtories of Belgia, Savoy, Rome, Italy, and of all the Catholic countries, where the republican armies have carried their ſteps, and judge yourſelves where the ſafety of your perſons and the calls of your religion ought to attract you.

Spaniſh inhabitants of all ranks, of all ſtations and all claſſes, in enlightening you I only obey the dictates of my lively ſentiments for you.—Never were ſo many ſnares, humiliations, and dangers hovering around your heads. To convince you, read the treaty of St. Ildephonſo—it clearly diſcovers the motives that determined the Republic to induce Spain to declare war.

Deprived of its navy—of which ſome veſtiges remain only in the ports of England—incapable of effecting herſelf the overthrow of the American colonies; fearing, and doubtleſs with reaſon, to loſe the right ſhe had acquired at Baſle, of ſubjecting you to her deſtructive government; the Republic has now no other view than to force the King of Spain to charge himſelf with the promulgation of her principles, the execution of her plans, and to make himſelf, in his own ſtates, the provoker of a revolution which may be fatal to his crown, and to the ancient conſtitution of the Spaniſh monarchy. Beſides, ſhe dares believe and hope to induce you, if not as new ſubjects, at leaſt as Spaniards born, to take arms and laviſh your blood to defend the daggers and torches, which are to mow down your families,

milies, and fire your property, your churches, your altars, and reduce the rich and immenſe territory you have cultivated for three centuries, into the frightful ſtate of deſolation in which the colonial domains of the Republic are plunged.

Succeſſors of the firſt miſſionaries, and deſcendants of the firſt conquerors of the New World—ſuch is the part which the Directory of France imperiouſly requires the King, which Heaven has given you, to act—and ſuch is the part which it flatters itſelf to perform.

Spaniards, I leave you to your own reflections! Happy ſhall I be if I can avert the misfortunes and woes which are about to cruſh you—and which you cannot eſcape, unleſs you place yourſelves under his Majeſty's protection.

Convoy of American Ships.—Boſton, March 7th, 1799. Owing to the depredations made by the French privateers on our commerce, and the indignities to which the Americans are ſubjected, *the inhabitants of Antigua* petitioned the Preſident and Council to addreſs Admiral Harvey, requeſting a convoy to the American veſſels; and a paſſage-boat was immediately diſpatched to Martinico, with diſpatches to that purpoſe; and when the informant of the above was at St. Kitts, on the firſt of February, it was reported a convoy was granted, and that Antigua was to be the place of reſort for all American veſſels homeward-bound *.

French

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* This petition of "*the inhabitants of Antigua*" was, I fancy, ſigned by none but American owners, their captains, their factors, and the perſons immediately concerned in the American trade; yet, ſo unwilling are the Boſtonians to allow that we ſtand in need of *Britiſh protection*, that they have the aſſurance to call this a petition from "*the inhabitants of Antigua.*"—When the States were rewarding Tom Paine for writing his *Common Senſe*,

French and Engliſh Flags at the Tontine Coffee-houſe, New-York.—The following paragraph is extracted from Mr. Webſter's paper (the Minerva) of the 14th inſt. "A few days ſince the Engliſh flag, "printed on a card with the American, was affixed "in the Exchange Room in the Coffee-houſe. We "cannot believe any American has *condeſcended* to "this thing. At any rate, it is a low pitiful buſi-"neſs, equalled only by the meanneſs of putting "up a French flag. Americans, do you not bluſh "for your ſervility, to be thus bandied about be-"tween the enſigns of foreign nations—plundered "as your merchants are by both flags, whenever it "ſuits their intereſt? When will the honour of the "American name be vindicated by diſcarding ſuch "badges of faction? When will the Americans "*unite* under their *own flag*, and learn to be a "*nation?*"

Contrary to the ſpirit that generally prevails in this paper, I am ſorry to ſay, there is more of vulgar prejudice and miſtake in the above-quoted paragraph, than there is either of juſtice or good policy. The union of the flag of the United States with that of Great Britain or of France, would reflect no diſgrace on either party, if the purpoſe or intention was honourable: if done with a view to repel aggreſſions from a common foe, it would be wiſe and juſt: the *quo animo*, the intention of the act, is what ſtamps its character. Should either of theſe flags be unfurled as a ſtandard of diſcord and anarchy, to rally malcontents againſt the government, and animate them to rebellion, to join it would really be an act of treaſon: and when it ſtreams from the veſſels of ſea-robbers, who are daily inſult-

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Senſe, they little thought, that, in leſs than twenty years, they ſhould ſtand in need of Britiſh convoys to protect them againſt France!!!

ing and plundering the commerce of America, without any reaſonable provocation, to tolerate it even on our land or waters, deſerves a worſe name than that of *a low and pitiful buſineſs:* it really betrays a mind prepared to receive the yoke. But to unite the American Eagle with the Britiſh Lion againſt an ambitious and determined enemy, the diſturber of the peace of both hemiſpheres, is a purpoſe that no American need to be aſhamed of: the alliance would be productive of equal honour and advantage to both. I know there is a pride on both ſides, inherited from a common ſtock, reluctant to make the firſt advance; but the firſt advance, I am equally ſure, will reflect no diſhonour on the party that makes it.

Americans exchanged with the Britiſh for French Priſoners of War.—We have had information of the capture of Captain Sanford in the brig Hope of this port, on his homeward-bound paſſage from Barbadoes: his veſſel and cargo were condemned at Guadaloupe. One of the crew of his veſſel has lately arrived at Norfolk, and ſtates, that Captain Sanford and his men were *put in irons*, and confined *with the Britiſh priſoners*; that their daily allowance was half a pound of bread, a quarter of a pound of ſalt-fiſh, with the requiſite quantity of water to waſh it down; and that after being fully republicanized by this fraternal regimen, he, with four other American maſters, was ſent to Martinique, to be *exchanged for as many French officers* *.

Bloody

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* This is not *war*, I ſuppoſe. This is only a gentle way of expreſſing their diſpleaſure. This calls for no ſequeſtrations, prohibitions, or embargoes. This is no inſult to the American flag, nor does it call forth the curſes of even the tarpawlings. Well, be it ſo. Let them pillage and baſtinado. Infamous as is their

Bloody French in Suabia.—Extract of a letter of Hauffman, commiſſary with the army, to the Directory, ſubmitted to the Council of Five Hundred, tranſlated from the Leyden Gazette of Nov. 11th, Supplement. "Melancholy details were received of the ill treatment of the peaſants in Suabia by the French troops, which occaſioned an inſurrection. Twelve French ſoldiers entered a farm, where they found a girl of eighteen years old, and *they forced her father to be a witneſs of the brutal violence committed on her by them ſucceſſively.* Pillagers wandered about the country, ſeized and carried off children, and compelled their parents to redeem them with money * ! ! !"

Salvage on American Veſſels recaptured by the Britiſh, is to be one eighth of the value of ſhip and cargo.

The American Ship Olive-branch, which was lately captured by the Audacious, with a cargo of ſmall arms, ordnance, and a camp equipage, and brought into Portſmouth, was ſome time ago freighted from the north of Ireland, at a time that a large quantity of ſpecie was ſent from the metropolis, by certain

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their conduct, the puniſhment it inflicts is *juſt.* American maſters of veſſels taken, and *exchanged for French priſoners of war!* Yes; and yet the humble nation fawns on them; aye, and ſuch is our debaſement, that the tri-coloured enſign of robbery and murder, that now waves over the American flag in every part of the Weſt Indies, ſtill graces the Tontine Coffee-houſe, the rendezvous of the merchants of New-York! Nor is it neceſſary to ſend the reader ſo far for a ſight of this deteſtable enſign of rebellion and murder. Philadelphia preſents it in every ſtreet.—N. B. A public-houſe ſign, in the Northern Liberties, is the *French Flag* and *Liberty Cap.*

* It will be remembered, that this fact is related by a *French commiſſary,* who certainly would not exaggerate on ſuch a ſubject. Let the impudent Democrats ſtill try if they can lie away the horrid facts that are related in the *Bloody Buoy.*

known

known agents of the worthies in that quarter *.—*English article.*

Blaſphemous Adulation.—The following paragraph is too notoriouſly blaſphemous not to excite a public abhorrence. It is taken from a federal paper, on the ſubject of a feſtive day in honour of the birth of General Waſhington.

" Two public companies, and many private par-
" ties, obſerved this POLITICAL CHRISTMAS,
" and hallowed it!" What will our profeſſed *religious* claſs of citizens ſay to the paragraph? what will the clergy ſay to this ſpecies of blaſphemy? " Political Chriſtmas!" What is the idea of this expreſſion, but ranking Waſhington with Jeſus Chriſt? *Hallowing* the birth-day of Waſhington, is compared with hallowing the birth-day of our Saviour, or at leaſt it is uſing the ſame word as it applies to Jeſus Chriſt, and Waſhington †.

Mr. Relf and his Novel, the Victims of Sentiment.—This gentleman being an apprentice to the printing buſineſs, and obſerving, probably, that his maſter, Mr. Young, was generally engaged in printing worthleſs traſh, thought that he might as well try

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* This ſhip and cargo belongs to *Ira Allen*, of Vermont, a furious Democrat, who was himſelf in France at the time of the ſhipment of the arms; but it will by and by appear, that the arms were not deſtined for Ireland, though it will be leſs evident that they were not intended for an expedition *againſt Canada*.

† This article is taken from the *Boſton Chronicle*, a paper which I ſeldom quote, but which I quote with pleaſure on this occaſion, ſubſcribing moſt implicitly to the propriety of its remarks on ſo indecent, not to ſay impious, a paragraph. I am certain that no man's character ever was exalted by *hyperbolical* eulogium, and cannot help remarking, that, if ſuch an eulogium had been beſtowed on a *king*, the puritanical Republicans of Boſton would have been the firſt to condemn the blaſphemous ſycophant to the flames of hell.

his hand in providing materials for the preſs. With this very commendable object in view he ſet to work, and, early in 1797, produced a novel, entitled, the *Victims of Sentiment*, dedicated to Miſs Ann Louiſa Bingham, a *child* of a wealthy and faſhionable family. The appearance of this novel produced the following communications to P. Porcupine:

Mr. PORCUPINE—Through the medium of your paper be kind enough to caution the author of the Victims of Sentiment to ſuppreſs his vanity from appearing again as a novel-writer, unleſs his genius can aſſiſt him to ſend forth ſomething that will do more credit to America, both as to authorſhip and the virtue of its fair. A LADY.

Mr. PORCUPINE—Seeing in your paper a caution to the author of the Victims of Sentiment, under the ſignature of A Lady, I was not a little ſurpriſed at her preſumption. You will, through the medium of your uſeful paper, be pleaſed to communicate my opinion of that lady.

Her judgment muſt certainly be biaſſed by jealouſy, pride, rancour, or vanity, in thus cenſuring a book and its author, who has diſplayed his genius in the fulneſs of perfection; and although his firſt eſſay into the regions of effort ought not to be viewed with the ſcrutinizing eye of criticiſm, yet this lady has attempted a bold ſtroke, in order (as ſhe may ſuppoſe) to ruin the character of the author and the ſale of the book. Perhaps, Sir, ſhe is a little chagrined, becauſe the "Victims of Sen-" timent" was not (as ſhe expected) dedicated to her Ladyſhip. Poor creature! how ſorry I am for her accumulated diſappointments!

This old maid of a lady, wallowing in the mire of ſtupidity, has controverted the deſign, and miſconſtrued the author's meaning (which is to ſhow the evil tendency and bad effects ariſing from parents obliging

obliging their children to marry againſt their inclinations) into a violation of the virtue of her ſex. I hope the lady will give the book an impartial peruſal, and decide upon its merit with candour, accuracy, and preciſion; and when ſhe perceives her error, and acknowledges it, then, Sir, I ſhall crave pardon for this intruſion. A GENTLEMAN.

Mr. PORCUPINE—"*A Gentleman*," who ſeems rather new and awkward in that character, in your paper of Monday, replied to "*A Lady*," on the advice ſhe thought proper to give to a young author of this city. This gentleman is, aſſuredly, of the regenerated race; for he underſtands as little of the rules of gallantry as of grammar. His defence of the *Victims of Sentiment* is as replete with ill manners as the work he commends is with nonſenſe, his admiration of which is eaſily accounted for, on the maxim, that "a fool always finds a greater fool to admire him." A LADY.

Mr. PORCUPINE—I ſhould be very much gratified to ſee your correſpondent ("A Gentleman") ſhow wherein the publication entitled *The Victims of Sentiment* evinces ſo much merit as he pretends to find in it. For my part, as far as my underſtanding goes, I can perceive no other deſign in the writer than an abſolute defence of *conjugal infidelity*. If his intentions were different, he has certainly gone aſide from his purpoſe; for, inſtead of labouring to *prevent* an evil, he only goes to point out how its anguiſh may be mitigated by ſeeking for indulgences *elſewhere*.

I do not indeed apprehend much miſchief from the prevalence of his doctrine, becauſe the production is too frivolous to recommend his principles with ſufficient force to overturn the chaſtity or morality of our fair; but the author ought certainly to

be

be cautioned not to expoſe himſelf by appearing in public in ſo bad a cauſe.

In the advertiſement prefixed to this book, we are told that the deſign of it is to appeaſe the ſufferings of an unhappy wife, or to prevent the harſh control of a parent over the affections of his child. But, granting this to be the innocent motive, what occaſion is there for his precept? Where have we an inſtance, in a free country like this, of a parent compelling his daughter to marry againſt her will? And if there be no example of the error, whence the neceſſity of cenſures or admonitions? To what purpoſe is it that we wield the weapons of ſatire where there is nothing to receive its force? Let the author reſerve his talents to do away prevalent vices, and endeavour to reform where reformation is required. In Spain, or perhaps in Ruſſia, the author's ſentiments might be reliſhed better, even though they ſhould not be ſo fortunate as to receive the approbation of a *wealthy patron*; but the writer may be aſſured, that in a country where his leſſons are ſo uſeleſs, riches can be of no avail to reſcue it from contempt.

I ſay nothing as to the merits of the performance in point of compoſition, becauſe, whatever deſire I may have that the taſte of our young ladies may not be vitiated, it would perhaps be thought to proceed more from ill nature than a deſire to rectify their judgment; but the fact is, that it preſents nothing valuable, either of ſtyle or ſentiment; and it is to be wiſhed that a production, intended for the peruſal of the world, might be ſubmitted, before publication, to an underſtanding more matured than that of the youthful female to which this is addreſſed. I have not the honour to know her perſonally, but I ſhould not ſuppoſe from her age that ſhe was qualified to "ſanction" a primer, much leſs a work intended

tended to reclaim fathers from *the practice of cruelty*, and redreſs the *grievances of daughters.*

MARITUS*.

More Americans exchanged for French Priſoners of War.—Captain More, of Alexandria, and his crew, captured by the French, were put in irons and confined with the Britiſh priſoners. Their daily ſubſiſtence was half a pound of bread, a quarter of a pound of ſalt-fiſh, and as much water as they required.—Captain More was ſent with Captain Calvert to be exchanged at Martinique.

Britons and Americans! the French ſeem reſolved to unite you in ſpite of yourſelves—in ſpite of the treachery and folly that are too obvious in the conduct of individuals in both countries to oppoſe it. If ſound policy, good ſenſe, and mutual intereſt were not powerful enough to bring about an alliance in the days of proſperity and eaſe, the hour of adverſity, French jails and kicks, ſtarvation and handcuffs, will teach you at leaſt to ſympathize together.

Lines written at Newport, on ſeeing the Sign of the Liberty Cap.

SAY, fellow-citizens, did you ever ſee
Th' unmeaning emblem of French liberty,

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* Here I thought proper to interfere, and prevent the further waſte of ink and time on ſuch a contemptible performance; nor ſhould I have given the controverſy a place here, had not a *recent event* [1799] *in the family of Mr. Bingham* rendered the juſtneſs of the obſervations of MARITUS ſingularly ſtriking. There have been ſeveral attempts made in the novel way in theſe States: they have all fallen far beneath mediocrity in point of literary merit; and, which is ſtill worſe, all thoſe that I have ſeen, have, like the miſerable ſtuff of poor Relf, been of an immoral tendency. The fate of this imp of a printer's devil may be juſtly deſcribed in the very words in which the author concludes it, in deſcribing the fate of its hero:—"he dropped down, and at once *diſappeared from the world.*"

Plac'd

Plac'd at a tavern keeper's door as ſign,
To indicate the licens'd man of wine?
I own to me it is a novel ſight,
To ſee this uſeful covering for the night,
With gold ſo finely ornamented all,
And ſtuck without a head upon a pole:
Pray, is it by this tinſel outſide ſhow
That we the Cap of Liberty may know?
I own I ſhould have ta'en this ſplendid bright cap,
Simply to ſignify a golden night-cap,
Unleſs by inſpiration I ſhould ſee
The form appertinent to liberty;
And 'tis a cap, it truly may be ſaid,
In which th' aerial dame ne'er plac'd her head:
It might a fool or T——d fit as well,
A ſlave, a tyrant, or ſome imp of hell!
Oft have I ſeen that form of bloody hue
Bedeck the head of many a ſcoundrel crew
Of robbers, and of baſe aſſaſſins too;
Whilſt they, exulting o'er their ſlaughter'd prey,
With beſtial yell, cry *Vive la Liberté!*
Oh impious ſignal, terror of the good,
Borne by a ſavage herd through fields of blood!
Shall this fell ſign diſgrace Columbia's coaſt,
Whoſe happy ſons a peaceful freedom boaſt?
I like not here thy mad-cap form to find,
As ſign of freedom in thy owner's mind!
Much truer emblems of French Liberty,
Are bears or wolves juſt from their chains ſet free.

To Correſpondents.—Several favours are omitted to-day that ſhall be inſerted to-morrow.

"*Ruſticus*" is thankfully received, and ſhall appear in the next number.

"*A Friend to Peter Porcupine*" will pleaſe, another time, to convey his advice in terms leſs authoritative, or he may depend on being diſregarded.

"*A True Democrat,*" who complains of my abuſing Meſſrs. Bache and Swanwick, and who concludes his letter with, "Read the Bible and Boſton's Four-fold State, you d——d ſcoundrel," has my free liberty to tuck himſelf up to the lamp poſt oppoſite my door.

"*A Subſcriber,*" who is highly diſpleaſed at my ſeverity

ſeverity on the Regicide Directory of France, is moſt reſpectfully requeſted to withdraw his ſubſcription.

☞ Correſpondents are deſired never to write under the name of *Subſcriber*. It ſeems to ſound very much like *Maſter*.

FRIDAY, 17th MARCH.

Ruſticus's Reflections on Bache.—Mr. Porcupine, I was very much amuſed lately, with the entertaining anecdotes and inſtructive leſſons contained in an old newſpaper. It was dated but in 1790, yet the difference between the ſubjects of that and thoſe of the preſent day was ſo ſtriking, that I was amazingly taken with it. I left no part, not even an advertiſement, unread. On turning back to the firſt page, ſtill for ſomething more; the motto attracted my notice: *Truth*, *Decency*, *Utility*—expreſſive, I thought, of the contents of the paper. I then looked for the printer's name, but imagine, Sir, my ſurpriſe, when I read that of Benjamin Franklin Bache!

I was now led to conſider the amazing change in this paper, in ſo ſhort a period, and its aberrations from every principle by which it ſeemed at firſt to be directed.

To give you a ſpecimen of its politics, I ſhall tranſcribe a paragraph from the number now before me, dated November 27, 1790. This may ſerve as a contraſt to thoſe very frequently exhibited for ſome time paſt, and particularly with one on the 6th of this month.

" Succeſsful in war, but foiled in the arts of " peace, the people of the United States were long " the dupes of European policy, and were nearly " the victims of their own indiſcretion. We were " animated by a ſpirit of falſe trade. Induſtry was " active, but her activity was ill directed. *Liberty* " was tremblingly alive; and *but* alive. Attacked

" by

" by illiberality and diſunion, we dreaded leſt ſhe " ſhould expire on the threſhold of government. " But licentiouſneſs was evidently her moſt formi- " dable foe. More than one State was convulſed " by the efforts of (now) diſappointed faction. " Commerce ſtagnated in all her channels, and " credit was moſt deplorably at the loweſt ebb.

" But the ſcene is changed. A new, a *happy* " *ſeries of years commences.* Juſtice deſcends from " the ſkies, where too many had compelled her to " take refuge. The hands of the manufacturer are " beneficially employed. Our ports abound in *our* " *own* veſſels. Agriculture is encouraged. A " Waſhington preſides over us with *as much dignity* " *and wiſdom as man is capable of exerting.* The " *ſound policy* of Adams ſhall again be manifeſted; " and the diſtinguiſhed talents of Jefferſon advan- " tageouſly diſplayed.

" With theſe proſpects, which reſt on as much ſe- " curity as humanity can expect, what evils have " we to fear? or rather, what bleſſings may we not " hope for?"

From a natural aſſociation of ideas, I then began to figure to my mind the young man, as he appeared at that period; like his paper and his motto—young, modeſt, unaſſuming; and to inquire (for I ſeldom now ſee his paper), whether the motto, as well as the ſubject matter, the title of the paper, and the very figure of the man, were not changed. I ſoon recollected that it was; and that for one excellent in itſelf, in our plain mother tongue, another, in a dead language, was adopted, not ſo familiar to the vulgar readers, to be ſure; but yet a very good motto—*Surgo ut proſim.* I had Latin enough to find out that this ſtill promiſed ſomething that the plain Engliſh one did; *to be uſeful.* What! methought, at the *expenſe of truth and decency!*

In my future communications, if you have no objection, Mr. Printer, I mean to consider, and treat as my subject, the progress of this paper through all its mutations; the probable causes of those mutations; and, in fine, to write on the effects of ambition and guilt, as exemplified in the character of a *printer*.

RUSTICUS *.

Barney and his Squadron.—Extract of a letter from Williamsburg, Virginia. "The Asia, 64, "Captain R. Murray, and the Thisbe, 28, Cap- "tain O. Hardy, are lying yet in Hampton Roads. "The Topaze, 38, Thetis, 38, Lynx sloop, 18. "Commodore Barney is preparing fast for his de- "parture; and however strange it may appear, he "certainly will not delay his departure one day "when ready, on account of any force the British "may have on our coast. His ships sail remark- "ably well, and have both very respectable of- "ficers."

Now the readers of Porcupine's Gazette will please to remember this declaration. We shall see that the noble commodore will never budge an inch, so long as there is a British cannon pointed against him.

Young Orleans and La Fayette.—Our information was wrong, with respect to the Duke of Orleans having arrived in town on Sunday with the late President. It was another gentleman, the instructor

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* My friend Rusticus's favours, if I may judge from this sample, will always be welcome. The *progress* he proposes to trace, will, undoubtedly, be very amusing. I am mistaken if it will not surpass the *harlot's progress*, both in variety of incident, and degree of prostitution. P. P.

of

of Mr. Fayette, who has accompanied the General from Mount Vernon *.

French Flag at New-York.—" The charm diſſolves " apace," ſays old Proſpero—and ſo ſay I: for on Tueſday laſt, the proprietors of the Tontine Coffee-houſe at New-York, formally took down the French flag from the altitude, whence it had, for three long years, caſt diſgrace on all who entered the building.

The editor of the Daily Advertiſer of that city, in giving an account of this removal, aſſumes the ſoftening tone. He ſeems afraid to attribute it to *any change* that has taken place in the ſentiments of the proprietors of the houſe, and of the people of New-York; and therefore he very ſeriouſly tells us, gently ſtroking his beard all the time, " that ſtep " was taken in conſequence of the diſturbances " occaſioned by the frequent diſplacing of thoſe " figures by inconſiderate individuals, to gratify " their *private folly* or *intemperate opinions*."

Private opinions and *intemperate folly* might, perhaps, have been preferable to " private folly and " intemperate opinions;" but remarks of this nature I ſhall leave to thoſe who are diſpoſed to criticiſe on the ſtyle of a newſpaper, and confine myſelf to ſuch as relate to the *meaning* of this conciliatory paragraph.

If what it wiſhes to tell us be true; if the diſturbances occaſioned by the ſcandalous and degrading emblem in queſtion, were the ſole reaſons for taking it down, I would like to be informed, how it

* The two Egalités are in the United States at this time, on their *travels*; but it is worthy of remark, that though they boaſted at Paris of being the deſcendants of a coachman, they now think proper to abandon their *new* name and take up their old one. For what they do this I know not; as it would be a very nice point to determine which of the two names is moſt *infamous*.

came not to be taken down long ago? Was it laſt week that thoſe diſturbances began, or were thoſe of laſt week of a more ſerious nature than any which had before happened? The beſt anſwer to this queſtion will, perhaps, be found in the following documents and paragraphs from New-York papers of May 1795:

New-York, May 20, 1795.--"STOP THIEF! Stolen "from the Tontine Coffee-houſe, on the morning "of the 20th inſtant, the *flag* of the *French Repub-* "*lic*, recently put by the republican citizens of New- "York, in union with the American colours. A "certain William Anderſon, lately from England, "in the ſhip Hope, is ſuppoſed to be the thief. "Whoever ſhall apprehend the ſaid perſon, or any "other perſon or perſons, who ſhall have been "guilty or concerned in the ſaid theft, and ſecure "him or them in any jail of the United States, ſhall "receive a reward of 150 dollars.

"WALTER BICKER.

"In behalf of the republican citizens of New- "York.

"N. B. All the printers in the United States are "requeſted to inſert the above advertiſement."

Again.—"Perſonally appeared before me, An- "drew Van Tuyl, one of the Aldermen of the city "of New-York, James Durham, who depoſeth and "ſaith, that he lives with Mr. John Hyde, at the "Tontine Coffee-houſe, and was up on the night "of Tueſday the 19th, until about three o'clock in "the morning; that he was requeſted by William "Anderſon, one of the lodgers at the Tontine Cof- "fee-houſe, to go up to his bed-room to ſee that "his bed was ready for him: this was about two "o'clock. That he went up ſtairs, and remained "there about five minutes; that when he returned "to the large coffee-room he met the ſaid William

"Anderſon

" Anderſon going up ſtairs out of the coffee-room,
" with his coat and hat off; that this deponent
" found the lamps under the liberty cap broke; and
" looking up, obſerved the French flag torn off;
" this deponent then exclaimed againſt the pro-
" ceeding, on which the ſaid William Anderſon
" uſed threatening language to this deponent, and
" told him to hold his tongue.

" That the following perſons were in company
" with the ſaid William Anderſon, viz. Young-
" huſbands, Codd, Blackſtone, M'Kenzie, Robins;
" all lodgers at the Tontine Coffee-houſe.

" After this the above perſons retired to bed; and
" this deponent, after finding the French flag torn
" down, went and informed Mr. Hyde, who was in
" bed. From every circumſtance attending this
" buſineſs, and from the actions and language of
" the ſaid Anderſon, this deponent does truly be-
" lieve, that the ſaid William Anderſon was the
" perſon principally concerned in tearing down the
" French flag.

" JAMES DURHAM."

" Sworn before me this
" 20th May, 1795."

Again, May 21.——" Yeſterday between the
" hours of twelve and one, a number of Frenchmen,
" on ſeeing their national *flag inſulted* by ſome Eng-
" liſhmen (who they *ſuppoſed* took it down from the
" liberty cap on the night before), went up ſtairs
" where an Engliſh officer, a Mr. Codd, lodged,
" and ſuppoſing him one of the guilty perſons, took
" his regimental coat, brought it down, and *tore it in*
" *pieces*.

" The attention of the town was yeſterday much
" engaged by the circumſtance of the removal of the
" French flag, which had been attached (with the
" American) to the liberty cap that was replaced on

" Monday evening, in the coffee-room of the Ton-
" tine Coffee-houſe.

" By the examination of James Durham, a waiter
" at the coffee-houſe, before Mr. Alderman Van
" Tuyl, it appears, that circumſtances ſtrongly con-
" curred to fix the act on a Mr. Anderſon, who
" arrived within a few days from England.

" A whaling boat, manned with *ſixteen hands,*
" *armed,* left the city about noon to overtake him;
" but returned laſt evening, after having boarded a
" veſſel in which he was ſuppoſed to have embarked
" for Halifax. He was not on board."

Now what, pray, has lately happened of conſequence equal to this? If the proprietors of the houſe were actuated by no other motive than the prevention of diſturbances, how comes it that this motive did not lead them to the ſame meaſure, when the above hue and cry diſgraced their city? The fact is, that the livery of Orleans was hung up by the conſent of a majority of the proprietors of the houſe, notwithſtanding the Daily Advertiſer now wiſhes to make us believe that they knew nothing at all about the matter. I look upon the Daily Advertiſer of moderate, and, generally ſpeaking, good principles; but the following contraſt will teach the Editor that *trimming*, eſpecially in print, is never ſafe.

Paper of May 21, 1795.

It was readily and juſtly ſuppoſed, that no friend to this country had committed the act; the *impolicy* and inſult attending it are *unpardonable.* For although it is far from being right, that the peace of this city ſhould depend on the fixture of an emblematical figure in a coffee-room: yet, being there *by the conſent of the citizens who are intereſted in, and ſupport the houſe,* as

Paper of March 15, 1797.

The original impropriety of enforcing a peaceable acquieſcence in a meaſure which had no poſſible uſe in its firſt adoption (*by men who had no buſineſs* to call them to the room; or right to dictate at all to the public opinion), was long conſidered as derogatory to the independence of thoſe *by whom the houſe was really ſupported*; and nothing but a deſire to prevent further

as well as of *the citizens at large*, the removal of it was an act of indiſcretion and *wickedneſs* that ſhould meet with the higheſt contempt.

further ridiculous diſturbances *admitted of its being countenanced in any degree whatever.*

This, Mr. Editor, is called boxing the compaſs! an art very neceſſary to be ſure, where the ſea of politics is agitated by contrary winds; but in doing it, you ſhould always keep a ſharp look-out ahead; a piece of advice that is equally applicable to the Tontine Coffee-houſe *.

SATURDAY, 18th MARCH.

Captain Calvert fraternized.—The following is a copy of a letter from Captain *Thomas Calvert*, late of the brig Friends, from London to this port, blown off our coaſt laſt December, and captured by

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* The fate of this flag is ſomewhat ſingular. I have the honour to know Meſſrs. *Robert Younghuſbands* and *William Anderſon*, who pulled it down. The former is an Engliſhman, the latter a Scotchman, both of them as ſound-hearted, brave fellows, as ever exiſted; and I think I can venture to ſay, that, "*armed*" or *unarmed*, they would not have turned their backs on any "*ſixteen*" ſans culottes that ever exiſted. Very far were they from fleeing, or ſkulking from the enraged republicans. They went on board Captain Younghuſbands's ſhip, where they remained, ready armed for their defence, till they ſailed out of the harbour. If Bob Younghuſbands had been in the place of Mr. Codd, the French cannibals would not have torn *his* coat in pieces. He would have felled the miſcreants by ſcores, as Sampſon did the Philiſtines.—This emblem of French and American fraternity was, in order to render it *fire-proof*, made of *tin*. It was not only pulled down, but carried off, clean *out of the country*; and it is at this time [Auguſt, 1799] actually a plaything for the children of a good loyal ſubject, in the city of St. John, Province of New-Brunſwick! Such has been the fate of the famous fraternal flag, which, for a long time, occupied the ſerious attention of the grave magiſtracy of New-York, and which cauſed more buſtle and anxiety amongſt the *citizens*, than the capture of a hundred of their veſſels and the flogging of a thouſand of their ſailors!

a French privateer off Antigua, carried into Guadaloupe, where both veſſel and cargo were condemned, and the captain and crew impriſoned.

" I am in a hurry—this moment arrived from " Port Royal, where I was exchanged from a " French priſon of hunger and drought. I have " wrote to you before, and make no doubt of your " receiving my letters. I have to return to Port " Royal for your boy Aaron, whom I purpoſe bring- " ing home with me.—I have to inform you that I " am now without clothes or money, and much ex- " hauſted with hunger and the abuſe I received. " My brother and mate are yet in Victor Hugues's " priſon—O God! the loſs of money is nothing; " but the horrid treatment I received, has nearly " deprived me of exiſtence. I remain yours,

" THOS. CALVERT *."

Death of the Empreſs of Ruſſia.—An arrival from Liverpool has this day brought us the following very important article of news.—" ST. PETERS- " BURGH, Nov. 18, 1797. Laſt night her Impe- " rial Majeſty, who had been ſeized with an apo- " plectic fit on the preceding day, expired at a " quarter before ten o'clock.

" Immediately after her Imperial Majeſty's de- " ceaſe, the Emperor Paul was proclaimed before " the palace in the uſual form; and the whole " court, which was there aſſembled in anxious ex- " pectation from the morning of the Empreſs's ac- " cident to the moment of her death, immediately " took the oath of allegiance to the new ſovereign, " as did the four regiments of guards; and every

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* If poor Captain Calvert was a good Whig during the late revolution, I dare ſay he never expected any treatment like this at the hands of our generous allies, the French, eſpecially after they ſhould become " *virtuous republicans.*"

" thing

" thing paſſed with the greateſt order and tranquil-
" lity."

A Dream.—Some time ago, a reſpectable lady of England, who was of undoubted veracity, and exemplary for her attention to religion (a thing quite unfaſhionable in our *enlightened* days), dreamed a dream. And, behold! ſhe was at the gates of the infernal regions. Either from ſome unaccountable impulſe, or impelled by that curioſity which is generally a leading feature in her ſex, ſhe knocked at the door. What was her aſtoniſhment, when, inſtead of a porter, ſhe beheld his Satanic Majeſty himſelf officiating as door-keeper! She immediately inquired the reaſon, and received for anſwer, that his whole infernal hoſt was ſo much engaged in propagating the intereſts of *liberty*, *equality*, *murder en maſſe*, *&c. &c.* in France, that he was obliged to attend to the whole duty of the *lower* houſe himſelf.

MONDAY, 20th MARCH.

French Incendiaries at Charleſton.—MR. PRINTER, Obſerving a few days ſince in one of the gazettes, that a further proviſion is intended to be made for the ſupport of the emigrants, commonly, though abſurdly, called our good and faithful allies (while many of our native unfortunate poor are unprovided for, and every day experiencing the keeneſt want and miſery), I ſtep forward to aid ſo laudable a deſign; and therefore through the channel of your Gazette, beg leave to introduce, Mr. Porcupine, to yourſelf and the public, ſome circumſtances, which probably at this moment you are all unacquainted with.

Shortly after the St. Domingo maſſacre, when the inhabitants, white, black, and mundingoes, were flying

flying in every quarter and direction, Charleſton, in South Carolina (my native ſoil), received into its boſom upwards of fifteen hundred; they have ſince increaſed, and in December laſt amounted to near two thouſand five hundred.

Conceiving them unfortunate and diſtreſſed, in every point of view, the humanity of my countrymen did not admit one moment's pauſe. Exertions were inſtantly made for their relief, and quickly effected to provide for their every want.

How have we been recompenſed?—Our citizens inſulted, and frequently wounded by them in our own territories; our laws laughed at and trampled under foot, and our officers of juſtice threatened with death if they dared to execute the orders of our magiſtrates. I will yet go further—What has occaſioned the change of conduct in our domeſtics, even to a degree of inſolence? I reply, the French refugees of St. Domingo and elſewhere. What has laid waſte and deſolated our once flouriſhing city of Charleſton? A refugee cut-throat from St. Domingo. I ſtate the caſe, be judges yourſelves.

The laſt dreadful conflagration in that apparently devoted city, broke out about three o'clock in the afternoon in an obſcure houſe in Lodge Alley, at the dwelling of one of thoſe bleſſed St. Domingo gentry, who had been often heard to ſay, that Carolina, as well as Georgia, belonged to their nation, and that they would ultimately have it. This Allie had built, adjoining to his kitchen, two ſtalls, one for a horſe, and the other for a cow; and at the further end had piled up his hay. Now, it is notorious that he had neither horſe nor cow; nor was he able to purchaſe either; conſequently, did not want hay, unleſs for ſome other purpoſe.

On the fatal day of the fire, he ordered his woman cook to fry ſome fiſh (from reſulting circumſtances all was planned), and went immediately

from the houſe—to which he never returned. He had ſcarcely reached the end of the alley, before the fire burſt out, covered the neighbourhood with flames, and ſpread deſolation in every direction. The conſequences are well known; the diſtreſſes of the ſufferers were great, till the extended arm of humanity relieved them.

But how did this frying of fiſh occaſion fire? I give the cook's own words; ſhe had put too much fat in the pan, which being overheated took fire; ſhe was frightened, ran to the pile of hay, and thruſt the pan into it; but, oh marvellouſly wonderful! the hay, inſtead of outing the fire, took the benefit of it to itſelf, and burſt into a flame, that hurled deſtruction all around it. What I have ſtated are melancholy facts; myſelf being amongſt the number of unfortunate ſufferers.

During the time of the fire, not one of theſe bleſſed gentry ever offered to aſſiſt, unleſs where their own fraternity were in danger, but viewed the diſtreſſes of our natives with calm compoſure, and puffed their ſegars.

Yet theſe, or their fellow-emigrants, who are the people we are anxious to provide for, rob and plunder us by ſea; ruin us at home; and laugh at us for our folly.

My countrymen, will you be blind for ever; or at leaſt will you not ſee till it is too late to open your eyes? AMERICANUS.

French Flag at New-York.—The public have been informed, that this banner of infamy was a few days ago taken down from its place in the Tontine Coffee-houſe at New-York. It ſeems that this removal gave great diſpleaſure to King Mob, who, on the 16th inſt. aſſembled all his forces in order to reinſtate it. With peculiar ſatisfaction, however, it is that I relate

relate his diſcomfit. The proprietors of the houſe were upon their guard, and his Briarean majeſty was obliged to retire in diſgrace, leaving ſeveral of his tattered hoſt in the hands of the watch.

Captain Holden and Crew fraternized.——The ſchooner Vernilla, Henry Holden maſter, on her paſſage lately from St, Thomas's to the Havannah, off the eaſt end of St. Domingo, was boarded by a privateer ſchooner under French colours, the crew of which robbed him of his watch, and ſeveral ſmall articles; and in the latitude of Havannah was fired on by a ſchooner privateer, which hoiſted Spaniſh colours, and made him ſend his boat aboard, though it blew ſo hard that it was with difficulty he ſaved his boat from being ſtove: they robbed him of a barrel of flour, all his cabin ſtores, fire-wood, the people's clothes, and every thing they could ſee, and threatened to cut the throat of one of his crew, who went on board the privateer. In neither inſtance could Captain Holden learn the names of the veſſels or maſters, to whom he was indebted for ſuch liberal treatment.

Captain Town fraternized.—Captain Yerby (mentioned in yeſterday's Gazette) gives the following inſtance of the fraternity of the French government in Hiſpaniola, towards the Americans: The brig America, Captain Town, of Philadelphia, having ſold his outward-bound cargo at St. Thomas's, put into Port de Paix to purchaſe coffee; but immediately on his entering the port, his veſſel was boarded by order of the government, by an armed banditti, who broke open his hatches, ſtate-room, cheſts, and every thing that came in their way, nor did they leave her till they plundered her of ſixteen thouſand dollars caſh! Every

effort was made by the captain to obtain juſtice, but without ſucceſs; for as they had taken his property without pretext, ſo they intended to keep it.

Cut-throat Negroes in Georgia.—Savannah, 24th February, 1797.—On Wedneſday the 15th inſt. a ſhocking murder was committed at the plantation of Mr. H. Herſon in Scriven county, the particulars of which, as far we are informed, are as follows: Mr. Herſon had purchaſed ſeven men and a woman, from a cargo of negroes lately imported, and carried them up to his place in Scriven county, where they appeared to be happy and content, never receiving harſh language or blows from their maſter. On the morning of the 15th, one of the fellows came to the dwelling-houſe, requeſting his maſter to walk with him to the ſpot where they had been working, alleging that he had finiſhed what was pointed out to them, and wanted more. Some little time after, his lady looking out, obſerved one of the fellows ſtrike Mr. William Rate on the head twice with the club end of his ax; on her ſcreaming with terror, three or four ruſhed into the houſe, with axes in their hands, and attempted her life, as alſo that of a young lady who reſided with her, but were prevented by the ſpirited conduct of the latter, who raiſed a chair to defend herſelf. The confuſion this threw them in, gave time for her to make her eſcape; Mrs. Herſon was cloſely purſued, and ſaved her life only by the interpoſition of a fellow and wench, who had long lived with them, and on finding the fellows running from the place where they had depoſited articles plundered from the dwelling-houſe, adviſed her to conceal herſelf under a houſe. Strict ſearch was made for this unfortunate lady, but happily ſhe remained undiſcovered. The faithful fellow having ſecured her ſafely, as far

as

as lay in his power, ran to the neighbours and gave the alarm, which occaſioned the collection of a few men, who, arriving on the ſpot, found Mr. Rate quite dead, and on ſearching, diſcovered Mr. Herſon about the ſpot where he was enticed to examine the work, lying without any other ſenſations of life than that of laborious breathing, the back part of his ſkull being driven in by a blow of an ax. In this ſituation he remained about twenty hours, and expired, greatly lamented by all who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance; his character being that of an amiable, worthy man. The party immediately purſued, and came up with the murderers, who made reſiſtance, but were overcome, three being killed on the firſt diſcharge, and one badly wounded; two ſurrendered, one of which declared himſelf the author and contriver of the murder; and after much deliberation, was, by the men aſſembled, condemned to the flames; which ſentence was immediately put in execution.

Much credit we hear is due to three brothers, gentlemen of the name of Scrugg, who commenced the purſuit, and by their ſpirited attack, prevented theſe villains from perpetrating other enormities of the ſame nature, which was their declared intention.

We alſo are informed, that Mr. Thomas Kirk, of this place, was on the ſpot, and received a wound from one of them, but fortunately made his eſcape.

We have a warning in this melancholy caſe of the ſcourge that hangs over this country, if the importation of ſlaves from Africa is continued; and at the ſame a proof of the natural fruits of the ſpirit of inſubordination which ſo ſtrongly marks many influential characters in this ſtate. If General Jackſon and others will take the liberty to ſpurn at the authority of lawful government, in imitation of the

the cut-throats of France, they may depend upon it, the blacks will not be long quiet ſpectators in ſo troubled a ſcene.

Newark Sans-culottes.—This ſhameleſs race are rare in the country places, particularly in the ſtate of New-Jerſey; yet, ſomehow or other, one of them is ſupported in the capacity of a news-monger, in the town of Newark. His ſmutty half-ſheet of the 15th inſt. contains a ſtring of toaſts (which I am ſure were drunk in whiſkey under the ſmokey rafters of ſome cabin), levelled at General Waſhington's adminiſtration.—Why does not ſome federal gentleman of Newark put a ſtop to the yelpings of this cur, by toſſing him the orts from his table? The fellow muſt live; and if nobody elſe will feed him, who can blame him for fawning on the French? I have often thought (and I am now convinced of it) that a judicious diſtribution of broken victuals would very ſoon deprive the deſpots of Paris of all their adherents in this country.

Tuesday, 21st March.

Effects of French Philoſophy.—There is nothing that diſtinguiſhes the features of French philoſophy, next to a general ſcepticiſm, ſo much as a profuſion of wanton ideas and images, as if its principal buſineſs, after annihilating religion, was to fill the world with whores and baſtards. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that, when a body of theſe immoral philoſophers have been choſen to legiſlate for a country, their laws ſhould promote an univerſal depravity of manners; and nothing is more certain than that all the poiſoned ſtreams that now deluge France, have flowed from this corrupt fountain. The ſacred bond that in better times united the ſexes for life, and

and was the ſource of ſtability and happineſs to families, has been ſtripped of all its ſanctity, and conſidered, by the reformers of France, merely as a temporary bargain—to be made or diſſolved, as it ſuited the appetite or the caprice of the parties. In conſequence of this hateful innovation, *divorces* have been multiplied beyond all former examples, and almoſt beyond credibility.

" In the Paris paper that correſponds to the uſual " *regiſter* of births, marriages, and deaths, in other " countries, *divorce* has the poſt of honour: it occu- " pies the firſt place on the liſt. In the three firſt " months of the year 1793, the number of divorces " in that city amounted to five hundred and ſixty- " two: the marriages during the ſame time, were " but ſeventeen hundred and eighty-five; ſo that " divorces were to marriages nearly as one to three; " and ſo it was in moſt of the ſubſequent months."

From an inquiry made laſt year at Doctors' Commons, it was found that all the divorces in the kingdom of Great Britain, for *a hundred years*, amounted to no more than *one fifth* of thoſe which took place in the ſingle city of Paris in *three months*, from the day that France was nick-named a republic.

In whatever country this licentious philoſophy meets with countenance, it will, in a greater or leſs degree, produce the ſame baleful effects: government will loſe its energy, and morality as well as religion their ſacred obligations. Thank God, the United States of America, in general, have hitherto eſcaped the infection. Religion and its ſacred inſtitutes are yet reverenced, maugre all the impious efforts of Tom Paine and his coadjutors; and " wedded love" is ſtill hailed as the " true ſource

" Of human offſpring———
" By which adulterous luſt was driven from men
" Among the beſtial herds to range———
" ———and all the charities

" Of

" Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known."

How long we ſhall remain uncontaminated is a problem. Methinks I already diſcover in the ſouth ſome ill-boding ſymptoms of a temper prediſpoſed to receive the contagion. The authority of government, which ought to be ſupreme over all its members, however diſtant, has been treated with diſreſpect by the legiſlature of one ſtate, and by the chief magiſtrate of another. Laws have been paſſed in one ſeſſion to convey property, in another to reſume it, and in a third to deſtroy every veſtige of the contract. Threats have been publiſhed by influential characters, to ſeparate from the confederacy, and to unite with a foreign nation; and what betrays a groſs deterioration of manners, numerous divorces have been announced in the public papers. At the laſt ſeſſion of the legiſlature of Georgia, when there were no more than thirty acts paſſed, five were made to ſeparate huſbands and wives. Theſe are certain marks of a rottenneſs at core, which, if not reſiſted by ſome potent application, will produce evils not to be remedied but by exciſion. Read your fate, ye Georgians, in the hiſtory of St. Domingo. Diſcord, anarchy, and corrupt manners in the maſters, were the forerunners of licentiouſneſs, conflagrations, and murders among the ſlaves, which in the courſe of a few years have totally ruined one of the fineſt iſlands in the world. Do you imagine, that when you have been adopted into the French republic, which ſome of you meditate, your ſeven hundred and fifty tyrants will relinquiſh their pretence of liberating the world, to ſave your property, when they refuſed to do it to preſerve their own iſlands? No! if you imagine ſo, it is a deluſion. Hear then the parental voice of your country: " Come out from among " them, my children, partake not of their ſins, leſt " you partake alſo of their plagues."

" ————May not my words prove true,
" Nor what I tremble but to think enſue." *Pope's Homer.*

Mr. Porcupine—I have this moment received information that you are ſpreading your laſt plumes, and will be no longer able to tyrannize over the good ſenſe of the people of America: for that a certain young gentleman, now of Bucks county, late from New-York, who is well read in Paine's Age of Reaſon, Rights of Man, Prieſtley's Emigration, &c. who has been honoured with a tête-à-tête from Governor Clinton, and highly approves of the brickbat eloquence of the mobility of New-York, practiſed upon Mr. Hamilton, has ſpent great part of this winter in ſelecting the moſt exceptionable parts from your writings, and intends, as ſoon as he has reduced his notes to order, to publiſh them to the world. He expects to be able to prove that Peter Porcupine is an enemy to both civil and religious liberty, and that from his own writings he has ſhown himſelf to be an atheiſt.

It may be proper to inform you that the gentleman in queſtion was educated a *hatter*; I therefore beg you to be on your guard, keep all your quills in order, for the attack you are now to meet with is, perhaps, the moſt foul, if not the moſt formidable you ever experienced. W. R.

The Lock-jaw cured by Stroking!!!—For the Eaſtern Herald.—Mr. Baker, At Saccarappa Miſs Elizabeth Knight was taken with puking in the night preceding the 15th day of this month; after which ſhe lay down and took a nap, and in the morning waked up ſpeechleſs with the lock-jaw. After various applications by gentlemen of the faculty to no effect, until the 18th in the afternoon, when by the application

cation of Dr. Perkins's metallic points ſhe was cured. To this fact many witneſſes can atteſt. By inſerting this account in your paper, you may be the means of ſaving the lives of ſome; at leaſt you will gratify your humble ſervant,

Falmouth, Feb. 11, 1797. A CUSTOMER *.

Capt. Hempſtead's Proteſt againſt French Fraternity.—"Before me, John Norderling, judge and notary royal and public of this iſland St. Bartholomew, perſonally appeared John Hempſtead, maſter of the American ſchooner Henry and Guſtavus, of New-York, who declared upon oath, That after having left the Daniſh iſland of St. Thomas on the 14th of laſt month (December 1796), bound home to New-York, he, on the 16th of ſaid month, at five o'clock A. M. diſcovered a ſail to the windward, from which about an hour after the ſaid ſchooner got a ſhot, upon which the deponent hove to, and was ordered

* This is the firſt ſtory reſpecting the efficacy of the metallic points that I ever could think of giving credit to. This, however, I muſt confeſs, carries about it a ſtrong appearance of probability; becauſe, if the reader has ever ſeen the tractors, as they are ſometimes called, he muſt have obſerved that they are extremely ſharp at one end, and that, as they grow thicker, they alſo grow wider, till they become about a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch wide, being round on one ſide, and perfectly flat on the other. From this deſcription it will be readily conceived, that a couple of more convenient *wedges* for wrenching the jaw open could not be invented; but methinks that the efficacious application of the tractors in the above diſorder ſhould point out to the ingenious Doctor the neceſſity of adding to his caſe a third inſtrument, no leſs uſeful than thoſe already in uſe, and that is a *hammer*, which, beſides its being a neceſſary auxiliary to the points in ſome complaints, would, in others, ſuch as the *tooth-ach*, for inſtance, operate more ſpeedily and more effectually than the points themſelves. Whether the learned Doctor would be able to add this third metallic inſtrument to his *patent* or not, I ſhall not pretend to ſay; but the profound wiſdom of Congreſs, and the conſummate cullability of the people, muſt certainly give him great encouragement to proceed in his diſcoveries.

to get his boat out and come on board, which he immediately did, having his papers with him, and found her to be a French brig, armed with from ten to fourteen guns, ſome of which he ſuſpected to be wooden: that the boat returned to the ſchooner with ſeveral of the brig's crew, who ſoon after ſent for the key of the deponent's trunk; the deponent then went back to his own ſchooner, where he found the Frenchman had begun a general ſearch both in the cabin and in the holds, and during which they took from the deponent from under his bed, one hundred and twenty ſeven joes, and a few dollars, all in ſilver money, which lay in a bag: farther, the Frenchmen from the ſaid armed brig took out of the ſaid ſchooner, one hogſhead of rum, two barrels of ſugar, and about one barrel out of a hogſhead in the hold, the runner and runner-blocks, twelve ſpare blocks, with a coil of new rope, a compaſs, a padlock, a pocket tumbler, the deponent's ſilver watch, ſome wearing apparel, ſome fowls, and ſundry ſmall articles, which cannot be ſpecified with any exactneſs; and finally, about one hundred and eighty weight of coffee; that the deponent does not know the name of the commander of the ſaid armed brig, or to what place ſhe belongs, but has been credibly told ſhe is from Guadaloupe, and that the commander of her is one Citizen Antoine; ſhe is copper bottomed, and the people on board her ſaid ſhe came laſt from Porto Rico; that the deponent *was obliged to ſign a paper in French, the contents he did not know, until he came to this iſland, where he has had it tranſlated to him, and to his great ſurpriſe finds that his cargo was looked upon by the ſaid Frenchman as good prize, as being Engliſh property:* that inſtead of coming from St. Thomas's, they ſaid, in ſaid paper, ſhe (the ſaid ſchooner) came from St. Kitts, and that they have taken nothing more out of her than a few pounds of ſugar and coffee, and a tierce of rum.

"In

"In conſequence of all which, the ſaid maſter does hereby ſolemnly proteſt againſt the proceedings of ſaid French brig, as not only illegal, but piratical; and reſerves to himſelf, his owners and enſurers, and all others concerned, due recourſe againſt the commander, crew and owners of ſaid brig, whenever they ſhall be known and found out."

Signed, &c.*

WEDNESDAY, 22d MARCH.

Eulogium on the Emperor of Ruſſia by the Sans-culottes.—That the Sans-culottes, the haters of royalty, ſhould eulogize an *Emperor*, would be aſtoniſhing to any unacquainted with their impudent baſeneſs. France is looked upon as a *home* by theſe ſcoundrels in every part of the world. The intereſt of France, the focus of rebellion, is all they care about. They like kings and emperors as well as other people, if the folly or turpitude of thoſe kings is calculated to further the views of the bloody infernal republic. They imagine (for what reaſon I know not) that the Emperor Paul has reſolved to remain an idle, or rather criminal ſpectator of the progreſs of the cut-throats; and therefore they are heaping their blaſted praiſes upon him.

The Redacteur (publiſhed by the Directory) *ſays:* "The new Emperor of Ruſſia appears to have employed his retirement of twenty years in *ſober re-*

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* Now this is a formal proteſt againſt the fraternity of that very nation with whom the Americans have been fraternizing for ſeveral years paſt. How this Britiſh notary muſt have laughed in his ſleeve whilſt he was drawing up the proteſt! and how ſilly Captain Hempſtead muſt have looked at the ſame time, if he recollected the ſcores of public rejoicings which had taken place in New-York (the place from which he came) to celebrate the "*glorious ſucceſſes of our ſiſter republic.*"

" *flection on reforming the abuſes in his government*: " and we hope it will be for the future *happineſs of* " *his people.* Immediately on his acceſſion to the " throne, he cauſed, as we have already obſerved, " *the edict for recruiting more troops to be revoked*; " the tribute of forty roubles, which each lord had " a right of exacting from his vaſſals, was re- " duced to five; every perſon (foreign miniſters and " travellers excepted) was interdicted from driving " more than two horſes in his carriage through the " ſtreets of Peterſburg, inſtead of four or ſix, as was " uſual. This has been done to promote agricul- " ture in the country, and to prevent ſo many horſes " being employed in luxury in the capital. The " new Emperor, who has been always very popular " among the lower claſs of people, has ſhown him- " ſelf daily about the ſtreets, and been uncommonly " well received."

Bache ſays:—" It is allowed that the preſent Em- " peror of Ruſſia is of *a mild and amiable diſpoſition*; " he will now have an opportunity of diſplaying " it, by releaſing the brave Koſciuſko from his " priſon †."

Duane, Lloyd, and Bradford ſay:—" This prince is " remarkable for a ſenſibility of heart, *which values* " *mankind and their welfare above every thing.* He " acts with thoughtful deliberation, and never ſuffers " himſelf to be the ſport of the paſſions. He en- " deavoured to inquire into every thing, and poſ- " ſeſſes a large ſtore of valuable knowledge. His " behaviour to all is marked with affability and con- " deſcenſion; and he hates the noiſy pleaſures and " the pageantry of courts. General Count Panin, " formerly miniſter for foreign affairs, who educated " his Majeſty, had his whole eſteem and confidence;

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* Which he very unadviſedly did.

" and

" and at the moment of the Count's death he fell at " his feet, and bedewed the hands of his agonizing " inſtructor with tears of gratitude. A few hours " before that great man's burial, he repeated the " ſame touching marks of affection upon his lifeleſs " remains."

I believe all this is true: for once I believe, that the tools of the five-headed monſter, both in America and France, have ſpoken the truth; yea, for once I do really believe, a fact, though ſtated by the Redacteur, by Bache, by Duane, Bradford, and Lloyd. How different then is this " *ermined monſter*" (to uſe the language of Mr. Dixon) from the ferocious and bloody republicans, who tyrannize over France!

Nothing can exceed the baſeneſs of the French, except it be that of their hirelings. The ſhameleſs verſatility of theſe latter ſo far exceeds all conception, that to attempt to deſcribe it is to rob it of half its infamy. When the guillotiners had declared war againſt all the " crowned monſters," and propoſed a corps of twelve thouſand regicides, and had ſolemnly declared (as far as the actions of ſuch wretches can be attended with ſolemnity) that they never would make peace with a king, at this time the cut-throat papers in America ſwore, that nothing with a crown on its head ought to be ſuffered to exiſt; that all princes were by nature cruel and ferocious; that to murder them was meritorious, and no peace ought ever to be made, of which their dethronement ſhould not be a poſitive condition. But ſince that time the guillotiners, in order to ſit down in the quiet enjoyment of their plunder, have thought proper to make peace with ſeveral monarchs, and have found the means of ſo doing in the ſpoils of France, and in the degeneracy of their new friends. This has changed the note of their hirelings here. The " deſpot" of Pruſſia is now " a very good ſort of a man;" the " deſpot" of Spain is a " magnanimous monarch;"

the " deſpot" of Denmark is a " wiſe prince ;" the young " deſpot" of Sweden, who lives in friendſhip with the bloody ruffians that murdered his father, as well as with thoſe who placed the buſt of his aſſaſſin *Armfeldt*, in their hall, is " a manly young mo- " narch ;" and the " deſpot of all the Ruſſias," whoſe mother was a " ſhe-bear," is " remarkable for " *ſenſibility of heart*," a quality, albeit, that *bears* ſcarcely ever poſſeſs in an eminent degree.

But turning about is not all that their maſters require of them, and that they are ever ready to perform : they muſt and will *turn back again*, when it is neceſſary. For inſtance, if it ſhould be proved true, as I believe it will, that the Emperor of Ruſſia has acknowledged Louis XVIII. in place of acknowledging the republic of regicides, theſe their tools will tack about, and load him with every term in their copious vocabulary of abuſe. Indeed, I have extracted the above eulogiums, in order to have them on record againſt the *change of the wind.*

Robberies and Murders in France.—Paris, December 8.—The Council of Five Hundred receives daily accounts of robberies and aſſaſſinations committed all over France, but knows not how to prevent them. No leſs than *twenty-three mails* have been ſtopped and robbed within the *laſt ſix months*. On the 7th inſt. the Council paſſed to the order of the day with reſpect to the remonſtrances of the Paris merchants againſt the law which prohibits the importation of Engliſh merchandiſe.

Hampton Roads, March 14, 1797.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Lies ſkulking, in or about the harbour of Norfolk, a little gaſconading commander, dreſſed in a blue coat with brickduſt facing, a high cocked hat, decorated

corated with a knob (ſuch as is frequently ſeen on the bridles of coach-horſes) of red, white, and blue riband. He is very much *bloated*, from having long been *wind-bound*, and has lately contracted an unconquerable fondneſs for *port*.

Whoever will diſcover the ſaid Gaſcon, ſo that he may be brought before any one of his Majeſty's frigates, ſhall receive a handſome reward from the

CAPTAIN OF THE ASIA.

Mr. Hamilton accuſed of being the ſecret Enemy of Mr. Adams.—Bache, in his paper of yeſterday, ſays; "Notwithſtanding all the *artifice* and *trick* of the ci-devant Secretary of the Treaſury, Mr. Adams obtained the major ſuffrages as Preſident. It is a well-known fact, that Pinckney was Hamilton's man; and ſo confident were the Hamiltonians of ſucceſs, that the ſubject was mentioned at the preſent American Miniſter's table in London, as ſcarcely admitting of doubt. Things were ſo happily ordered in the eſtimation of theſe men, that the people of the United States were to be *tricked* into a Preſident they did not want, and ouſted of one they did want. The conſtitution favoured ſuch a deſign; and had the Hamiltonians ſucceeded in this ſtate, their plan would have been ſucceſsful. It was rumoured before the election, that the ci-devant Secretary wrote to a certain exciſeman in this State, to uſe all his influence to carry the anti-Jefferſon ticket, and it was ſaid by thoſe who appeared in the ſecret, that, if that ticket ſucceeded, another man beſides Mr. Adams would be their choice. The unanimity of the votes in New-York and New-Jerſey are ſtrong proofs in favour of this plan; but as ſome eaſtern people are as cunning as a *Creole*, they were not to be duped by any inſidious Catiline. In ſpite of every vile and deteſtable artifice the voice of the people was fully declared,

declared, and neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Jefferſon were tricked out of their election *."

THURSDAY, 23d MARCH.

Hoche in Bantry Bay —PLEASING NEWS.—On the 14th December the Breſt fleet ſailed, conſiſting of eighteen ſail of the line, fourteen frigates, ſix large tranſports, and ſome ſmall veſſels, with twenty-five thouſand troops on board and ſix weeks proviſions. The ſignal having been made for ſailing, ſome went through the paſſage de Raz; La Fraternité frigate, with Admiral de Galles and General Hoche on board, and a few other ſhips, got out; but the greateſt part of the fleet went through Des Feottes.

A gale of wind coming on, the diviſions could not join, and the Admiral had only the Neſtor of ſeventy-four guns with him; which having loſt her main-maſt, alſo parted with the Admiral. She had fifteen millions of livres on board to pay the troops.

The fleet made Ireland in three days, but having miſtaken the Durſeys for Mizen Head, could not make Bantry Bay until the 24th, and then only part had anchored, when the gale came on and forced them to cut cables in confuſion.

L'Indomptable, of eighty guns, ran foul of La Reſolue, and diſmaſted her, ſo that ſhe muſt be loſt, with Admiral Neily on board. L'Indomptable ſprung her bowſprit. The firſt diviſion anchored in the Bay, which the ſecond could not effect. It conſiſted of four ſeventy-four gun ſhips, three frigates,

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* Nothing was ever more infernally wicked than theſe inſinuations.—The charge againſt Mr. Hamilton is totally falſe; yet I am ſorry to ſay, there is great reaſon to believe that, even to this day (Auguſt 17, 1799), Mr. Adams thinks the charge well founded.

two

two corvettes, and two powder-veſſels, with five thouſand troops.

A council of war was held; the troops were decidedly for landing, by the advice of ſome Iriſhmen with them; but none of them having ſeen La Fraternité, they reſolved to return; and ſailed on the 4th of January from Bantry Bay, and were in ſearch of the ſquadron when captured.

A French officer endeavouring to paſs from one ſhip to another in Bantry Bay, was driven on ſhore; he was taken and ſent by Government to London, where he underwent an examination before the Privy Council.

The Ville de l'Orient, a ſeventy-four ſhip, armed *en flute*, was taken by the Druid, ſoon after the diſperſion, and carried into Ireland. The following is an account of the officers, men, and cargo on board of her:

One captain, one lieutenant, five officers, ninety-four ſeamen, one lieutenant, one colonel, four captains, fifteen officers, three hundred and eighty huſſars, two ten-inch mortars, two eight pound field-pieces, nineteen thouſand ſhells, one thouſand muſkets, ten thouſand cartridge-boxes, filled with ball-cartridge, three hundred and eighty barrels of flour, twenty-ſix pipes of brandy, ten bales clothing, ſix hundred ſaddles, five boxes of ſhoes, artillery-carriages, &c.

When La Ville de l'Orient and the Druid made ſail for Kinſale, the Unicorn, and another frigate, were in chaſe of the remainder of the diviſion, which moſt likely would be the means of detaining them by action, or manœuvring, until Lord Bridport, who was not far off, came up with twenty-one ſail of the line.

From the 12th of January to the 3d of February, rumour, it appears, was very buſy in London. To follow it through its contradictory windings would be

be amuſing enough, perhaps, in ſome countries, but here it would be irkſome. The fate of the Armada is all that is worth inquiring about, and this was not, when the veſſels left England, fully aſcertained. The following detail, however, may be looked upon as a pretty accurate account of it.

Veſſels.	Guns.	
Les Droits de l'Homme,	74	Driven on ſhore by Sir E. Pellew.
Le Seduiſant,	44	Loſt off the Saintes.
Le Scævola,	74	Foundered.
L'Impatiente,	40	Wrecked off Ireland.
La Tortue,	40	Taken by the Engliſh.
L'Atalante,	20	
La Surveillante,	40	
Le Nicomede,	74 en flute	
La Juſtine,	74 en flute	
La Ville de l'Orient,	74 en flute	
Le Suffrein,	74 en flute	
Le Neſtor,	74	Unfortunately got back to Breſt, but in a ſhattered condition.
Le Tourville,	74	
Le Fougueux,	74	
Le Redoubtable,	74	
Le Pluton,	74	
Le Pegaſe,	74	
La Romaine,	40	
La Concorde,	40	
La Serene,	40	
La Reſolue,	40	
L'Indomptable,	80	Still miſſing.
Le Caſſard,	74	
L'Eole,	74	
Le Decius,	74	
Le Patriote,	74	
La Conſtitution,	74	
Le Trajan,	74	
Le Wattigni,	74	
La Revolution,	74	

L'Expe-

Veſſels.	Guns.	
L'Experiment,	74 en flute	Still miſſing.
La Concorde,	40	
La Bravoure,	40	
L'Immortalité,	40	
La Bellone,	40	
La Coquille,	40	
La Charante,	40	
La Fraternité,	40	
La Mutine,	18	
Le Renard,	16	
Le Vautour,	16	
Le Voltigeur,	16	
L'Affronteur,	16	

RECAPITULATION.

3 Ships of the line, 1 Frigate,	Driven on ſhore, foundered and wrecked.
2 Frigates, 1 Corvette, 4 Ships of the line cut down and armed en flute,	Taken by the Engliſh.
6 Ships of the line, 4 Frigates,	Got back to Breſt.
9 Ships of the line, 1 Armed en flute, 7 Frigates, 5 Corvettes,	Still miſſing.

Theſe laſt will be very pretty picking for the Engliſh cruiſers: if they let one of them eſcape, may they never more hear the ſound of cannon, or ſee a ſwelling ſail! May Neptune refuſe them his trident when combating the fleets of France, and Æolus his breezes when in fight of a Spaniſh galleon!

The diſintereſted ſans-culottes had, it ſeems, as uſual, no other object in this expedition, than the generous one of conferring liberty and happineſs; and the better to effect it, they had made their

ſwords and bayonets extremely ſharp. When their ſcattered fleet began to return, the poor cut-throats of Paris were obliged to trump up a ſtory to ſatisfy the canaille (of whom, by the by, they begin to be ſomewhat afraid). All the fault was laid upon the *elements*. The Iriſh were ready to receive them with open arms, they ſaid; and one of their papers went ſo far as to aſſert, that eighteen thouſand men had actually effected a landing, and were received like brothers.

Hoche's proclamation to his raggamuffins, previous to his ſailing from France, is a curioſity in its kind, and very well worth a place in the archives of Gaſcony.

REPUBLICANS,

Proud of having led you to conqueſt on various occaſions, I have obtained from the government the permiſſion to conduct you to new ſucceſſes. To command you, is to be ſure of victory.

Jealous of giving liberty to a people worthy of it, and ripe for a revolution, the Directory ſend us to Ireland in order to facilitate the revolution, which excellent republicans have juſt undertaken there. It will be a proud thing for us, who have conquered the ſatellites of Kings armed againſt the Republic, to break the fetters of a friendly nation, and to aſſiſt them in recovering their rights, uſurped by the odious Engliſh Government.

You will never forget, brave and faithful companions, that the people to whom we are going are the friends of your country, and that we ought to treat them as ſuch, and not as a conquered country.

On arriving in Ireland you will find hoſpitality and fraternity; ſoon will thouſands of her inhabitants ſwell our phalanxes: let us take care never to treat any of them as enemies. They, as well as ourſelves, have to revenge themſelves upon the perfi-

dious Engliſh; the latter are the only perſons upon whom we have to inflict a ſignal vengeance. Believe that the Iriſhmen do not ſigh leſs than you after the moment in which we ſhall go in concert to London, to recall to the recollection of Pitt and his minions, what they have done againſt our liberty.

From friendſhip, from duty, and from honour for the French name, you will reſpect the perſons and property of the country where we are going.

If, by conſtant efforts, I provide for your wants, believe, that, jealous of preſerving the reputation of the army which I have the honour to command, I ſhall puniſh ſeverely whoever ſhall depart from what he owes to his country. Laurels and glory ſhall be the lot of the republican ſoldier; death ſhall be the price of violation and pillage. You know me enough to believe, that for the firſt time I will not forfeit my word; I have given you warning, and recollect it.

(Signed) General La Hoche.

How ſheepiſh this hectoring commander of republicans muſt have looked, as he was ſneaking back into Breſt! And what muſt his wolfiſh followers have thought, when, in place of "open arms," they found open jail-doors to receive them in Ireland! How "Pitt and his minions" muſt have laughed when they learnt the fate of the poor baffled miſcreants! Juſt as much, I dare ſay, as I laugh at thoſe newſmongers in this country, who were chuckling to themſelves, and all a-tiptoe, to relate the ſucceſſes of the ſans-culotte invaſion.

This vain attempt to invade Ireland, beſides the deſtruction it has occaſioned among the French, is very ſatisfactory, as its effects on the people of that iſland give the lie to all that has been ſo often repeated, in the public papers of this country, reſpecting their readineſs to join the enemies of Britain.—

What

What exaggeration, what falſehood, has not malice given riſe to on this ſubject! The Iriſh were fighing for liberty; ripe for revolt; they only wanted to ſee a French fleet on their coaſt, and that moſt accurſed thing, a revolution, was to take place inſtantly. The Government was to raiſe troops, we were told, but all to no purpoſe. The ſufferings of that oppreſſed people were no longer ſupportable; England and Engliſhmen were the objects of their reſentment and hatred, and Frenchmen of their love.

Kehl is taken, and the ſtupid Badeaus of Paris have been perſuaded, that the Auſtrians will not attempt any thing further now: that they do not even mean to keep the command of the paſſage of the Rhine, which they now have. "Scarce" (ſays one of the republican papers of 13th January), "ſcarce was the ſuſpenſion of arms known, when the Auſtrians and French mutually embraced, and drank brandy together." That the French were deceitful and baſe enough to ſlobber the cheeks of men whom they called ſlaves and the ſatellites of a deſpot, I have not the leaſt doubt; it is in character: but that the brave Auſtrians, who had thus been ſcorned by an inſolent foe, the ravager of their country, the deſolater of their dwellings, the murderer of their parents, their children, and their wives; that they ſhould return the perfidious embrace, I never will believe. Nature teaches the breaſt of the ſoldier to recoil from that of the aſſaſſin.

The plotting divan have their views, however, in propagating an opinion, that the Auſtrian ſoldiery are friendly to theirs. Not a word drops from their lantern-jaws without a purpoſe. This is the diſtant manner in which they begin to hint, that they ſhould have no objection to a ſeparate peace with the Emperor. And, indeed, their newſman obſerves in another place, that both armies ſeemed to wiſh for peace.

peace. They wiſhed Lord Malmſbury to conclude a ſeparate peace on the part of Great Britain, and leave the Emperor to ſhift for himſelf: they were foiled there, they now are turning to the Emperor with the ſame deſign on Great Britain; and I venture to predict, that we ſhall ſoon begin to be entertained with accounts of the negociation. But, for once, Great Britain plays a ſure game. She holds her ally in her hand, and that ſo firmly, that were he as ſlippery as the eel, or rather the ſnake, of Pruſſia, he could not eſcape her.

Unprecedented Spoliation.—Boſton, March 13.—We learn from Salem, that by the arrival there of a bark from St. Euſtatia, information has been received, that the new ſhip Eliza, Captain Hodges, owned by Mr. Joſeph White, of and from Salem, bound to Canton, in China, with fair and perfect papers, and laden with a ſmall quantity of lumber, and above forty thouſand dollars in caſh, has been captured in the latitude of the Cape de Verd iſlands, and ſent for St. Domingo, for trial. This is the moſt alarming capture we have heard of.

Victor Hugues now become a Tyrant.—Captain Roberts, of the brig Charming Betſey, of Baltimore, ſtates, that Victor Hugues had given out, that war was declared againſt America, and in conſequence had impriſoned every American in the iſland, to the number of 250. This information he received from Captain Calvert and ſeveral other Americans, whom the tyrant of Guadaloupe had ſent to Martinique *to be exchanged for French priſoners.* They further ſaid, that the American priſoners at Guadaloupe were treated far worſe than the Britiſh; as it was a favourite maxim with Hugues, that the Britiſh were enemies, but the Americans were a "*pack of double-faced raſcals.*" Their allowance was, for two days in the

week, four ounces ſtinking meat, and the reſt of the week, four ounces fiſh, with a ſmall quantity of bread and water, per day. The priſoners were immediately liberated, but not exchanged by Admiral Harvey, whoſe conduct on this and many other occaſions, has procured him the greateſt good will of all the Americans there. Captain B——— further informs, that three frigates and fifteen privateers are immediately to ſail for our coaſt, to relieve Commodore Barney.

How ſurpriſingly the tone of theſe captains is changed! French jails, and ſhort allowance, have operated what, I am much afraid, reaſon and equity never would. Nature bids us pity our fellow-creatures when we ſee them famiſhing, or writhing under the laſh; but in the inſtance before us I, for my part, feel my compaſſion conſiderably leſſened when I reflect on the paſt. I remember when Victor Hugues, "this tyrant of Guadaloupe," was the favourite of the American captains, the hero of their hyperbolical tales. Yes, I can remember when that bloody ſavage, at the time too when he appeared moſt bloody, was toaſted to the ſound of cannon, in a commercial city of the United States; and I could now extract ſcores of paragraphs from moſt of the public papers in Philadelphia, wherein his maſſacre of the emigrants, and his digging up and inſulting the body of General Dundas, are ſpoken of with applauſe and exultation. But now behold! he is "the tyrant of Guadaloupe," becauſe, forſooth, he impriſons the Americans, and keeps them on ſtinking fiſh! When he treated the Britiſh priſoners thus; when he kept *them* under hatches till they were ſtifled, or expoſed them naked to the ſcorching ſun, he was no tyrant. When he butchered four hundred loyal emigrants, whoſe lives he had promiſed to ſpare; when he ſtripped a young lady of noble birth to her ſkin, and locked her up

in

in a room with two black fellows till ſhe expired, then he was no tyrant, but "*a brave republican.*"—Let thoſe who gave him the title, thoſe who approved of theſe actions, now bite their lips and ſuffer in ſilence.

FRIDAY, 24th MARCH.

Munro, the ſans-culotte Ambaſſador.—PARIS, 31ſt December, 1796, public ſitting of the Directory.—Citizen Munro, Miniſter Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, communicated his letter of recall which he had recently received. He expreſſed his attachment to France, to the revolution, and his wiſhes for our glory. He added, that the Preſident of the United States had charged him expreſſly to repeat his aſſurance of the intereſt which the United States take in our republic, and of the wiſhes which they form for our welfare.

The anſwer of the Preſident (Barras) is remarkable:

"In this day, preſenting your letters of recall," ſaid Barras to Mr. Munro, "you give to Europe a "very ſtrange ſpectacle.

"France, *rich in her liberty*, encompaſſed by her "train of victories, ſtrong in the eſteem of her al-"lies, will not *abaſe herſelf* by calculating the con-"ſequences of the condeſcenſion of the American "Government to the ſuggeſtions of its ancient maſ-"ters. The French Republic hopes, that at leaſt "the ſucceſſors of Columbus, Raleigh, and of Penn, "always jealous of their liberty, will never forget "what they owe to France. They will weigh, in "their wiſdom, the magnanimous good will of the "French people, with the crafty careſſes of certain "perfidious perſons, who meditate to bring them "back to their *former ſlavery*. Aſſure, Sir, the "good American people, that, like them, we adore

" liberty; that they ſhall always have our eſteem; " and that they will find, in the French people, that " republican generoſity which knows how to *grant* " *peace* as it knows how to make *its ſovereignty re-* " *ſpected.*

" As for you, Mr. Miniſter Plenipotentiary, *you* " have contended for principles, you have known " the true intereſts of your country: depart with " our regret. We give up in you, a repreſentative " of America, and we keep the remembrance of a " citizen whoſe perſonal qualities do honour to that " title."

This is a very good match to Hoche's proclamation that was addreſſed to the Iriſh rather than to his army, and this was intended for the people here much more than for Mr. Munro. So; we are ſtill " the good people of America;" and, what is more, " the good American people," have the eſteem of the magnanimous French; notwithſtanding they rob us of twelve millions of dollars, impriſon, bind, and laſh our ſailors, inſult our Government, and call upon us to rebel againſt it.—" The ſucceſſors " of Columbus and Penn!" As to Columbus, his ſucceſſors in America are the Spaniards; and the mention of Penn was ſingularly unfortunate, for his name awakens the remembrance of every thing that the French wiſh to have forgotten. " Former ſla- " very!" Did, then, the followers of Penn live in ſlavery? Penn's government exiſted in his ſtate until the revolution, and therefore, if, till this *glorious epoch*, Americans were ſlaves, Penn ſhould be execrated as a tyrant, rather than be held up as a worthy predeceſſor.

But to what purpoſe do I comment on this ſpeech? Barras talks like a republican Frenchman, that is, at once like a cut-throat and a whining hypocrite.

Munro

Munro and the Paris Monſter.—The tranſlation of Citizen Barras's ſpeech to Citizen Munro, publiſhed in yeſterday's Gazette *, contained an error, which it certainly would not, had the original fallen into the hands of the Editor. It was copied from another paper, the tranſlator of which wiſhed to ſoften, as much as poſſible, the language of a ſentence ſo well calculated to rouſe the ſpirit of the people of America. Thus it is: "The French Re-"public hopes too, that the ſucceſſors of Columbus "and Penn, always proud in their liberty, will "never forget what they owe to France."

Thus it ſtood yeſterday; but, inſtead of "what "they owe to France," it ſhould have been "that "they owe it to France †." So that the ſentence corrected runs thus: "The French Republic hopes "too, that the ſucceſſors of Columbus and Penn, "always proud in their liberty, will never forget "that they owe it to France."

If this be the caſe, let the Whigs of 1776 (as they call themſelves), and Noah Webſter among the reſt, no longer teaſe us with their inceſſant boaſt, or let them publicly reſent cut-throat Barras's aſſertion. Let them recollect, that it is no ariſtocrat that thus robs them of their "glory," but a good blood-red republican; and the Preſident of the grand illuminated and illuminating Aſſembly of France. Their reputation is at ſtake; ſilence will be interpreted into an acknowledgment of their worthleſſneſs.

Munro and the five headed Monſter.—The following is a correct tranſcript of the letter delivered to the French Directory, by Mr. Munro, previous to his departure.

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* I have now brought all the publications, which appeared in March, on this ſubject, under one head.

† Qu'ils la doivent à la France.

" *Citizens Directors,*

" I have the honour to preſent you with my letter of recall from the Preſident of the United States of America, and which cloſes my political functions with the French Republic: and I have the honour to add, that I am inſtructed by the Preſident to avail myſelf of this occaſion, to renew to you on his part, an aſſurance of the ſolicitude which the United States feel for the happineſs of the French Republic.

" In performing this act, many other conſiderations crowd themſelves upon my mind. I was witneſs to a revolution in my own country. I was deeply penetrated with its principles, which are the ſame with thoſe of your revolution. I ſaw its difficulties, and remembering theſe, and the important ſervices rendered us by France on that occaſion, I have partaken with you in all the perilous and trying ſituations in which you have been placed.

" It was my fortune to arrive among you in a moment of complicated danger, from within and from without; and it is with the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction, that, in taking my leave, I behold victory and the dawn of proſperity upon the point of realizing, under the auſpices of a wiſe and excellent conſtitution, all the great objects for which, in council and in the field, you have ſo long and ſo nobly contended. The information which I ſhall carry to America, of this ſtate of your affairs, will be received by my countrymen with the ſame joy and ſolicitude for its continuance, that I now feel and declare for myſelf.

" There is no object which I have always had more uniformly and ſincerely at heart than the continuance of *a cloſe union* and perfect harmony between our two nations. I accepted my miſſion with a view to uſe my utmoſt efforts to increaſe

" and

" and promote this object; and now I derive con-
" solation in a review of my conduct, from the
" knowledge that I have never deviated from it.
" Permit me, therefore, in withdrawing, to ex-
" press an earnest wish that this harmony may be
" perpetual.

" I beg leave to make to you, Citizens Directors,
" my particular acknowledgments for the confi-
" dence and attention with which you have ho-
" noured my mission during its continuance; and
" at the same time to assure you, that as I shall
" always take a deep and sincere interest in what-
" ever concerns the prosperity and welfare of the
" French Republic, so I shall never cease in my
" retirement to pay you in return for your friend-
" ship you have shown me, the only acceptable
" recompense to generous minds, the tribute of
" grateful remembrance."

Munro and Fauchet.—*Fauchet*, the excellent expositor and confessor, Fauchet tells us, or rather he tells the Convention, c. xvi. of his invaluable treatise on bribery and corruption, to *consult* Munro on the subject. " Still there are *patriots*," says the penetrating envoy, " of whom I delight to entertain an idea worthy of that imposing title. *Consult* Munro, he is of the number; he had apprized me of the men, whom the current of events had dragged along as bodies devoid of weight, &c. &c." When we take a review of this recommendation and of all the circumstances under which it was given, we are not surprised that patriot Munro should acknowledge " the *confidence* with which he had been *honoured*" during the continuance of his mission in France.

Yes; I dare say Fauchet's advice was followed. I'll engage that the " Citizens Directors" did " *consult* Munro," and there is little doubt of their

having done it in vain. It is something new in diplomatic history, to hear an envoy recommended to a foreign power, as the proper person to give an account of what the interest of his own government required to be kept secret; and it is equally new, to hear a recalled minister taking his leave with a nauseous eulogium on those, who had robbed his country, and outrageously insulted the government from whom he held his powers. In former times this would have excited universal detestation, and called down condign punishment on the head of the insolent emissary; but in this base, degenerate, unnatural age, when real patriotism is treated as a "local prejudice," and treason is openly justified, it is not much wonder if the speech of Munro should pass unnoticed, by those who have a right to demand an account of his actions.

Munro and the Divan.—Mr. PRINTER, There are some facts in circulation relative to Mr. Munro's address to the French Directory, which, if well founded, show a devotedness in that minister to France, and a meanness of soul, that must sink him in every American mind, far below contempt.

The facts seem pretty much as follows: That in the *beginning of December*, Mr. Munro gave in his letter of recall to M. Delacroix; that Mr. Pinckney presented his letter of credence at the same time; and that in a few days Mr. Munro obtained an answer, recognizing his letter of recall, and informing him, "that the Directory would receive no "minister plenipotentiary from the United States, "till after the United States had redressed the "grievances complained of by France;" that the Directory refused cards of hospitality or protection to Mr. Pinckney, and in a conversation with his secretary, M. Delacroix expressed his surprise to learn, that Mr. Pinckney was still in Paris; *threatened* him

him with the *officers of the police* in caſe he did not leave the French territory; and laſtly, that theſe various inſults were perfectly known to Mr. Munro, and that all of them actually happened previous to his farewell addreſs to the Directory, which was delivered the laſt of December.

After theſe inſults to Mr. Pinckney; after the high injuries done to the United States; after refuſing to receive a miniſter having authority to enter into friendly explanations; after ſhutting the door againſt theſe explanations, by telling Mr. Munro, that they required from the United States as a preliminary to receiving a miniſter, things which no American can ever conſent to; Mr. Munro ſays to the Directory: "It is with the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction, that, in taking my leave, I behold victory and the dawn of proſperity, upon the point of realizing, under the auſpices of a wiſe and excellent conſtitution, all the great objects for which, in council and in the field, you have ſo long and ſo nobly contended. The information which I ſhall carry to America, of this ſtate of your affairs, will be received by my countrymen with the ſame joy and ſolicitude for its continuance, that I now feel and declare myſelf."

No, Citizen Munro, your fellow-citizens cannot realize the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction at the ſucceſſes of a nation, nor ſolicitude for the continuance of that ſtate of its affairs which has induced it to heap upon them inſults and injuries. Americans, who love their country, cannot kneel to thoſe who have robbed them, cannot court a continuance of robberies, and lick the hand juſt raiſed to ſhed their blood. For though you could crouch and kneel, and lick and fawn on ſuch an occaſion, your fellow-citizens can feel nothing but contempt, and for the Directory, who requires of the United States

States an act that would proſtrate them in the duſt, the utmoſt indignation.

Thank God, the ſpirit which led the United States to independence, has not forſaken them, and that "the ſucceſſors of Columbus, Raleigh, and Penn," will never ſubmit to be governed by the agents of the French Directory. N. P.

SATURDAY, 25th MARCH.

Mr. Harper once a Democrat.—This gentleman, at the time that the election for *Preſident* was pending, wrote a letter to his conſtituents, partly on that ſubject, and partly on the infamous conduct of France. The part of this letter, which related to the latter ſubject, he wiſhed much to ſee circulate all over the State, and he encloſed ſome copies of it to men whom he looked upon as his friends, for that purpoſe, marking the paragraphs which he wiſhed to have omitted. It evidently appears, that theſe paragraphs were marked for omiſſion, more from the perſuaſion that the whole would be too long for a newſpaper, than from any other motive; for, it was impoſſible that the writer could either hope or wiſh to keep from the world the contents of a letter, which he had had *printed*, and diſpatched to his conſtituents. Nevertheleſs, this circumſtance has furniſhed the democrats, who are everlaſtingly on the watch for articles of accuſation againſt Mr. Harper, with a ſubject of baſe miſrepreſentation. Some villain, to whoſe care one of the *marked* letters was committed, has, as he ſuppoſes, *injured* the author, by divulging what he looked upon as a confidential communication. This diſcovery has ſtirred up the gall of one *P. F. Deſvernay*, who is, it ſeems, ſecretary to the "French Patriotic, or "Democratic, Society of Charleſton," of which ſociety, in the year 1793, *Mr. Harper applied to be admitted*,

admitted, and was admitted, a member. Citizen Deſvernay now brings forward this circumſtance, and moſt groſsly abuſes Mr. Harper for what he calls his *apoſtacy*. This letter of Deſvernay, having found its way into the infamous Gazette of the French hireling Bache, Mr. Harper yeſterday replied to it, through the ſame channel.

Philadelphia, March 24, 1797.

Mr. BACHE,

Not having read your paper nor the Daily Advertiſer, ſince the adjournment of Congreſs, I did not know till yeſterday, that you had publiſhed ſome paſſages of a letter of mine. Thoſe paſſages, I find, are republiſhed in your paper of this morning I do not think it neceſſary to take any notice of the obſervations of your correſpondent, much leſs of thoſe made by M. Deſvernay; but I requeſt you to inform your readers that the publication of the extracts in queſtion, ſuch of them, I mean, as relate to the talents and political character of the candidates in the late election for Preſident, was a breach of private confidence. The opinions there expreſſed, are ſuch as I believe to be perfectly well founded; but I did not intend them for the public, which has nothing to do with my opinion about Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferſon, or Mr. Pinckney. Nay, they were intended for my particular conſtituents, who expected them from me, and to whom, for that and other reaſons, I thought it my duty to give them. I am ſtill of the ſame opinion. But as they were not intended for the public, when I requeſted the printers at Columbia and Charleſton to publiſh other parts of the letter, containing ſtatements that I thought might be agreeable to the people of the State at large, I directed theſe paſſages to be omitted.

I owe

I owe this declaration to the public, on which I would not be thought to have obtruded opinions that I was in no manner called on to give. But ſince the partiſans of Mr. Jefferſon are reſolved that the public, whether I will or not, ſhall know my opinion of him, I cannot help it. I wiſh for his ſake, and ſtill more for the ſake of the United States, that my opinions concerning him may be contradicted by experience. Should he diſappoint me as much as the French have ſince I applied for admiſſion into the Patriotic Society at Charleſton, I ſhall avow my change of opinion with as little reſerve as I before uſed, for a year paſt, in expreſſing my abhorrence for the conduct and views of Government, which, in the year 1793, I ſo greatly, and, as I ſince find, ſo unjuſtly admired.

I will further add, ſince the occaſion offers, that, had the partiſans of Mr. Jefferſon taken leſs pains to repreſent him as a ſtandard for talents, virtue, and republican principles, as not only preferable to his rival, but ſo greatly and undeniably preferable, that his election could have been prevented by nothing but "the depravity of the times, the corruption of manners, a fondneſs for monarchy, and a deſire of war with France;" had they taken leſs pains to connect his election with the maintenance of peace, and the ſupport of republican government, and to repreſent Mr. Adams, and all his ſupporters, as ariſtocrats, friends to monarchy, and enemies to France; had they been leſs induſtrious in attempting to ſanction every meaſure of oppoſition to the preſent government with his name and popularity, and to employ them in impoſing on the public mind an opinion, that hatred to England, and not merely a deſire of peace with France, but ſubſerviency to her views, under the name of attachment to her cauſe, were eſſential qualifications for an American patriot,

patriot, and the only true criterions of republican principles; had Mr. Jefferſon's partiſans done leſs than all this, thoſe who believe themſelves to know his real political character, and to entertain juſter opinions about his political talents, might have thought themſelves under leſs obligation to contribute all in their power towards undeceiving the people. I, for one, ſhould in that caſe have been ſilent. But ſince my conſtituents were in the number of thoſe attempted to be impoſed on, with the greateſt probability too of ſucceſs, I thought myſelf obliged to ſpeak; and to repeat it once more, I have ſpoken what I believe to be perfectly true, but with that experience may contradict.

Your humble ſervant,
ROBERT G. HARPER.

The Tree of Liberty: a Fragment.—"It cannot be a may-pole," ſaid an old gentleman, "at leaſt I never ſaw one with a cap on it; it cannot be a whiſkey-pole—I can ſcarcely think that the inhabitants of this place would permit a whiſkey-pole to be erected in the very centre of the town—what can it mean?"

A dapper Jacko who overheard the old gentleman's ſoliloquy, eager to reſolve his doubts, addreſſed him: "That, Sir, is the *Tree and Cap of Liberty.*"—"Is it indeed?" replied he. "A truly unfortunate emblem have you choſen! This tree, as you call it, appears to be a mere pole: it has neither root, nor branch, nor fruit, nor leaf; even the bark is ſtripped off. Is this pole then emblematic of the bleſſings which liberty brings?—Depend upon it, young man, this *tree*, if ſo it muſt be called, never will take root; never will it afford a delicious ſhade for the panting traveller; never ſhall we enjoy any fruit of its bearing. Stupid mortals who planted it with any ſuch expectation!—It is fit for nought but

to

to be taken down and caſt into the fire; in no other manner can it be of uſe—and as to the cap, it ſeems fit for nothing elſe but to ſwing on the top of ſuch a pole; to decorate the brows of a highwayman, or to protect the ſhallow brains of a Jacobin.

SENEX.

BY THE PRESIDENT

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Conſtitution of the United States of America provides that the Preſident may, on extraordinary occaſions, convene both Houſes of Congreſs; and whereas an extraordinary occaſion exiſts for convening Congreſs, and divers great and weighty matters claim their conſideration: I have therefore thought it neceſſary to convene, and I do by theſe preſents convene the Congreſs of the United States of America, at the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennſylvania, on Monday the fifteenth day of May next; hereby requiring the Senators and Repreſentatives in the Congreſs of the United States of America, and every of them, that, laying aſide all other matters and cares, they then and there meet and aſſemble in Congreſs, in order to conſult and determine on ſuch meaſures as in their wiſdom ſhall be deemed meet for the ſafety and welfare of the ſaid United States.

In teſtimony whereof, I have cauſed the ſeal of (L.S.) the United States to be affixed to theſe preſents, and ſigned the ſame with my hand.

Done at the city of Philadelphia, the twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-ſeven.

JOHN ADAMS.

By the Preſident,

TIMOTHY PICKERING,
Secretary of State.

NOAH

NOAH WEBSTER's
ATTACK ON PETER PORCUPINE.

FROM THE MINERVA OF NEW-YORK.

March 21ſt, 1797.

IN a late paper we inſerted ſentiments of this kind, that the putting up in the Coffee-houſe a card, on which was printed the Engliſh flag, was a low, pitiful buſineſs, equalled only by the meanneſs of putting up a French flag; and that it is ſervile to be bandied about between the flags of different foreign nations. We ought to unite under our *own flag*, and learn to be a nation.

Peter Porcupine has copied the paragraph with diſapprobation, and ſays it contains more of *vulgar prejudice* and miſtake, than of juſtice or good policy. He obſerves, that it is the "quo animo," the intention of the act, that ſtamps its character. He would have no foreign flag hoiſted, as a rallying-point for malcontents againſt their own government; but to unite the American Eagle with the Britiſh Lion againſt an ambitious enemy, he thinks would be an act that we need not be aſhamed of. He then ſpeaks of an alliance of that kind, as honourable and advantageous to both parties.

No comment will be made on the inſinuation of "vulgar prejudice," againſt the editor of the Minerva. When Peter becomes acquainted with the editor's real character, he will learn, that, in a combat of that kind, he himſelf muſt certainly be the loſer.

But we conteſt Peter's principles. It was ſtrongly ſuſpected many months ago, that his principles are not very friendly to the independence of America, and ſtill leſs ſo to the form of our government. This

This ſuſpicion has been greatly increaſed by the manner in which his Gazette has been conducted. His retailing abuſe againſt La Fayette, whoſe ſufferings (even ſuppoſe him to have been in fault, which is doubtful or not admitted) are far too ſevere, and call for the ſympathy of all mankind, denotes a man callous to the miſeries of his ſpecies, and extremely diſreſpectful to the opinions of the Americans, who entertain friendſhip and gratitude for La Fayette. We obſerve alſo whole columns of ſome of the firſt numbers of Peter's Gazette, filled with "apologies "for the old government of France," that is, for the feudal ſyſtem, though in a relaxed ſtate, and for as corrupt a ſyſtem of deſpotiſm as Europe ever witneſſed.

The ſucceſs of Peter's pen, in attacking the democratic factions of our country has perfectly intoxicated him; and he miſtakes the ſenſe of America extremely, when be ſuppoſes the danger we have eſcaped of being proſtrated at the feet of France, will urge us to lay our country at the feet of Great Britain.

No, Peter; your abuſing the men who fought for our independence, and your recommending the old government of France, are not the means by which your popularity is to be maintained. The old government of France was not ſo bad as the Jacobin government, it is true; but there is a government different from both, which La Fayette ſought, and which the people of this country will rejoice to ſee introduced, that is, a *free government.*

As to an alliance with Great Britain, we want none, except what is dictated by commercial views. Here our intereſt calls for mutual aid and protection. So far as Great Britain will protect our trade, for her own ſake, we ſhall gladly receive it, and no farther.

We aſk *no favours* of Great Britain, nor of any

other nation; for this would lay the foundation for more *claims of gratitude*, with which we have been outrageously tormented by the French, and their hirelings. The United States and Great Britain are *allied by interest*. Setting aside sameness of language, habits, and private connexions, no two countries are so closely united by commercial advantages. Nor can this union of interest, for a long time to come, have a competitor. It is as much for Great Britain's interest (not to say more) to protect our vessels, as it is ours to have them protected. So far an alliance will arise out of necessity and convenience, which will require very little modification by express agreements. As to any thing like a general treaty, offensive and defensive, God forbid! Sooner may the United States be doomed to encounter another eight years war for independence, than hold the blessing at the mercy of any foreign nation!

No, Peter: the man who writes this, once voluntarily bore arms to defend independence: in pursuance of the same principles, he *first* proposed publicly the plan of the National Constitution; persevering in the same principles, he assailed the monster FACTION, the moment it appeared, in the insidious form of popular clubs: and from that moment to this, he has never ceased to expose the artifices of the French agents, to lay this country at the feet of France. With the same determined zeal and firmness, Peter, he now openly declares war against the man who dares to vilify the defenders of American independence, or to propose an alliance that would commit that independence to the power of a foreign state, or to the fate of European contests.

Americans desire peace, and rejoice that the flags of all nations stream in their harbours. But the man who unites a foreign flag with that of his own country, on the territory of the United States, without

an order of Government, is a *factious man*, and has not the honour of his country at heart. This little emblem of national honour ought no more to be the ſignal for mobs and for violence in a neutral country.

Such, Peter, is my political creed—I know no party, but that of MY COUNTRY. My country is INDEPENDENT; it is for our intereſt, the intereſt of Great Britain, and of all Europe, that it ſhould be ſo; and the man who ſeeks to tack it on any foreign country, to involve it in European broils, or make its independence the ſport of European policy, is conceived to be an ENEMY. As ſuch, his intrigues will be expoſed, and his influence reſiſted, by all thoſe decent and legal means that diſtinguiſh the gentleman and the good citizen.

P. S. If Peter Porcupine's views are miſtaken, it belongs to him to remove the impreſſions which his writings made on the genuine friends of this country.

PORCUPINE's ANSWER.

LETTER I.

Philadelphia, 25th March, 1797.

TO MR. NOAH WEBSTER OF NEW-YORK.

SIR,

YOU tell me and the public, that you, with "*determined* zeal and *firmneſs*, now openly *declare war* againſt me;" and that "I muſt *certainly* be the *loſer*." Softly, Squire Webſter; it is not ſo *certain*, perhaps, as you may imagine. If you had remembered the fable of the man who ſold the lion's ſkin, and was afterwards killed in hunting him, you would not have cried *Victoria!* before you had given your antagoniſt time to return your fire.

This,

This, Sir, I desire you to look upon as a counter-declaration; as a preparative for repulsing the unprovoked attack. Your long, familiar, and modest address should have been answered this day (notwithstanding the *certainty* of my being the *loser*), did not the very extraordinary remarks it contains call for delay, in order to afford time for a full and fair discussion of a subject, of much greater importance than the "political creed" of a news-monger. In the mean time, Sir, be not too confident of victory. "Achieve me first, good Squire, and then sell my "bones."

For your attachment to the Government under which we live and prosper, and for the services (however *trifling*) you have rendered it, accept the respects of Your humble servant,

P. PORCUPINE.

LETTER II.

TO MR. NOAH WEBSTER OF NEW-YORK.

"Vain, fickle, blind, from these to those he flies,
"And *ev'ry side* of wav'ring combat tries;
"Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
"Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid."

POPE'S HOMER, lib. v.

SIR,

SOME days ago I promised you an answer to your Address (or whatever else you may please to call it) of the 21st of March. It luckily matters little how this answer begins. Aware, I suppose, of the uncouth manners of the man you were about to assail, you kindly contrived that the rudeness of your attack should furnish an ample apology for his want of politeness.

Your Address treats of your important self, of me,

and of the propoſed alliance between the United States and Great Britain. This alliance is a ſubject of too much conſequence to be blended with an inquiry into your and my character, principles, and conduct; I ſhall therefore reſerve it for another opportunity: not loſing, however, the preſent opportunity of declaring, that your reaſoning, inſtead of convincing me that I was miſtaken, has ſtrengthened, as far as any thing in itſelf contradictory can ſtrengthen, the opinion which gave ſo much offence to your wiſdom.

You ſet out with telling the public, that "in a "late paper, we inſerted ſentiments of this kind, "that the putting up in the Coffee-houſe a card, on "which was painted the Engliſh flag, was a *low*, "*pitiful buſineſs*, equalled only by the *meanneſs of* "*putting up a French flag*; and that it is ſervile to "be bandied about between the flags of different "foreign nations. We ought to unite under our "*own flag*, and learn to be a nation."

You then complain of my having quoted the paſſage "*with diſapprobation*," which, with the application of the words *vulgar prejudice*, was, it ſeems, a ſtretch of preſumption which your pride could not forgive.

I muſt confeſs, that to venture to quote "with "diſapprobation" the oracular precepts flowing from the lips of the high prieſt of Minerva, was rather bold; but (and with due ſubmiſſion be it ſpoken) it was not ſo much your advice as your *partiality*, your *verſatility*, that I diſapproved of. You have uttered ſuch cart-loads of ſentiments, that it is abſolutely impoſſible you ſhould recollect one half of them; and as, in politics particularly, you are led by no fixed, no polar ſtar principle, it is as impoſſible that you ſhould ever be conſiſtent long together. Your ſaying that the putting up of an Engliſh flag "was a *low, pitiful* buſineſs," ſounds well;

well; but did you ſay this when the *French flag* was put up? No; you called that neither *low* nor *pitiful:* it was even honoured with your applauſe, as far as a man, who looks upon himſelf as the excluſive poſſeſſor of all that is praiſeworthy, can applaud the actions of others. The hoiſting of the French flag was attended with feaſting and noiſe, little inferior to what *we* have witneſſed at the celebration of the murder of the Swiſs guards: yet it eſcaped your cenſure; it was ſuffered to hang very peaceably, and to receive the adoration of the devout ſans-culottes of New-York; Folly was permitted to revel at the foot, as it were, of the ſhrine of Wiſdom, for the ſpace of three whole years, without receiving either chaſtiſement or rebuke. But, behold the difference! The moment a repreſentation of the Britiſh flag appears, though painted on a bit of paper only, and intended merely to produce a little ſport, you caſt off your lethargic forbearance. Your patriotiſm, that patriotiſm, which ſlept like a dormouſe, while the French flag was not only hanging up in the Coffee-room, but was borne about your ſtreets to elections and town meetings; that drowſy patriotiſm, which ſeemed ſcarcely to perceive a banner of two yards ſquare, though it bruſhed its very noſe, became all alive, took fire in a moment, upon ſight of a Britiſh flag in miniature.

You do, indeed, now talk about the "*meanneſs* "*of putting up a French flag*;" but when do you find courage to do this? At the moment the people around you are got tired and aſhamed of their bauble. Far were you from calling it a *meanneſs*, and ſo far from it, that your voice was one of the moſt ſonorous in the ridiculous and diſgraceful hue and cry raiſed againſt thoſe who pulled it down, in the month of May, 1795—On that occaſion you very patriotically obſerved, that "*it was hoped* that the "flags of the ſiſter Republics would have *remained*

" *undiſturbed* by the *enemies of our peace*;" and then, on you go to expreſs your abhorrence of the conduct of the ſacrilegious wretches whoſe impious hands had removed them. And recollect, that you took ſpecial care not to utter a ſyllable againſt the ſavages, who attempted to murder a Britiſh officer, to avenge " the *mighty wrong*." To intrude your precepts, therefore, at this time; to ſtrut and hector over the poor fallen *Tricolor*, and to call on your readers to " unite under their *own flag*, and *learn to be a* " *nation*," entitles you to but very little praiſe. Your advice comes too late. The patient was in a ſtate of convaleſcence, before you ventured to preſcribe; French privateers, jails, whips, and irons, had effectually removed the malady of the public, while you ſtood fumbling its pulſe. Had the ſame ſtupid admiration of the French, that prevailed, and that you participated in, for ſeveral years; had this admiration and its concomitant partiality ſtill exiſted, you would never have dared (with all your *heroiſm*) to call the hoiſting of their flag " a low pitiful buſi- " neſs:" you would prudently have left that to a writer of leſs caution and more ſincerity, reſerving to yourſelf the agreeable taſk of endeavouring to diſfigure his motives and blaſt his fame.

And was it then ſuch a heinous offence to quote a writer of your ſtamp " with diſapprobation," or apply to him the charge of *vulgar prejudice?* It would be curious to hear on what it is that you grounded your right of exemption from all cenſure and criticiſm. Beſides, to ſay that a man has adopted a *vulgar prejudice*, is calculated to give offence to no one but an illiterate booby, who does not know the meaning of the words, or a captious, inflated, ſelf-ſufficient pedant. Yet it is this phraſe, and this alone, that has provoked you to ſeek retaliation, and retaliation too of the moſt baſe and malicious ſpecies,—" We *confeſt*," ſay you (after declaring

declaring that *I am unable to cope with you)*, " we " conteſt Peter's principles. It was ſtrongly ſuſ- " pected, *many months ago*, that his principles *are* " not very friendly to the independence of America, " and ſtill leſs ſo to the form of our government."

The grammatical inaccuracy of this laſt ſentence, though fallen from the pen of a *language-maker*, it would be foreign to my purpoſe to remark on: it is the ſlander it conveys that it is my duty to expoſe. " *It was ſtrongly ſuſpected.*" This is the true goſſip- ping, calumniating ſtyle. All verbal aſſaſſins ſpeak in the *paſſive voice*, that what they cannot prove they may at laſt throw on public report. If you had ſaid, " *I* ſuſpected many months ago," though it would have led to a detection, you would have acted more like a man; and this might have been expected too, in a volunteer of your " determined " zeal and firmneſs."

However, as you are very fond of the pompous plural number and paſſive voice, perhaps it is but fair to ſuppoſe that you mean to intimate, that *you* ſuſpected my principles *many months ago*; and if this was really the caſe, pray how came you to re- commend my pamphlets to the peruſal of your readers, as the beſt antidote to the anarchical prin- ciples of the enemies of the government? *How many* months ago was it that your penetration made the grand diſcovery? When I propoſed publiſhing a paper, which was no more than about *ſix weeks* anterior to the date of your Addreſs, you told the public in an exulting manner, that I ſhould " prove " a terrible ſcourge to the patriots," meaning Bache, Greenleaf, and all the antifederal crew. *Six weeks*, Squire Webſter, is not *many months*. If you really ſuſpected my enmity to the government, and to the independence of America, you were a very great hypocrite, if not ſomething of a traitor, to applaud my undertaking; and if, on the other hand, you

had no ſuch ſuſpicion, and have now feigned it merely for the purpoſe of revenging what your haughtineſs has conſtrued into an affront, I leave the public to determine what name you are worthy of.

But you do not ſtop at ſuſpicions. You ſeem to have foreſeen that your readers would require ſomething more than mere ſurmiſe, and you were determined to furniſh it. When a man has once got into miſchief, he does not ſtick at trifles.—"This ſuſpi-"cion," ſay you, "has been greatly increaſed by "the manner in which Peter's Gazette has been con-"ducted." Now, who, upon reading this, would not imagine, that my Gazette had diſcovered a departure from the principles which I had before profeſſed; a ſpirit hoſtile to the government of this country, or at leaſt unfriendly to it? Who would imagine that you, or any other man who wiſhes to preſerve the leaſt pretenſions to candour, would have ventured to accuſe another of enmity to the government upon a foundation ſlighter than this? You can produce no ſuch thing. After having turned and rummaged my poor Gazette over and over again, pried into every paragraph, and weighed each ſingle expreſſion, all you can collect to "*increaſe*" your ſuſpicion, is, my "retailing abuſe againſt *La Fay-*"*ette*," and my publiſhing whole columns, "filled "with apologies for the old government of France!" as if the ſentiments of a man reſpecting La Fayette and the French monarchy, formed a criterion whereby to eſtimate his attachment to the conſtitution and independence of the United States! Futile indeed muſt be the charge, that has no other ſupport than ſuch roundabout kind of evidence as this.

I certainly might paſs over with ſilent contempt, what, if ſtrictly true, goes not an inch towards juſtifying your malignant inſinuation; but, as you have been mean enough to take ſhelter under the popu-

lar,

lar, the "*vulgar prejudice*," that prevails in favour of La Fayette and againſt monarchical governments, I ſhall take one ſtep out of my way, in order to convince the public, that I never ſhall decline a combat with Noah Webſter, though backed with the miſplaced partiality of millions.

What you are pleaſed to term "retailing abuſe "againſt La Fayette," and, in another place, "*vi-* "*lifying* the defenders of American independence;" all this put together, is, the publiſhing of a ſpeech of Mr. Burke, on the motion brought forward in the Britiſh Parliament, for the purpoſe of prevailing on the King to intercede for La Fayette's releaſe. This ſpeech was publiſhed in my Gazette of the 7th March; and, ſo far from its being an abuſive, vilifying harangue, though it is one of thoſe pieces of oratory that will for ages be an ornament to the proceedings of the Britiſh Commons, it is not more remarkable for its eloquence than for its *truth*.

You, indeed, tell us, that La Fayette's being "*in fault*, is *doubtful* or *not admitted*:"—and in this ſhort ſentence you have given a more complete ſpecimen of the *equivoque*, than is to be found in Boileau's famous poem on the ſubject. In the firſt place, we know not whether you expreſs the opinion of others, or your own: next, if you are underſtood as expreſſing your own opinion, you declare the queſtion doubtful, you do not admit the fault, and yet you do not venture to declare your friend innocent: laſtly, ſhould ſome warm partiſan, whether Royaliſt or Republican, call you to account for heſitating on the ſubject, ſtill you have a ſhift left; for you do not ſay, or even hint, whether it be La Fayette's crimes againſt the King, or thoſe againſt the Aſſembly, that you doubt of.—It was in the wars, I preſume, that you learnt this precaution, of always ſecuring a ſafe retreat.

To one who ſo carefully diſguiſes his ſentiments, it

it is next to impoſſible to make a ſatisfactory reply: however, ſuppoſing you to doubt of La Fayette's fault with reſpect to his ſovereign, I would aſk you, where you have lived for theſe ten years laſt paſt? To hear you ſtart *doubts* on this ſubject, one would imagine you had dwelt in a dormitory or a hermitage; that you had been abſorbed in heavenly meditation; that your veſſel (as the Puritans call it) had been a reſervoir of godlineſs, in place of being what, alas! it is, a mere channel for news.

To enter into a minute examination of La Fayette's conduct, during his ſhort-lived career in the French revolution, would be giving an importance to his character which it does not deſerve. It is true that he always was an underworker, like many others; and therefore is not to be reckoned among the miſcreant Mirabeaus, Condorcets, &c. whoſe puppet he was; but he nevertheleſs comes in for a conſiderable ſhare of that cenſure which is due to a combination of ambitious men, determined to build their own fame and greatneſs on the ruins of a mighty empire, without remorſe for the miſeries it muſt produce. One fact, when the merits of La Fayette are to be tried, ought never to be forgotten; it was his revolutionary brain that conceived the French *Rights of Man*, of which no more may be ſaid than that they are the very texts from which Tom Paine has ever ſince been preaching the duty of *holy inſurrection*.

I would willingly believe that gratitude for the ſervices which La Fayette rendered America, has now called forth your compaſſion for his ſufferings, and your reſentment againſt my paper, or rather againſt me. I would willingly trace your aſperity back to this amiable ſource; but your paſt conduct tells me that I ſhould attempt it in vain. How came you to be grateful to La Fayette *alone?* Has no other friend to the American revolution lain on the damp floor of a dungeon? Never did you (with ſhame be it ſpoken,

ſpoken, Webſter), never did you utter a word of compaſſion for the unfortunate, friendleſs Louis XVI. when this ſame La Fayette was leading him in triumph from priſon to priſon. Never did you talk of cruel treatment, when the Queen of France was dragged in ſlow proceſſion to Paris, while the myrmidons of this ſame La Fayette carried the ghaſtly heads of her murdered guards before her. No; you rejoiced at all this; and yet, I believe, no one will have the impudence to pretend, that La Fayette's ſervices to this country were a millionth part ſo great as thoſe of poor Louis and his conſort. Nay, you ſaw the head of this fallen prince roll from the ſcaffold; you ſaw his family cut off, one by one; you ſaw his innocent child lingering in a dungeon, robbed of ſleep, terrified four times an hour with orders to prepare for death, and at laſt you ſaw his bloated and livid corpſe ſtretched in a dung-cart.—On all this you looked with a philoſophic eye. Not a tear eſcaped you; not a groan, not a ſigh was heard from the tender-hearted *Minerva*, who now tells us that "*La Fayette*'s ſufferings call for the *ſympathy of all* "*mankind.*"

No, Sir; nor did you ever feel any thing worthy the name of compaſſion for La Fayette himſelf, or you would have expreſſed your abhorrence of the cruel and ſavage meaſures adopted againſt him and his family by the pretended republicans of France. That was the time for your gratitude and friendſhip to have ſhown itſelf. You, who "once voluntarily "bore arms to defend independence, and who now "with determined zeal and firmneſs openly de-"clares war againſt the man who *dares* vilify the "defenders of it," among whom you count La Fayette; you, Sir, ſhould have ſtood forth againſt the then popular Convention, who had fixed a price on the head of your friend; who had by law authorized the citizens to ſhoot him, or knock his brains out, like

like a dog; nay, had impoſed it on them as a duty. Then was the time for the *blue-eyed maid* to graſp her javelin, and ſhelter the injured hero beneath her ample ſhield. As ſhe neglected to do this, as ſhe ſhrank from the encounter with popular fury, as ſhe tamely yielded to the *vulgar prejudice* that then prevailed in favour of every act of the mock legiſlators of France, however cruel and infamous, ſhe will now receive but little applauſe from men of ſenſe, for her cenſure of the Emperor of Germany, whoſe title alone, ſhe well knows, will, with the groſs of *her readers*, be a ſufficient apology for any departure from decency and truth.

No, Sir; it is too clear that a deſire to ingratiate yourſelf with the deceived part of the public, together with that of injuring me, led you to bring forward the ſtalking-horſe La Fayette, and not any friendſhip, gratitude, or compaſſion, that you entertained for him. This your manner of proceeding inconteſtably proves. Firſt, you pretend to ſuſpect my enmity to the independence of America; then you artfully produce my publication of Mr. Burke's cenſure of La Fayette, as a proof of that enmity, leaving your readers to draw the natural concluſion, that I had "retailed abuſe" againſt him merely *for his having fought in the cauſe of independence*.—Never did envy and revenge ſuggeſt a baſer inſinuation, or one, the falſehood of which it was more eaſy to detect.

If I bear malice againſt La Fayette, if I have publiſhed a cenſure on him, if I have "*retailed abuſe* againſt him," as you are pleaſed to call it, on account of his having ſerved here during the revolutionary war; pray does it not follow that I muſt bear the ſame malice, and feel the ſame inclination to cenſure every one who aided the cauſe of independence? If ſuch be the motive from which I act, I certainly could look round among thoſe who did more

more injury to the cauſe of Great Britain in one day, nay, in one minute, than La Fayette did during the war, or could have done in his whole lifetime. I call on you then, to ſay whether I have ever, directly or indirectly, diſcovered an inclination to defame any man, merely becauſe he was inſtrumental in eſtabliſhing the independence of this country. Have I ever attempted to aſperſe, have I ever hinted any thing to the diſhonour of Mr. Jay, Mr. Adams, or General Waſhington? Theſe gentlemen, the moſt eminent actors on the great drama of the revolution, have all been attacked, ſlandered, and abuſed, by thoſe who are among the eulogiſts of La Fayette; and I leave the public to determine who has ſhown the moſt diligence, zeal, and courage in defence of their characters, *Peter Porcupine* or *Noah Webſter*.

In purſuance of the ſame view it was that you choſe to comment on my having publiſhed "an "apology for the old government of France," which you aſſert to be "as corrupt a ſyſtem of *deſpotiſm* as "Europe ever witneſſed."

To call the old government of France, which all the civilians have reckoned among the *limited monarchies*; to call this government a *deſpotiſm*, argues a mind ſtrongly tinctured with the principles of liberty and equality; but to ſay that it was as corrupt a ſyſtem of deſpotiſm *as Europe ever ſaw*, puts you upon a level with the ſlanderous haranguers of the ſuburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau. He that can call the monarchical government of France the worſt of deſpotiſms, would make little ſcruple to imitate the venerable Père Du Chêne, in branding St. Louis, Henry IV. and Louis XVI. with the name of tyrants.

You do, however, allow that there is one ſpecies of government ſtill worſe than that of the French monarchy; and here your conſiſtency is well worth attention. Firſt, the old government is *as bad a one as Europe*

Europe ever saw; then the Jacobin [illegible]nment *is worse*. This is not amiss; but you do [illegible] us off so. After having thus acknowledged that the Jacobin government is *worse* than *the worst*, you have the conscience to quarrel with me, to wage eternal war with me, for censuring one of the principal founders of this very Jacobin government! You had forgot, or you never knew, the history of the first years of the French revolution. You contemplate your friend in the dungeon of Olmutz only; you do not look back, and behold him in the tribune of the Jacobin club at Paris. La Fayette was one of the very first that took the name of Jacobin: he was a founder of the sect, and continued to be a member of it till July, 1792. Even then he did not *withdraw* himself, but was *expelled*.

"The old government," say you, "was not so bad as the Jacobin government, it is true; but there is a government different from both, which La Fayette *fought*, and which the people of this country will rejoice to see introduced; that is, a *free government*."—Now, Sir; what do you mean by a government that La Fayette *fought?* To hear you, one would imagine, that he had been foiled in some precious project for the good of his country; that his councils had been rejected, and himself persecuted on account of his probity and wisdom; whereas the very reverse of all this was the case. His projects succeeded to the utmost of his wishes. The famous *rights of man*, of which he was the proposer, became a fundamental law, was sanctioned and sworn to by the whole nation. The constitution, grounded on those rights, he saw completed, and he retired from the legislative scene well pleased with the work. In short, the government he *fought he obtained*, and a most stupid, base, and cruel government it was; a government that acknowledged the horrid act of insurrection to be a sacred duty, and that, in its practice,

tice, made a beginning in that career of ſacrilege, plunder, and aſſaſſination, which has been ſo unremittingly purſued by ſucceeding and more ſucceſsful uſurpers. And this is what you call a *free government*—one that the people of America will be glad to ſee eſtabliſhed in France! If the people of America are ſilly or wicked enough to entertain any ſuch wiſh, I ſincerely hope it may not be accompliſhed. The government they have now in France, is certainly a moſt abominable deſpotiſm, but it is not ſo deſtructive either in principle or practice, as that which La Fayette *fought* and aſſiſted to form.

What involves you in theſe inconſiſtencies and contradictions is evident enough: you were a long time a very great admirer of the French revolution. I will not ſay that I could make *you* bluſh, but I am certain I could make your friends bluſh, by a quotation from your paper in *approbation* of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, the manual of Jacobiniſm. Exactly how far you went hand in hand with the revolutioniſts, I know not; nor do I believe that you yourſelf know. You are in the predicament of a great many others, who, when they are aſked what they approved and what they did not approve, anſwer, that they went *as far as La Fayette*, but *no farther*, and God knows that was far enough.

You, and all thoſe who thus pinned their political faith on the ſleeve of this unfledged ſtateſman, would ſtill have been revolutioniſts in the fulleſt ſenſe of the term, had not the uſurpers been preparing to extend their fraternal graſp to this government and country. Till then you carefully avoided ſaying a word againſt them: all their moſt atrocious deeds were ſmoothed over; their plundering decrees, their invitations to rebellion, were all right, till they caſt their looks this way—then your eyes were opened at once: like Bailly and La Fayette,

you

you adored the holy right of inſurrection, till it began to operate againſt yourſelves.

From this digreſſion, which your ſtraggling from your ſubject invited, I return to examine more cloſely the accuſation of having publiſhed "an apo- "logy for the old government of France." This apology is contained in certain extracts from Gifford's Anſwer to Lord Lauderdale's Letters to the Peers of Scotland. The writer obſerves with great juſtneſs, that "one of the moſt ſucceſsful modes of *exciting ſentiments favourable to the French revolution* has been the imputation of every vice creative of diſguſt to the old government of France." He then notices the ſcandalous neglect of candour and truth, that has been diſplayed in the performance of this taſk, the unfair mode of arguing that has been adopted, and the exaggeration and calumny that has impoſed on the uninformed. The object of all this, he obſerves, has been not only to juſtify the revolutioniſts in deſtroying the monarchy, but to inculcate a belief that the people, notwithſtanding their preſent miſery, are ſtill gainers by the deſpotiſm that has been raiſed on its ruins.

To expoſe the fallacy of this reaſoning, to rectify the miſconceptions of the weak, and to detect the miſrepreſentations of the wicked, Mr. Gifford enters into a candid examination of the ſubject, during which he proves, and that moſt ſatisfactorily, that the acts of oppreſſion imputed to the French old government, were generally, not to ſay always, exaggerated; that in many inſtances the charges were totally unfounded, and even ridiculous; that, in ſhort, to the happineſs of France, no revolution was neceſſary; and, of courſe, that this dreadful ſcourge is to be aſcribed to the ambition and treachery of the uſurping legiſlators.

With reſpect to the extracts, in themſelves conſi-

dered, the facts they contain are of indisputable authenticity; as to the style, it is as far above the criticism of Noah Webster, as it is beyond his imitation; and I defy you to cull out a single sentiment, from beginning to end, which, by the most violent contortion, can be called hostile to true liberty. The elegant and convincing writer is an *Englishman*, and consequently knows how to estimate the blessings of freedom full as well, if not better than you. He is *a scholar*, and, which is more to the present point, the author of a History of France, which has received the applause of the whole literary world, and which is the fruit of a long and painful research during many years of residence in that country: of course his knowledge (particularly of whatever relates to the monarchy of France) is not to be sunk to a competition with that of a man, the greatest extent of whose travels has been from Connecticut to New-York, and the utmost exertion of whose talents is to be sought for in the compilation of a school-book. Lastly, the author of the "Apology for "the old Government of France" is *a gentleman*, whose sole object in writing must be the attainment of honest fame; and who is not therefore, like a diurnal retailer of *wisdom* and news, obliged to vary his politics to the more than female caprice of the multitude.

But, to do you justice, I really believe you possess too much good sense not to be, in the present instance, charmed with what you pretend to disapprove of. Whether you will be pleased to hear your judgment thus complimented at the expense of your sincerity, I neither know nor care; but it certainly was me, and not the extracts in my paper, that you were angry with, and that it was your object to decry. You wished to propagate a belief that I was an enemy to the independence of America, and also to the form of the federal government. The former

charge, which has already been refuted, was to be looked upon as proved by my publiſhing Mr. Burke's cenſure on La Fayette; and the latter by my publiſhing, from Gifford, an Apology for the old Government of France.

The ſame ſhameful abandonment of candour, the ſame jeſuitical ſpirit of perverſion, that you diſcover in your comments on what reſpects La Fayette, is ſtill more apparent in what you ſay of the apology. —You tell your readers that you ſuſpect my enmity to the *form of government* under which we live; and add, that this ſuſpicion is increaſed by my publiſhing an *Apology for the old Government of France.* Here you ſtop without ſaying that my intention is to introduce the latter form of government here: however, leſt you ſhould be miſunderſtood, of which you ſeem to have been much afraid, you afterwards revive the ſubject, and, addreſſing yourſelf to me, very gravely and very maliciouſly obſerve, that my "*popularity* is not to be maintained by *recommending* "the old government of France;" thereby intimating that I had actually propoſed the old government of France, which you call the worſt of deſpotiſms, as a ſubſtitute for the federal government of the United States! What a wretched attempt at impoſition! This may well be termed, in your own flag language, "*a low pitiful buſineſs.*"—You beſt know what ſtock of ſtupidity the readers of the Minerva are bleſſed with; but this I am certain of, that the clumſieſt and moſt impudent vagabond juggler never ventured to play off ſo barefaced a deception to the gaping clowns at a country fair.—And were you, could you be, ſo completely infatuated as to hope that any man in his ſenſes, any thing in human ſhape, would become the dupe of your ſpiteful inſinuation? The thing is beyond the compaſs of belief: to attempt to diſprove it would be uſeleſs: to give

it a formal denial, or even to call it a lie, would be doing it too much honour.

After having ſhown the abſurdity, the malice of your pretended ſuſpicions with reſpect to my political principles, you will permit me to aſk you once more, why thoſe ſuſpicions were never awakened till lately?—Many of the men who fought for American independence have been treated, in my writings, with much leſs mercy than Mr. Burke's ſpeech treats La Fayette. Nay, I have never ſpared La Fayette himſelf, when I have had occaſion to ſpeak of him (and that has been very often), either individually, or as a member of the conſtitution-making Aſſembly. And, as to the old government of France, I have often paſſed higher commendations on it than Mr. Gifford does in the extracts you complain of. To be ſure, I never *recommended* it to the people of America, as you ſillily inſinuate I have done in publiſhing thoſe extracts; but I have ventured "to predict, that, ſooner or later, the French "will return to that form of government under "which they were happy, and under which alone "they can ever be ſo again;" and this I did in my *Life and Adventures*.—How came theſe things to eſcape your awful cenſure ſo long? How came you never before to think it your duty to repreſent them as an indication of my enmity to the government and independence of your country? You let me go on uninterrupted, pamphlet after pamphlet, for three whole years; yea, and even applauded my efforts all the time; and now, at laſt, you find me to be a dangerous fellow, and burſt out upon me all at once, like thunder from a ſummer cloud.

In vain would you make me believe that any real ſuſpicion, that any apprehenſion of my inſincerity, has cauſed this change in your conduct towards me. It is poſſible, indeed, and barely poſſible, that your vanity has been unable to ſupport the charge of

vulgar prejudice, and has ſtimulated you to this unmanly mode of revenge. But, are you ſure, Webſter, that *envy*, curſed *envy*, has had nothing to do in the "*low pitiful* buſineſs?" Are you ſure that the hundred and fifty of *Porcupine's Gazettes*, daily ſent to your city, together with thoſe which may probably have ſupplanted yours round your neighbourhood, through New-England, and the Jerſeys; conſult your heart, and tell me if you are ſure that it is not the ſpread of theſe innocent papers, and not any thing which they contain, that has rouſed your lethargic patriotiſm.

It is ever painful to be obliged to think ill, and much more ſo to ſpeak ill, of thoſe that we have been accuſtomed to eſteem, and I ſhould hardly bring myſelf to impute your enmity to ſo diſhonourable a cauſe, were I not well aſſured that the imputation is juſt.

Unfortunately for your reputation, it ſo happens, that you poſſeſs a more ſatisfactory proof of my attachment to the government, than perhaps any other man in the country does. The letter which I wrote you when I requeſted you to publiſh the propoſals for my Gazette (a letter written in the fulleſt confidence), muſt have convinced any man, of a mind not endued with the quality of turning its nutriment to poiſon, that the American government had not a more ſincere, more zealous, or more devoted friend than I. This letter, whatever reluctance I might on any other occaſion feel, to ſuffer its appearance in print, I now call on you to publiſh in your paper; and, if you have one ſingle grain of candour or juſtice left, you will not heſitate to comply with my requeſt.

Here I ſhould cloſe; but there are two or three paſſages more in your Addreſs, which ſo ſtrongly invite attention, that your vanity might, perhaps, take the alarm again were they to paſs totally unnoticed;

noticed; and after having taſted ſo ſeverely of the effects of your wrath, it is not to be wondered at if I feel no inclination to brave it a ſecond time.

You are ſo good as to inform me, "that you "once *voluntarily* bore arms to defend independ- "ence: that in purſuance of the *ſame* principles "you firſt propoſed publicly the plan of a National "Conſtitution; that, perſevering in the ſame prin- "ciples, you aſſailed the monſter *faction*, the mo- "ment it appeared in the inſidious form of popular "clubs; and that, from that moment to this preſent "writing, you have never ceaſed to expoſe the ar- "tifices of the French agents to lay this country "at the feet of France."

How all this got into a letter written about an Engliſh flag I cannot for my ſoul conceive. However, it is *news*, and as ſuch I am, in common with the reſt of the trade, obliged to you for it.

I have read the hiſtory of the American war over and over again, but I do not recollect ever having ſeen the name of *Noah Webſter* in it. That you were not very famous is therefore certain, and it is more than probable that you were looked upon as mere food for powder, a ſituation that, whatever might be the cauſe you were made uſe of in, is nothing at all to boaſt of.

Your being the "*firſt* who publicly propoſed a "National Conſtitution," is a curious anecdote enough; and I cannot ſay but I am glad it is come to light, as it will tend to quaſh, or at leaſt to moderate, the exorbitant pretenſions of that unconſcionable dog Tom Paine, who puts in an abſolute claim to the whole credit of the invention. Tom does, indeed, confeſs, that he was anticipated by one writer on the ſubject, who inſiſted, that *thirteen ſtaves without a hoop would never make a barrel*; and if you can make it out, as I have not the leaſt doubt you can, that you were the real legitimate

author of this ſhrewd and learned obſervation, Tom muſt give way to you, or, at leaſt, you muſt be permitted to come in with him for a ſhare of the honour.

Thus, you ſee, I do not diſpute your pretenſions to military or conſtitution-making ſame: but as to your boldneſs in aſſailing "the monſter FACTION;" as to your "perſeverance and ſucceſs in expoſing "the artifices of the French;" theſe I do diſpute, and not only diſpute, but poſitively deny. You have, indeed, as far as you have found it prudent to go, *latterly* eſpouſed the cauſe of order, and conſequently that of the government; but, to do this with effect, you ſhould have begun long enough before you did, and ſhould have aſſumed a tone that never has been heard from the *Minerva*. At firſt you were a warm partiſan of inſurrection; you were among the abuſers, the calumniators of Burke, and the eulogiſts of Paine. At this epocha you were bold, becauſe you acted with the crowd. When Genet's inſolence awakened the ſuſpicions of the people here, then you began to veer, to ſhuffle, and to trim; and from that time to the preſent moment, you have been playing that double-handed game, which, however profitable you may contrive to make it, entitles you to the character of a Vicar of Bray. If my worthy patron, Bradford, is to be believed, your old friend and *partner in the language trade*, Doctor Franklin, was ſix weeks in Congreſs before any one could divine whether he was a Whig or Tory; and I have frequently been at a loſs to gueſs, ſuch a compound is your politics, whether I ought to claſs you among the Federaliſts or Democrats. If theſe words have any meaning, as applied to you, you are a Democrat in principle, and a Federaliſt for convenience.

Not content with a malignant miſrepreſentation of my motives, and the meaning of my words, you muſt

muſt inſult me with your *advice*. You tell me, that I do not proceed in the right way to preſerve my *popularity*, and caution me againſt publiſhing what is "*direſpectful* to *the opinions of Americans*;" and thus you diſcover a ſervility of mind that would be diſgraceful even in a mendicant. When you form a judgment of me, Maſter Webſter, and of what is likely to produce a change in my conduct, be ſo good as not to conſult your own heart, for it will aſſuredly deceive you. *Popularity* may be your God, as indeed it evidently is; ſo is it not mine. Small is the ſacrifice that I would make at its ſhrine. A volume of the beſt of praiſe is not, with me, worth its weight in bread and cheeſe: and as to the ſtupid plaudits of a partial and prejudiced throng, I ſhould think that they covered me with infamy inſtead of honour.

According to your notions of the liberty of the preſs, a man muſt not publiſh a word againſt La Fayette, though it be extracted from ſome other writer; becauſe, forſooth, "it is extremely *diſre-* "*ſpectful* to the opinions of Americans!" In other words, nothing muſt appear in a newſpaper that does not perfectly chime in with the prevalent prejudice, however prepoſterous that prejudice may be, or however dangerous its tendency; and thus the preſs, in place of a cenſor, is to be a parafite to the public; inſtead of being a terror to evil-doers, it is to be the pander of folly and of vice.

That this has, for a long time, been the character of the American preſs, as far as relates to newſpapers, is but too true. Every one ſeems to have been upon the watch to find out the humour of the public, and to accommodate his ſentiments, and even his news, accordingly: hence it is that we have ſeen hundreds of eulogiums upon Robeſpierre and Marat, and have been ſeriouſly told that the French gained a victory over Lord Howe on the 1ſt of June, 1794. The

motto of our *Philadelphia Gazette*, "*the Public Will* "*our Guide*," would ſuit the whole of you, with a very few exceptions. The people are not told what is their intereſt, but what it is their wiſh, or rather the wiſh of the multitude, to hear. If any one dares to ſpeak what he thinks, to publiſh what he conceives to be uſeful, if it happens to be contrary to the *vulgar prejudice*, he is told that he is *diſreſpectful* to the opinions of Americans.

According to the cant of the day, the people of a ſtate not governed by a monarch, is called the *Sovereign*. For my part, I never hear talk of a *ſovereign people*, of a ſociety, every individual of which is liable to the graſp of a catchpole; I never do or can hear talk of ſuch a *Sovereign* without laughing. But, as ſuch *you* look upon the people: well then, to have an idea of your own ſervility, tell me what you would ſay of a news-printer in England, who ſhould cenſure another for publiſhing ſentiments extremely *diſreſpectful* to the *opinions of the King?* Would you not call him a ſlave, a poor rampant ſpaniel-like ſycophant? And where is the difference, I would be glad to know, between crawling to a ſovereign with one head, and a ſovereign with many?—No, Webſter, your inſinuations that I treat the people of America, or rather their *opinions*, with *diſreſpect*, will never deter me from following the bent of my own inclination. In my publications I hope I ſhall always be guided by truth: how few I may pleaſe, or how many I may diſpleaſe, is to me a matter of very little moment. I entertain, I truſt, a due reſpect for the real people of this country, and a grateful ſenſe of the liberal encouragement I have received from them; but neither this reſpect nor this gratitude will ever lead me ſo far as to flatter what I look upon as a foible or a prejudice. I have no pretenſions to *patriotiſm*; and as to *diſintereſtedneſs*, it is nonſenſe to talk of it; but though gain be one principal

principal object of my labours, I ſcorn to purſue it by the baſe means of trimming and truckling. No, Webſter, the public will is not my guide; when my readers become ſo unreaſonable as to require a ſuppreſſion of every ſentiment that does not accord with their own, I will quit the trade of a newſmonger, hire a garret, write Carmagnole ballads for the diverſion of the ſovereign people, and elegies on the departed liberty of the preſs.

You conclude by declaring your reſolution to annoy me "by all thoſe decent and legal means that "diſtinguiſh the *gentleman* and the *citizen*." This I highly approve of, and on my part I ſolemnly promiſe to oppoſe your annoyance by all thoſe decent and legal means that diſtinguiſh the Porcupine; that is, by pricking you every where, and in every way that I can come at you. After this candid declaration, you will undoubtedly look upon me as

Your moſt humble
and obedient Servant,
P. P.

MONDAY, 27th MARCH.

Statement of the Diſtribution of the Britiſh Naval Force, to 31ſt December, 1797, excluſive of the hired armed Veſſels, which are chiefly employed in protecting the coaſting Trade of Great Britain.

	Line	50's	Fri.	Sps.	Tot.
In port and fitting -	33	4	40	86	163
Guard-ſhips, hoſpital-ſhips, and priſon-ſhips at the ſeveral ports -	13	1	3	0	17
In the Engliſh and Iriſh channels - -	23	3	32	34	92
In the Downs and North ſeas - - -	9	1	11	14	35
Carried forward	78	9	86	134	207

Brought

	Line	50's	Fri.	Sps.	Tot.
Brought forward	78	9	86	134	207
At the Weſt India iſlands and on the paſſage -	15	2	29	20	66
At Jamaica - -	3	1	4	5	13
In America and at Newfoundland - -	1	1	9	5	16
Eaſt Indies and on the paſſage - - -	8	4	17	8	37
Coaſt of Africa - -	0	0	1	1	2
Gibraltar and Mediterranean - - -	19	1	34	11	65
Total in commiſſion	124	18	180	184	506
Receiving ſhips - -	9	1	4	0	14
Serviceable and repairing for ſervice - -	6	0	3	1	10
In ordinary - -	11	4	23	56	94
Building - - -	22	3	9	0	30
Total	172	26	219	241	658

State of the Ordinary at each Port.

Portſmouth - -	14	2	13	21	50
Plymouth - - -	9	1	7	9	26
Chatham - - -	6	2	2	1	11
Sheerneſs - - -	0	0	4	6	10
River - - -	0	0	4	17	21
Total	29	5	30	54	118

Look at this and weep, Sans-culottes! Here is thunder enough to ſend you all to the ſhades, in the courſe of this very war.—Let Mr. Bache now ſtand forth with his French navy, and dare us to a compariſon, as he did in 1793.

Wilcocks's Contraſt between the Conduct of the American Government and that of France.—" At the commencement

mencement of the French revolution, and uniformly from thence to almoſt the preſent period, the people of America, however diſtinguiſhed by party, exulted at the proſpect of the emancipation of millions of men from the galling yoke of ſlavery, and manifeſting by civic feaſts, the ringing of bells, and the ſound of cannon—their rapturous joy at the victories of the new republicans over the vaſt combination of their enemies.

" When Citizen Genet arrived at Charleſton, ſeveral hundred miles from the ſeat of government, and excited and commiſſioned our citizens to war againſt nations with whom we were in a ſtate of peace, and for which the Governor of South Carolina was bound in duty by all the laws of nations and common ſenſe to hang him, without the forms of trial, at the moſt convenient tree; he was nevertheleſs treated with unbounded hoſpitality and friendſhip.

" After having acted thus, and, in all his tour from Charleſton to Philadelphia, having excited a ſpirit of hoſtility and folly in our citizens—after having by ſuch conduct inſulted and degraded the dignity of our Chief Magiſtrate, our government, and all the people—he was received at head-quarters with a fraternal ſqueeze, and affiliated with all his treaſon into the very boſom of the great and too good Waſhington. Whereas, had the juſtifiable reſentment of the people been exerciſed, he would have been ſuſpended at a lamp-poſt, or immediately have been tranſported to his native land.

" When the ſame miniſter afterwards in various ways abuſed our government, and endeavoured by many means to excite a ſpirit of jealouſy or inſurrection in the people againſt their own legitimate rulers, inſtead of being torn to pieces by the populace, which he juſtly merited, or being ſent home by the Preſident, or even ſuſpended, he was allowed the

the plenary exercise of his diplomatic functions, until recalled by his masters; receiving no chastisement but such as fell from the pens of a few independent and honest Americans.

"When Mr. Fauchet was fanning the fire of civil war and rebellion in conjunction with a set of villains, whom some have the folly and wickedness to class among the patriots of America, he was courted as the virtuous representative of the immaculate Republic.

"When Mr. Adet, the present suspended minister, was employing his agents to persuade the people of the western country to separate themselves from their brethren of the United States, and form an unnatural and treasonous coalition with Frenchmen, he also lived unsuspected among us as one of our brethren. And although he betrayed his cloven foot by another insidious attempt to set up the people against their government, he is suffered to live in quiet amongst us, and retire with whole bones to the land of violence and intrigue.

"Whilst the British were plundering us, and the French were swindling us, our President granted the latter more than they could expect by treaty. And like *more than honest* men, whilst our good allies were thus cheating us, we paid them a million of dollars before they became due.

"The French wanted us to engage in their war —we courted peace—for this at one time they flattered us, and at another time bullied us. And finally, because we made peace with England, and they have got all the money we owed them, and at least forty millions besides, by plundering, they have boldly now thrown away the mask of treachery and deceit, and have commenced with a high hand the most unprovoked and cruel hostilities against our property, and the lives and liberties of our brave defenceless seamen.

"For all these insults and immense losses, our government

vernment has been as harmleſs as lambs—nay, more harmleſs ſtill, for they have not only proſtrated themſelves to be bit and torn to pieces by theſe dogs, but have ſcarcely uttered a murmur or a groan. "Humiliating, ſoul-ſinking reflection! I would forget that I am an American; I am aſhamed of the character; it once was honourable.

"Rouſed, however, at laſt by the deadly ſhafts directed at our vitals, our government was induced to ſend the olive-branch by a meſſenger of peace, barely to aſk for juſtice, and require only a diſcuſſion of grievances. The proud and indignant five-headed monſter, the Directory, more unjuſt and inſolent than Nero, or the tyrant of Syracuſe, treat the repreſentative of the *only freemen on earth*, with contempt and ignominy; afraid to hear the truth, and too villanous to do juſtice, they not only refuſe to recognize Mr. Pinckney, as ambaſſador, but will not even receive from him a line; they ſubject him to inſult and impriſonment from the ruffians of police; they put his life in jeopardy. Whilſt they are robbing us on the high ſeas, they refuſe to hear even our complaints; they reject the ambaſſador of peace with the moſt inſolent contempt, contrary to all uſage of civilized nations, their own practice at this very moment with an open enemy, and every principle of common ſenſe, juſtice, and neceſſity. Yet theſe are our magnanimous, dear friends and allies! 'Such then is the contraſt between Ameri-'cans and Frenchmen!'

"That they may be defeated in Italy, and upon the Upper Rhine, and upon the Lower Rhine, and all the world over, until they are duly chaſtiſed for their infamous abuſe of the *honeſt republicans* of America and Europe—for their unheard-of crimes and murders, and for their departure from the avowed principles they ſet out upon, is the fervent hope of W. WILCOCKS."

Porcupine's Remarks on Wilcocks's Contraſt.—Sir, your *Contraſt* is certainly a ſtriking one, and a number of ſhameful facts it will undoubtedly bring to the memory of your countrymen. But, Sir, it contains a contradiction or two, which, from your warmth in the cauſe of republicaniſm, you ſeem to have overlooked, and on which, as I am not quite ſo warm, I ſhall make a few remarks.

You ſay, and with great truth, 1. That the people of America, of all parties, have decidedly and uniformly eſpouſed the cauſe of France, and have *manifeſted their joy at her victories over her enemies*, by every poſſible mode of expreſſing joy. 2. You as juſtly obſerve, that Genet commiſſioned your citizens to *make war upon the enemies of France* (though neutrals to you); that he did this unchecked by the Governor of South Carolina; and that, after this his conduct was known, he was received at the ſeat of the general government with a fraternal ſqueeze, and affiliated, with all his treaſons, into the very boſom of the *great* and *too good* Waſhington. 3. You ſay that at the very time when the French were ſwindling this country, *the Preſident granted them more than they could expect by treaty.* And, 4. You tell us, that *the federal government paid them a million of dollars before they became due.*

Now, Sir, whether all the treaſons of Genet were abſolutely affiliated (by which I preſume you mean *infuſed)* into the very boſom of General Waſhington, and whether ſuch affiliation, or infuſion, proves the General to be a *great* and *too good* a man, is not for me to determine: neither ſhall I inquire why you did not cite many other inſtances of impolitic and unjuſt partiality towards France; but, Sir, you will give me leave to aſſure you, that, whether you know it or not, you have brought forward four diſtinct acts, each of which was a *breach of ſtrict neutrality*, and conſequently either of which would have warranted

warranted a declaration of war againſt America, on the part of Great Britain. There is, then, a manifeſt *contradiction* in your firſt making this acknowledgment, and then ſtigmatizing the *ſeizure* of your veſſels by the Britiſh, by the word "*plundering*;" that ſeizure being no more than a *meaſure of precaution*, which the conduct of America impoſed on them.

The other contradiction that I have alluded to, ſhall not detain us long.—After having deſcribed the *humiliation* of America with an energy and preciſion peculiar to your pen; after having declared, that the people and government have gone all lengths, lawful and unlawful, to flatter and to keep well with the deſpots of Paris; after having aſſerted that your government *proſtrated* themſelves to be bit and torn to pieces by theſe dogs, without uttering ſcarcely a murmur or a groan; after having, in ſhort, deſcribed your countrymen as the moſt degraded and abject wretches, you are ſo unreaſonable as to complain, that their envoy has been received with contempt and ignominy, and you are ſo *contradictory* as to call this envoy, "the repreſentative of the ONLY FREEMEN ON EARTH!"

I ſhall not detain you to hear me remark on the *inſolence* of this aſſertion, as applied to the other nations of the earth; nor ſhall I mortify you by laughing at the *freemen*, who have "*proſtrated themſelves to be bit and torn to pieces, without a murmur or a groan*;" but ſhall take my leave of you with obſerving, that as you ſeem to wiſh to ſee the French chaſtiſed for their abuſe of "honeſt *republicans*" only, you will not think it unnatural if there ſhould be others, who with them chaſtiſed for quite another reaſon.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, 28th MARCH.

Impartial Newſpapers.—Theſe are a ſpecies of publications that few people are ſilly enough to be taken in by; yet it does ſometimes happen, that by profeſſing impartiality, and obſerving it for a ſhort ſpace of time, the conductor, or conductors, make ſhift to catch the ſtraggling gulls. Bradford's paper, or rather the aſſociation paper printed at Bradford's, ſet our with ſuch a ſilver tongue, and ſo meek and ſo placid a mien, that you would have ſworn the conductors were Quakers; not fighting, ſwearing, drinking, buckiſh, rakiſh Quakers, ſuch as we ſometimes ſee in this enlightened age, but Quakers of the good old ſtamp, deſtitute of every ornament but that of virtue. In this guiſe, or rather diſguiſe, it was that the Merchant's Advertiſer made its appearance. It was to be perfectly impartial, to ſteer clear of the virulence of party, and, indeed, it was to avoid all political diſcuſſion of whatever nature. No lies, I'll warrant you, were to come out of its pious mouth; no, nor any exhortations to domeſtic inſurrection, by applauding the conduct of the inſurgents and traitors of Great Britain and Ireland, and by ſinging forth the praiſes of the uſurpers of France. "Is it poſſible (exclaimed the public, when the firſt paper appeared), is it poſſible that any thing good can come out of Nazareth? Can thiſtles bear roſes, or can honey drop from the poiſonous upas?" Had I been called upon to anſwer theſe queſtions, I ſhould certainly have done it in the negative; I was fully perſuaded that it was to be, in every ſenſe of the term, a French paper, and ſuch it has this day proved itſelf. The divan of Turkey, it tells us, is in ſtrict friendſhip with the divan of France; the Auſtrians are obliged to retire from the Rhine; Mantua muſt ſurrender ſoon, very ſoon now; the Kings of Sardinia

Sardinia and Pruſſia are going to join the ſans-culottes; the Engliſh have not yet got ſafe poſſeſſion of the Cape of Good Hope; their affairs in the Eaſt Indies are in a very dangerous ſituation; Great Britain has a good many ſhips of war, to be ſure; but (now let us hear this but), "but, a battle fought, "and obſtinately diſputed by the brave united fleets, "even though the Britiſh ſhould be the victor, "would be a deadly blow to the ſecurity of the "Britiſh power."—There the ſans-culotte ſtands expoſed. He has been ſtripping, rag by rag, till at laſt he appears in all his natural naked deformity.

WEDNESDAY, 29th MARCH.

PICTURE OF FRANCE IN 1794,

In a Letter from a Gentleman in Switzerland, to his Friend in America.

Lauſanne (Switzerland), Feb. 24th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM juſt returned from a very intereſting tour, and will employ the few moments I remain in this place, in giving you a ſhort, and probably a very imperfect ſketch of it. In my laſt, I mentioned having a letter from the Marquis de la Fayette to his wife. I had, without conſideration, undertaken to forward it to Mr. Morris, our miniſter at Paris; but on reflection, I was ſtruck with the impropriety of encloſing him a letter from a man whoſe name alone was treaſon in France, and at a period when all letters were opened, and when the ſlighteſt and moſt innocent correſpondence with emigrants continually brought numbers to the guillotine. I en-

deavoured both at Lauſanne and at Geneva, to find ſome perſon going into France, who would promiſe to deliver it; but I eaſily perceived there was no one who would expoſe himſelf to ſuch a riſk. In this ſituation, the intereſt I felt for the character who wrote the letter, and a deſire of ſeeing France at a period ſo critical, induced me, though ſtill indiſpoſed, to reſolve on being the bearer of it myſelf. I applied to Citoyen Soulavie, the French reſident at Geneva, for a paſſport. He told me the one I had from Mr. Pinckney was better than any he could give me, but that in a time of revolutions the mereſt trifle might irritate the people; and with my Engliſh accent and appearance, he thought it adviſable to give up entirely the idea of going to Paris. Not ſatisfied with his advice, I determined to apply to higher authority, and to wait on a *Repreſentant du peuple* *, who had lately arrived in the department bordering on Switzerland. The curious accounts I had heard of this man made me deſirous of ſeeing him; and I was fortunate enough to meet him a few days afterwards at Verſoy. A *Repreſentant du peuple* is a ſort of viceroy, choſen in the boſom of the Convention, and ſent into the departments by the *Comité de Salut Publique* †, with the power to kill, burn, and deſtroy, at the riſk of loſing his own head at his return. I was uſhered into a room, where this animal was ſurrounded by his officers: his dreſs was curious—a *bonnet rouge* ‡ with the motto, "*Liberté, Egalité, &c.*" a woollen jacket and trowſers, an enamelled *bonnet de la Liberté* § tied round his neck, with the tri-coloured riband, and a card with his name, "Gouly," hung

* A member of the Convention.
† Committee of Public Safety.
‡ Red cap. § Liberty cap.

at his button-hole as a member of the Jacobin Club; his hair cut ſhort, and without powder. I was received with "*Que veux tu mon frere*?*"—"To know whether I could ſafely go to Paris under the protection of a paſſport from the American miniſter in London."—"*Ce n'eſt pas mon affaire, va au Comité de Surveillance*†." The preſident of this committee proved to be an uncle to the Profeſſor Pictet, of Geneva.—He was pleaſed to find that I was acquainted with his relation, ſhowed me much politeneſs, ſigned my paſſports, and when I aſked him what the repreſentant had done ſince his arrival, he whiſpered me in the ear, "*Il a tout changé—Les gens riches ſont arrêtés. Ceux qui etaient en place ne le ſont plus; mon ami, c'eſt la fin du monde qui va arriver*‡." In the mean time the Citoyen Gouly ſent to inform him that he would anſwer with his head for what he was about—that many agents of the infamous Pitt had been detected in France with American paſſports. Inſtead of "*Mon ami*" from my friend the Preſident, it was now, "*Ah ſcelerat, on te mettra dans la rattiére* §," and I was on the point of being hurried to priſon. I inſiſted on ſeeing the repreſentant, gained admittance, and ſo perfectly ſatisfied him reſpecting my being an American, that he inſiſted on my dining with him.—He put his ſeal of office to my paſſport, and told me I might now go to Paris without fear. The ſcene that ſucceeded was curious; ſervant and maſter, officer and ſoldier, all ſat down to table together, with

* What doſt thou want, brother?

† That is none of my buſineſs; get thee to the Committee of Superintendance.

‡ He has changed every thing; the rich are impriſoned, all who were in office are diſmiſſed; ah, my friend! the end of the world is at hand.

§ Ah wretch, thou ſhalt be put in the rat-trap.

their hats on. Gouly gave us an account of the deſcent that was ſoon to take place on England, and that in two months time he it was that would be ſent to deſtroy Carthage, and to cut off the heads of George and of Pitt. He declared that we had treated the Citoyen Genet very ill, that he had been joined by the true patriots, but that Hamilton and his ſet were ſold to Pitt. I obſerved, that though traitors were very eaſily to be found in ſome countries of Europe, I flattered myſelf that America had not yet gone to that degree of corruption, and that the repreſentative of a nation ſhould never adopt any party. He then gave us a diſſertation on the bleſſings of *Liberté, Egalité*, and *Fraternité*, ſwore that the people in the departments into which he was ſent were all ariſtocrats or egotiſts; that they had no *eſprit revolutionaire*; but before he left them, with the aſſiſtance of the guillotine, they ſhould be "*bien montés, à la hauteur des circonſtances**." I got up to take my leave, and was not a little ſurpriſed at his throwing his arms around my neck, and giving me the *baiſer fraternel:* this was an unfortunate compliment for me; it gave me ſo much conſequence in the eyes of the people, that before I got out of Verſoy I was kiſſed by the mayor and all the municipality. The day after, I ſet out on my journey to Paris, and, notwithſtanding the ridiculous ſcene I had been witneſs to, I flattered myſelf that I ſhould return with many arguments to ſupport my favourite opinion, "that after all their follies, and the horrors they had committed, the French would end by rendering themſelves not only feared but reſpected."

I left Nyon on the 10th of January, but my chaiſe breaking down on the top of the Jura, I was ex-

* Well ſcrewed up to the height of exiſting circumſtances.

poſed for near two days to the moſt inclement weather at a ſmall village called Les Rouſſes, the firſt French poſt in Franche Compté. I found here a great degree of tranquillity: they were happy in having the Swiſs for their neighbours, and in the protection of their mountains. At Dijon, Auxerre, Sens, &c. the *eſprit revolutionaire* was in full force. Croſſes were broken, chapels burnt, many churches entirely deſtroyed, and thoſe that remained had ſome part or other torn down; the celebrated convent of the Chartreux, near Dijon, a heap of ruins; all the bells collected together to be turned into cannon; every houſe with the tri-coloured banner at the window, and the motto, "*Lib. Ega. &c. &c.*" on the door; chaiſes, waggons, carts, all with their little flags; the cap of Liberty ſculptured on the mile-ſtones, and the national colours painted even on the trees that line the great road to Paris. I had frequently been conducted by the guard to the *Comité de Surveillance*, but had never met with any detention. On my arrival, however, at Ponthieny, about thirty miles from Paris, my fears began to increaſe, and I was agreeably ſurpriſed to hear that Saint Port, the country reſidence of Mr. Morris, was juſt oppoſite on the other ſide of the Seine. I was happy in getting under the protection of his roof, and determined to wait for his advice before I proceeded. The next day I received a polite note from him, informing me that I ſhould meet with no difficulties; and on the 20th I entered Paris for the firſt time. Inſtead of the noiſe and buſtle I expected, there was a dead calm; the road appeared deſerted, and not a carriage was to be ſeen in the ſtreets.—I waited on Mr. Morris, and heard with regret that Madame de la Fayette was confined near her country-ſeat in the ſouth of France, with circumſtances even of *cruelty and indecency*. He had made a private application in her

favour to the Miniſter for Foreign Affairs, and was anſwered, "That ſhe was fortunate in being ſo far from Paris, and that the greateſt ſervice her friends could render her, would be never to mention her name."

He ſmiled at my obſervations reſpecting the French revolution, and ſaid he would leave me to form my opinion from experience.

I began by attending regularly the debates of the Convention. I entered the tribune for the firſt time, with that reſpect one naturally feels at the idea of ſeeing the rulers of a great nation. I found the Preſident ringing his bell with all his might—half a dozen members ſpeaking at the ſame time, and when they could not be heard from the chair, they attacked each other. It proved to be a quarrel reſpecting a member who had been denounced. The figures of the Roman worthies ornamented the walls; the buſts of Brutus, Le Pelletier, and Marat, ſurrounded the Preſident's chair; oppoſite was a large thing like a trunk; it was the *Ark of the Covenant*, covered with tri-coloured ribands. I had an opportunity ſome days afterwards of ſeeing on the place of the Baſtile a great ſtone figure of Liberty, and an immenſe trough, out of which the deputies drank large draughts of water to the *goddeſs*, on the adoption of their laſt conſtitution. There was a poor fellow who narrowly eſcaped being guillotined for obſerving, that no doubt many wiſhed it was wine.

The National Convention I ſoon perceived to be a *farce*; of the ſeven hundred and forty-nine members of whom it was firſt compoſed, one hundred and fifty-five had either given in their diſmiſſions, were guillotined, confined, aſſaſſinated, or taken priſoners: two hundred and twenty-eight form the ſeventeen different committees for the tranſaction of buſineſs; a conſiderable number are ſent into the depart-

departments, and thoſe who ſit in the Convention, appear to meet merely for the purpoſe of giving an *apparent ſanction* to the meaſures of the *Comité de Salut Publique*. The Preſident is continually engaged in receiving addreſſes, patriotic donations, and in giving the honours of the ſitting, and the *baiſer fraternel*. I was witneſs to a laughable ſcene of this kind; a deputation from St. Domingo entered the hall; it conſiſted of a *white* man, a *mulatto*, and a *negro*. La Croix moved that the circumſtance ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by the *accolade** of the Preſident. The *white* man firſt flew into his arms, and was embraced moſt tenderly—the *mulatto* was hugged with ſtill more affection—but when he came to the *negro*, had it been a *miſtreſs*, he could not have preſſed her more ardently—*there was no end to the kiſſes that were given and received amidſt the repeated applauſes of the Convention and the tribunes*. The next day they voted the *emancipation of the ſlaves*, and declared, that they would form with *all negroes and mulattoes* a "TRI-COLOURED COALITION, which would ſoon deſtroy the combined powers of ariſtocracy and tyranny." An *old negro wench*, who was in one of the tribunes, thought this ſo fine, that ſhe fainted away; ſhe was immediately brought into the boſom of the Convention—the members crowded round her, and again fell a-kiſſing not only the negroes, but each other.

I next attended the Jacobin Club; they met about ſeven o'clock, but the tribunes were filled before ſix, with the vileſt collection of people I think I ever ſaw, moſtly women and children. The ſitting opened by reading the proces verbal† of the preceding evening, by which it appeared that a deputation of blacks had been received moſt fraternally,

* Embrace. † Journals.

and that it had unanimouſly decreed that a flag ſhould be hung over the chair of the Preſident, on which ſhould be a negro, a mulatto, and a Frenchman holding up together the banner tri-coloured. Some bad verſes were afterwards read in favour of the *Mountain*, made by a woman, who attended the debates; and to this ſucceeded the *epuration** of the members. The queſtions aſked on this occaſion are, "Where were you on the tenth of Auguſt?"—"How did you vote in the caſe of Marat?"—"Were you ever a banker or an *agent de change* †?" Among others that were to be examined, was one Chambertoy: as ſoon as he began his anſwer, a blackguard-looking fellow who was ſitting next me, got up, and bawled out for the "*parole* ‡"—he ſwore that Chambertoy was a raſcal and an ariſtocrat; another declared him to be as much of a patriot as the King of Pruſſia; Chambertoy ſaid a few words, when a woman got up behind him, and gave him the lie in plain terms. The moſt violent noiſe and uproar ſucceeded, and I was convinced that Chambertoy would be turned out; at length a child of about thirteen or fourteen years old, a member of the club, mounted the tribune, made a long ſpeech, obſerved that no perſon ſhould be condemned without being heard, and gained Chambertoy an opportunity of making his defence; he proved that he was one of the party who propoſed the events of the tenth of Auguſt (for they now conſider as the greateſt merit in themſelves, what they attributed to their King as the greateſt crime): he ſhowed a wound he had received at the Thuilleries, and was re-admitted with unbounded applauſe.—I was indebted afterwards to my being taken for an Engliſhman, for the pleaſure of ſeeing Robeſpierre—they were ſatisfied on my ſhowing a certificate from Mr. Morris, ſigned by the

* Purification. † Broker. ‡ The right to ſpeak.

Miniſter

Miniſter for Foreign Affairs, and made way for a "brave American."—I had thus an opportunity of approaching very near Robeſpierre at the Jacobin Club. He is a little man, very pale and thin, decently dreſſed, in general; a light-coloured great coat, and powder in his hair, much the appearance of a pettyfogging attorney: he was liſtened to with great attention, and brings out his words with an almoſt affected ſloweneſs, while every other perſon ſpeaks with violent paſſion. They diſtributed in the tribunes* a moſt ridiculous eſſay on the Engliſh conſtitution; when one Brichet got up and moved, that the Club, before it debated the great queſtion of a deſcent into England, and the vices of the Britiſh government, ſhould occupy itſelf in deſtroying the "toads that had crawled up the Mountain," and that at leaſt thirty members of the Convention ſhould be guillotined. Robeſpierre obſerved, that he was an *intrigant* and an *ultra-revolutionaire*†, and moved that he ſhould be turned out; which was immediately decreed: a friend of Brichet got up to take his part; Robeſpierre moved that he ſhould ſhare the ſame fate, and turned him out alſo.

Frequently on leaving the Convention, I paſſed through the garden of the Thuilleries to the Place de la Revolution, in order to get there after the executions had taken place, and was once or twice ſo unfortunate as to be a witneſs of them. It is out of my power, my dear friend, to give you a competent idea of this ſcene. Near the door of the Convention you ſee two men with great fur caps and long beards, reading to the people the crimes of the Kings of France, and abuſing them all, from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. A little further is a woman ſinging patriotic ſongs, and giving leſſons of morality; on

* The gallery. † One who goes beyond revolutionary limits.

the

the other ſide is a man preaching againſt Jeſus Chriſt. Every where you are peſtered with journals, and the productions of Père du Chêne and Camille Deſmoulins. At the entrance of the gardens are two *reſtauratives** filled with people *eating, drinking, and laughing :—oppoſite is the guillotine,* and ten yards from it is a puppet-ſhow, where Punch is guillotined! Here you ſee figures dancing on wires, there an exhibition of pictures, and a calf born with a national cockade on its forehead—a crowd of women, and a collection of dogs immediately under the guillotine; children peeping into the hampers that hold the bodies, and men ſelling the names of thoſe who have juſt ſuffered, and crying out, "*Venez demain, n'y manquez pas, vous en aurez pluſieurs, vous aurez des femmes* †. It is difficult to ſay which are moſt mad, the ſpectators or the ſufferers. I have heard people in the ſtreets obſerve to each other, "*Où allons nous, voulez vous aller au caffé ou à la guillotine* ‡?" I have ſeen women go to be executed, as if to an entertainment, chattering and paying compliments to each other, even at the ſcaffold; ſome laughing, cry, "*Vive la République!*" The people call for the head, to ſee whether it ſtill ſmiles. But what adds the greateſt horror to the ſcene, is the gaiety that reigns on every countenance!

I attended many of the trials at the *Tribunal Revolutionaire*; you there find the forms of juſtice, but none of the reality. It conſiſts of two courts, the *Salle de la Liberté*, and the *Salle de l'Egalité*; each compoſed of three judges, beſides the preſident and an *accuſateur public*—all dreſſed in black gowns,

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* Eating-houſes, or ordinaries.

† Come again to-morrow, don't fail; you'll have ſeveral more, you'll have ſome women guillotined.

‡ Where ſhall we go? Will you go to the coffee-houſe or to the guillotine?

and

and black feathers in their hats ; round their necks a national riband, to which hangs a gold medal.— The jury conſiſts of ten perſons. The clerk reads the accuſation ; the witneſſes are examined ; the accuſed is aſked if he has any thing to ſay for himſelf ; the *accuſateur public* ſpeaks, and is anſwered by the defender choſen by the priſoner ; the preſident declares the debate to be finiſhed. The accuſed is carried out, the jury give in the verdict, and the accuſed is brought back to hear his ſentence ; if he is condemned, he wiſhes the company a good morning, and goes away to be executed within twenty-four hours. If he is acquitted, he embraces the whole court ; ſome of the ſpectators are pleaſed when this happens to be the caſe, but I heard others ſay, " *Je n'aime pas les voir echapper à la guillotine**;" not only the judges, and the *accuſateurs publics*, but the jury alſo, are nominated by the Convention, that is, by the *Comité de Salut Publique*, and you may eaſily conceive the ſpirit which they receive ; accuſer, judge, and jury, all appear anxious to find the priſoner guilty; and if he is noble, or has property, he is almoſt ſure of being condemned.

Paris is perfectly quiet! One part is a deſert, the other is plunged into the profoundeſt apathy ; and no where is there ſo little appearance of intereſt in the affairs of France as in its own capital. There are from ſixteen to twenty ſpectacles (theatres) every evening, and once each decade all the theatres are opened gratis to the populace, when ſome patriotic piece is given. The guillotine was the ſpectacle generally the beſt attended ; but to render the piece ſufficiently amuſing, and wind up the *eſprit revolutionaire*, they are obliged at times to execute women, or ſome remarkable character. There are a ſet of

* I don't like to ſee them eſcape from the guillotine.

people

people paid to attend the Convention, the Jacobin Club, the *Tribunal Revolutionaire*, and the guillotine, to keep up an appearance of popularity.

There is no truth of which I am ſo perfectly convinced, as that the great majority of the people in France are already againſt the revolution, and would be happy to change, for any government whatever, the horrid tyranny under which they ſuffer. One of the members of the *Comité de Salut Publique* has been heard to ſay, "We know that nine out of ten are againſt us; but the tenth man ſhall make the other nine march *." A preſident of a Jacobin Club not far from Paris, has whiſpered to me, "*Un roi foible eſt un fleau* †;" and I have never had an opportunity of converſing with any perſon above the loweſt claſs, who did not execrate the tyrants of the day. In the mean time the military diſpoſition of the French, the attention which is paid to the army, the unlimited powers of the *Comité de Salut Publique*, and the immenſe riches on which they have ſeized, will give the ruling faction the means of making the ſtrongeſt reſiſtance, and it is poſſible they may involve in their own deſtruction the ruin of all France. There was a time when, beſides the Vendée, Bourdeaux, Toulon, Marſeilles, Lyons, Straſburg, were all for a counter-revolution; and had the combined powers, inſtead of the deteſtable policy of diſmembering France, been ſeriouſly occupied with the idea of putting Louis XVII. on the throne, it might have been effected. The Vendée was left to be deſtroyed by numbers, after giving repeated proofs of the moſt aſtoniſhing bravery. Bourdeaux was on the point of declaring, but the Mayor, who was a man of property, heſi-

* Preciſely the declaration of M'Kean, at the epoch when the American independence was declared. P. PORCUPINE.

† A *weak* king is a ſcourge.

tated;

tated; Lyons became a leſſon, Bourdeaux eſcaped, but the Mayor was guillotined. Marſeilles ſtill ſuffers under the wrath of the Convention; Lyons, though obliged to adopt the language of the day, fought for royalty; ſhe expected aſſiſtance, but was cruelly diſappointed. Straſburg offered itſelf to General Wurmſer, if he would accept it for Louis XVII. His orders were to take it for his maſter; in the mean time the repreſentatives of the people entered the city, and guillotined all who were ſuſpected. The opportunity has been neglected, and humanity ſhudders at the approach of the next campaign. For two years paſt it has been expected, and even wiſhed by ſome, that the want of proviſions would put an end to the exertions of France. Thoſe who entertained ſuch hopes did not reflect that the army would be the laſt to ſuffer, and the innocent the firſt victims. The papers mentioned but five thouſand four hundred and fifty perſons; but I know from good authority, that there are at leaſt fifteen thouſand confined at Paris, and thoſe who are arreſted in the departments may amount to about two hundred and fifty thouſand. Would not theſe, as the "*bouches inutiles**," be the firſt ſacrificed? In ſome places already, the ſoldiers receive good bread, while the people are obliged to eat that which is made of potatoes and bran. The proſpects of a famine in France were probably never more ſerious than at the preſent moment, and the French may ſuffer greatly before their harveſt; but they will not ſtarve. In many cantons the bread is good, and cheaper than in Switzerland; in Paris it is bad, but is ſold at the maximum; in ſome few places the wheat was expended: the occaſion of this difference is, that all grain remains in requiſition in each

* Uſeleſs mouths.

canton-

canton—wheat is in general ſcarce. I have ſeen ſome of the people laugh at their own wants, and cry "*Il n'y a point de miſére en France**," and when I have aſked the poſtilion which was the beſt inn at the place I was going to, he anſwered with the greateſt levity, "*Il y en a deux, mais on n'a pas de pain*"—"*Et que fait on alors?*"—"*On ſe chauffe* †!" There is one circumſtance, which after much inquiry I found to be certain, that in the department through which I paſſed, there was as much corn planted as at any former period.

I went to Paris by the northern road, and returned by Nevers, Moulins, and Lyons. At the firſt of theſe places many of the populace were intoxicated, and I could hardly get any perſon to examine my paſſport; they had juſt taken up about ſeventy prieſts; theſe unfortunate men had *conformed* to all the decrees of the Convention; ſome of them were married—*many were old, and ſome invalids*; they were crowded with great inhumanity on board a batteau to be ſent to Breſt. I aſked one of thoſe who attended, "what was to be done with them?"—"I believe," ſaid he, "*they are going to drown them*"—*this they call the New Baptiſm of Prieſts.* Moulins was formerly famous for its manufactories in cutlery; its commerce was deſtroyed, as well as that of every other city in France. But imagination cannot conceive the miſerable ſituation of Lyons; all that was beautiful in building, rich in commerce, or reſpectable in inhabitants, is totally deſtroyed: the *Place de Belle Cour*, formerly one of the moſt beautiful in the world, does not exiſt; the noble range of buildings near the Rhone, a heap of ruins; and the duſt that ariſes from the houſes they

* There is no miſery in France.

† "There are two, but there's no bread."—"What do people do in that caſe?"—"They warm themſelves."

continue

continue to demoliſh, renders the air almoſt ſuffocating. *They had juſt torn to pieces ſixty perſons with grape-ſhot*; the bodies were afterwards ſtripped by *women and children*, with the utmoſt degree of indecency. The guillotine had been illuminated on the anniverſary of the King's execution. It had cut off twenty-eight perſons the day before my arrival, and was again prepared. Adjoining to it is the grand *Autel de la patrie**, where there are fêtes every decade. I went into the Hotel de Ville to get my paſſport examined; I was ſurrounded by officers—here a crowd were waiting to be *married*, there they were waiting to be *divorced*. I ſaw a *burial:* the corpſe was on a bier, half uncovered, with the *bonnet rouge* on the head: all thoſe who attended had their heads ornamented in the ſame manner, and followed the body ſinging the Carmagnolé. The executions at Lyons had already amounted to above three thouſand perſons, and to thoſe who ſpoke of mercy, the *repreſentans* had anſwered, "that there were ten thouſand more to ſuffer." There are two tribunals continually employed in condemning, the "*Commiſſion Militaire*" and the "*Tribunal Populaire*;" and women have been tied to the guillotine to be witneſſes of the execution of their huſbands, merely for having ſolicited their pardon. I was obliged to remain at Lyons near two days, from the difficulty of getting horſes, and was happy to get out of it, and relieve my eyes from ſuch a ſcene of horror and madneſs. The great inſtigator of all the cruelties that are committed in this unfortunate city is Collot d'Herbois †; this man was not long ago an inferior comedian, and has often acted at the theatres of Lyons and Geneva; he was the preſident of the

* Altar of the country.

† This is the monſter who moved in the Convention the abolition of royalty.

committee

committee that formed the laſt conſtitution, at preſent heads that party which is called by ſome *Ultra-revolutionaire*; and as the people here always join thoſe who go to the greateſt exceſſes, it is probable that Collot d'Herbois, Hebert, the author of the Pere du Chêne, and their ſet, may treat Robeſpierre and the Marats as they did the Briſſotines. When any man gets to the top of power, he naturally feels himſelf ſomewhat intereſted in the welfare of the country, and unwillingly adopts moderation as one of the means of increaſing his popularity. Robeſpierre wiſhed to have a motion paſſed, for liberating all thoſe who had been arreſted without any grounds of accuſation, the number of whom you may eaſily conceive to be very great, when for ſome time every perſon who denounced another, received one hundred livres. Such however was the clamour, that he was obliged to abandon the idea. He next, without appearing himſelf, ſet Camille Deſmoulins to write againſt the violent party: he begins by declaring himſelf a votary of the *divine Marat*. He was, however, expelled from the Jacobin Club, for having mentioned a committee of clemency, and before he could be readmitted, was obliged to confeſs his error. It is the violent party who, to amuſe the people, have ſtarted the idea of a deſcent upon England. Robeſpierre declares that the Engliſh only merit their contempt; that if they are deſirous of having their liberty, they are capable of gaining it for themſelves, and if they are not, a deſcent upon England would only be throwing themſelves into the ſnares of Pitt.

The Jacobin Club is the ſource of power, and thoſe who lead it govern France. It keeps up an intimate correſpondence with all the inferior clubs in the different departments, and takes care that they ſhall be formed of none but the vileſt and moſt ignorant of the inhabitants, entirely devoted to itſelf.

It

It is the ſeat of information, gives what impreſſion it pleaſes, and a defeat in the north is repreſented in the ſouth as a victory. It has cauſed all the miſeries of France; and, compoſed as it is at preſent, no good can ever be expected from it: God knows what will be the end, and we are at a loſs what to hope.—The French appear incapable of being free; the government of an uſurper only leads to new convulſions; the people, when fatigued with the preſent mode of government, may change it for ſomething new. Liberty is at preſent the faſhion in France; you meet it at all the corners of the ſtreets; it is ſtuck up in large characters on every houſe; it ſpouts at the theatre; it ſtruts at the opera; it is become a by-word—I never heard ſo much, and never ſaw ſo little of it. The "*ancien regime*" has totally diſappeared, and the decade is as much in vogue as if Sunday had never exiſted. But will not a people who have with ſo much levity abandoned their religion, forget in the ſame manner their liberty? Such appears to be the character of the French, a ſoil where every thing flouriſhes for a time, but nothing takes root; if well or ill directed, a character capable of the greateſt extremes of virtue or vice.

I *entered* France one of the warmeſt advocates of the revolution; I firmly believed that the great body of the people had juſt ideas of liberty, were acquainted with their rights, and, after defeating the attempts of their enemies, would eſtabliſh an equal and well-regulated government. I *left* it with ſentiments of indignation, diſappointment, and diſguſt, convinced that there never was a people in the world ſo little calculated to enjoy the bleſſings of freedom.

During my ſtay at Paris I found nothing ſo intereſting as the converſation of Mr. ———. He had been ſo obliging, before my arrival, as to take

lodgings for me near his own hotel ; and I had the pleaſure of ſeeing him every day. He was formerly exceedingly well received at court, and poſſeſſed in a great degree the confidence of its miniſters, and has ſince been able to render himſelf, though not liked, yet reſpected by all the parties that have ſucceeded: though a man of great abilities, he muſt have found it difficult to have ſteered ſo far with ſafety through the ſtorm : and America is indebted to him for remaining in a ſituation which, though none can fill it with more capacity, cannot but be particularly irkſome to him. All thoſe for whom he could have felt any conſideration, have either emigrated, been arreſted or guillotined; and from being in the moſt agreeable ſociety, he is left with hardly an acquaintance in France : the conduct he has purſued was the only one of avoiding all parties, and maintaining in every reſpect the dignity of his ſituation. He particularly deteſted the Briſſotines, whoſe policy it was to draw America into the war; and had they not been guillotined, Genet might have done us conſiderable miſchief. Mr. ——— read me ſome of his correſpondence, and I was ſurpriſed at the accuracy with which he had foretold the principal events of the revolution. Theſe letters have fallen into the hands of perſons, who from being, I believe, prejudiced in favour of the French, have neglected to pay them the attention which they ſo highly merited.

A party of Americans have petitioned the Convention in favour of Tom Paine ; they were invited to the honours of the ſitting, but could not be much flattered, when, a few days after, a ſet of negroes were received with far greater attention. As the French have no farther occaſion for Common Senſe, or the Rights of Man, Tom Paine ſtill remains in priſon, where he abuſes Mr. Morris for not claiming him as

an

an American, and amuſes himſelf, I am told, with writing a book againſt Jeſus Chriſt.

It is difficult to meet with beauty at Paris; all the pretty women are in requiſition; they are confined and employed in making ſhirts for the army. I endeavoured to conſole myſelf at the gallery of paintings, which is without exception the fineſt in the world—a collection of all the moſt valuable paintings that exiſted in France. Many Americans have been arreſted on their firſt entering the republic, and you are ſearched half a dozen times before you are permitted to leave it. I returned by Geneva, and found the violent party worthy imitators of their neighbours—they had found that their laſt project of a conſtitution was impracticable, and accepted a new one, which the day after was violated. As there was a Vendée in France, they were determined to have one alſo. It conſiſted of one houſe, and of one man, a Mr. Miquily; his houſe was ſurrounded, his furniture deſtroyed, and himſelf thrown into priſon. The Proviſional Committee accompanied the Marſeillois who went on this expedition, in order to prevent miſchief; but ſuch was their impotency, that a poor man was torn to pieces before their faces for refuſing to put on the bonnet rouge. On entering Switzerland I felt as if I had at length eſcaped from the madhouſe, and again got into the ſociety of reaſonable beings.

I have, without thinking, permitted my letter to run on to an immoderate length; you will, I flatter myſelf, excuſe not only the length of it, but alſo the hurry in which I have written it.

The active life I led at Paris, and the excellent table of Mr. ———, have been of ſervice to my health; and ſince I have found that exerciſe is a remedy, I ſhall not remain idle. I leave this place immediately for Milan, where my carriage and horſes have

been arrived near two months. I expect to paſs the holy week at Rome. The heat will ſoon oblige me to leave Italy, when I propoſe going to Vienna, to which place I have excellent letters.

I am anxious to hear from you; pray write to me frequently. There is no expreſſing the intereſt I feel in whatever paſſes in America.

I remain, moſt ſincerely,
Your affectionate ———.

THURSDAY, 30th MARCH.

Lacheſe the French Spy.—From New-York. The public are under a partial miſtake at preſent, with reſpect to the French emiſſary, ſent to delude our fellow-citizens of the weſtern country; my information, which is directly by a gentleman from Pittſburg, is, that a French general, by the name of Lacheſe, has been apprehended in Kentucky, and impriſoned: that, the better to cover his deſigns, he travelled on foot, carrying his fiddle on his back, at the muſic of which he is remarkably expert; that he has been detected in exploring the country with a military aſpect, and in his converſation and conduct endeavouring to alienate the affections of the people from their brethren of the Atlantic States, and to perſuade them to join the French in forming a republic with Louiſiana, &c. &c.: that he is the ſame general who was concerned ſome years ago in raiſing the army againſt the dominions of Spain.

But, fellow-citizens, he is not directly the general to whom on a former occaſion I alluded. The priſoner is a ſubordinate agent in the villany. But the principal has made his tour, and returned to Philadelphia, where he very probably, like other traitors of his country and ours, is baſking in the ſunſhine of preſidential favour. He being more circumſpect

than his colleague, the priſoner, made his way good through the weſtern territory, without impriſonment, though not without a diſcovery of his inſidious embaſſy from Mr. Adet.

He very freely and warmly advocated the election of Mr. Jefferſon, and, agreeably to his inſtruction, endeavoured to diſmember the United States, by alienating the attachment of the weſtern country from the people of the Atlantic States. In ſhort, by a variety of contingencies, which will ſometimes occur to favour villany, the principal has as yet eſcaped with impunity, whilſt the ſubaltern has been brought to an end. I have a violent ſuſpicion that a certain French philoſopher who has had the late Preſident's paſſport to explore the winds, has had a commiſſion from the Directory to explore the moſt plauſible way to our throats. W. WILCOCKS.

FRIDAY, 31st MARCH.

TO MERCHANTS.

FOR PUBLIC SALE,

At the ſign of the Britiſh and American Flags united, on Monday the 15th day of May next,

The two good Ships, viz.

The CUT-THROAT, of 38 guns. } *and the* { *PLUNDERER, of ditto.*

Now lying high up in Hampton roads, built with live oak and cedar, ſheathed with copper, completely fitted for an Eaſt India voyage, and ready for ſea, there having been for a long time paſt but one obſtacle to their ſailing, which will be removed previous to the day of ſale.

Norfolk, 26th March, 1797. BOB SHORT, *Auct.*

N. B. Several ſavages now on board, to be ſold at ſaid time and place.—The Commodore would be a valuable acquiſition in the ſtone-ſawing or nail manufactory line. *March* 28.

WILL AND TESTAMENT.

SINCE I took up the calling that I now follow, I have received about forty threatening letters; ſome talk of fiſticuffs, others of kicks, but far the greater part menace me with outright murder. Several friends (whom, by the by, I ſincerely thank) have called to caution me againſt the lurking cut-throats; and it ſeems to be the perſuaſion of every one, that my brains are to be knocked out the firſt time I venture from home in the dark.

Under theſe terrific circumſtances, it is impoſſible that death ſhould not ſtare me in the face: I have therefore got myſelf into as good a ſtate of preparation as my ſinful profeſſion will, I am afraid, admit of; and as to my worldly affairs, I have ſettled them in the following *Will*, which I publiſh, in order that my dear friends, the legatees, may, if they think themſelves injured or neglected, have an opportunity of complaining before it is too late.

In the name of Fun, Amen. I Peter Porcupine, pamphleteer and newſmonger, being (as yet) ſound both in body and in mind, do, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-ſeven, make, declare, and publiſh this my Last Will and Teſtament, in manner, form, and ſubſtance following, to wit;

In primis, I leave my body to Doctor Michael Leib, a member of the Legiſlature of Pennſylvania, to be by him diſſected (if he knows how to do it) in preſence of the Rump of the Democratic Society. In it they will find a heart that held them in abhorrence, that never palpitated at their threats, and that, to its laſt beat, bade them defiance.

But

But my chief motive for making this bequeſt is, that my ſpirit may look down with contempt on their cannibal-like triumph over a breathleſs corpſe.

Item, As I make no doubt that the aboveſaid Dr. Leib (and ſome other Doctors that I could mention) would like very well to ſkin me, I requeſt that they, or one of them, may do it, and that the ſaid Leib's father may tan my ſkin; after which I deſire my executors to have eight copies of my works complete, bound in it, one copy to be preſented to the five Sultans of France; one to each of their Divans; one to the Governor of Pennſylvania; to Citizens Maddiſon, Giles, and Gallatin, one each; and the remaining one to the Democratic Society of Philadelphia, to be carefully preſerved among their archives.

Item, To the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councils of the city of Philadelphia, I bequeath all the ſturdy young huckſters, who infeſt the market, and who, to maintain their baſtards, tax the honeſt inhabitants many thouſand pounds annually. I requeſt them to take them into their worſhipful keeping—to chaſten their bodies for the good of their ſouls; and, moreover, to keep a ſharp look-out after their gallants; and remind the latter of the old proverb, *Touch pot, touch penny.*

Item, To Thomas Jefferſon, philoſopher, I leave a curious Norway ſpider, with a hundred legs and nine pair of eyes; likewiſe the firſt black cut-throat general he can catch hold of, to be flayed alive, in order to determine with more certainty the real cauſe of the dark colour of his ſkin: and ſhould the ſaid Thomas Jefferſon ſurvive Bannecker the almanack-maker, I requeſt he will get the brains of ſaid Philomath carefully diſſected, to ſatisfy the world in what reſpects they differ from thoſe of a white man.

Item, To the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a correct copy of Thornton's Plan for aboliſhing the Uſe of the Engliſh Language, and for introducing in its ſtead a republican one, the repreſentative characters of which bear a ſtrong reſemblance to pot-hooks and hangers; and for the diſcovery of which Plan, the ſaid Society did, in the year 1793, grant to the ſaid language-maker 500 dollars premium.—It is my earneſt deſire, that the copy of this valuable performance, which I hereby preſent, may be ſhown to all the travelling literati, as a proof of the ingenuity of the author, and of the wiſdom of the Society.

Item, To Dr. Benjamin Ruſh, I will and bequeath a copy of the Cenſor for January, 1797; but upon the expreſs condition, that he does not in any wiſe or guiſe, either at the time of my death, or ſix months after, pretend to ſpeak, write, or publiſh an eulogium on me, my calling or character, either literary, military, civil, or political.

Item, To my dear fellow-labourer, Noah Webſter, "gentleman-citizen," Eſq. and newſman, I will and bequeath a prognoſticating barometer of curious conſtruction and great utility, by which, at a ſingle glance, the ſaid Noah will be able to diſcern the exact ſtate that the public mind will be in the enſuing year, and will thereby be enabled to trim by degrees, and not expoſe himſelf to detection, as he now does by his ſudden lee-ſhore tacks. I likewiſe bequeath to the ſaid "gentleman-citizen," ſix Spaniſh milled dollars, to be expended on a new plate of his portrait at the head of his ſpelling-book, that which graces it at preſent being ſo ugly that it ſcares the children from their leſſons; but this legacy is to be paid him only upon condition that he leave out the title of Squire, at the bottom of ſaid picture, which

which is extremely odious in an American ſchool-book, and muſt inevitably tend to corrupt the political principles of the republican babies that behold it. And I do moſt earneſtly deſire, exhort, and conjure the ſaid Squire newſman to change the title of his paper, *The Minèrva*, for that of *The Political Centaur*.

Item, To F. A. Muhlenburgh, Eſq. Speaker of a late Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, I leave a moſt ſuperbly finiſhed ſtatue of Janus.

Item, To Tom the Tinker, I leave a liberty-cap, a tri-coloured cockade, a wheelbarrow full of oyſters, and a hogſhead of grog: I alſo leave him three blank checks on the Bank of Pennſylvania, leaving to him the taſk of filling them up; requeſting him, however, to be rather more merciful than he has ſhown himſelf heretofore.

Item, To the Governor of Pennſylvania, and to the late Preſident and Caſhier of the Bank of the ſaid State, as to joint legatees, I will and bequeath that good old proverb: *Honeſty is the beſt policy*. And this legacy I have choſen for theſe worthy gentlemen, as the only thing about which I am ſure they will never diſagree.

Item, To Tench Coxe, of Philadelphia, citizen, I will and bequeath a crown of hemlock, as a recompenſe for his attempt to throw an odium on the adminiſtration of General Waſhington; and I moſt poſitively enjoin on my executors, to ſee that the ſaid crown be ſhaped exactly like that which this ſpindle-ſhanked legatee wore before General Howe, when he made his triumphal entry into Philadelphia.

Item, To Thomas Lord Bradford (otherwiſe called Gooſy Tom), bookſeller, printer, newſman, and member of the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a copy of the Peer-

age

age of Great Britain, in order that the ſaid Lord Thomas may the more exactly aſcertain what probability there is of his ſucceeding to the ſeat which his noble relation now fills in the Houſe of Lords.

Item, To all and ſingular the authors in the United States, whether they write proſe or verſe, I will and bequeath a copy of my Life and Adventures; and I adviſe the ſaid authors to ſtudy with particular care the fortieth and forty-firſt pages thereof; more eſpecially, and above all things, I exhort and conjure them never "*to publiſh it together*," though the bookſeller ſhould be a ſaint.

Item, To Edmund Randolph, Eſq. late Secretary of State, to Mr. J. A. Dallas, Secretary of the State of Pennſylvania, and to his Excellency Thomas Mifflin, Governor of the ſaid unfortunate State, I will and bequeath, to each of them, a copy of the ſixteenth paragraph of Fauchet's intercepted letter.

Item, To Citizen J. Swanwick, Member of Congreſs, by the will and conſent of the ſovereign people, I leave bills of exchange on London to an enormous amount; they are all proteſted, indeed, but, if properly managed, may be turned to good account. I likewiſe bequeath to the ſaid John, a ſmall treatiſe by an Italian author, wherein the ſecret of pleaſing the ladies is developed, and reduced to a mere mechanical operation, without the leaſt dependence on the precarious aid of the paſſions: hoping that theſe inſtances of my liberality will produce, in the mind of the little legiſlator, effects quite different from thoſe produced therein by the King of Great Britain's penſion to his parents.

Item, To the editors of the Boſton Chronicle, the New-York Argus, and the Philadelphia Merchants' Advertiſer, I will and bequeath one ounce

of

of modeſty and love of truth, to be equally divided between them. I ſhould have been more liberal in this bequeſt, were I not well aſſured, that one ounce is more than they will ever make uſe of.

Item, To Franklin Bache, editor of the Aurora of Philadelphia, I will and bequeath a ſmall bundle of French aſſignats, which I brought with me from the country of equality. If theſe ſhould be too light in value for his preſſing exigencies, I deſire my executors, or any one of them, to beſtow on him a ſecond part to what he has lately received in Southwark; and as a further proof of my good will and affection, I requeſt him to accept of a gag, and a brand new pair of fetters, which if he ſhould refuſe, I will and bequeath him in lieu thereof—my malediction.

Item, To my beloved countrymen, the people of Old England, I will and bequeath a copy of Dr. Prieſtley's Charity Sermon for the benefit of poor Emigrants; and to the ſaid preaching philoſopher himſelf, I bequeath a heart full of diſappointment, grief, and deſpair.

Item, To the good people in France, who remain attached to their ſovereign, particularly to thoſe among whom I was hoſpitably received, I bequeath each a good ſtrong dagger; hoping, moſt ſincerely, that they may yet find courage enough to carry them to the hearts of their abominable tyrants.

Item, To Citizen Munro, I will and bequeath my chamber looking-glaſs. It is a plain but exceeding true mirror: in it he will ſee the exact likeneſs of a traitor, who has bartered the honour and intereſt of his country to a perfidious and ſavage enemy.

Item, To the republican Britons, who have fled from the hands of juſtice in their own country, and who

who are a ſcandal, a nuiſance, and a diſgrace to this, I bequeath hunger and nakedneſs, ſcorn and reproach; and I do hereby poſitively enjoin on my executors to contribute five hundred dollars toward the erection of gallowſes and gibbets, for the accommodation of the ſaid imported patriots, when the legiſlators of this unhappy State ſhall have the wiſdom to countenance ſuch uſeful eſtabliſhments.

Item, My friend, J. T. Callender, the runaway from Scotland, is, of courſe, a partaker in the laſt-mentioned legacy; but, as a particular mark of my attention, I will and bequeath him twenty feet of pine-plank, which I requeſt my executors to ſee made into a pillory, to be kept for his particular uſe, till a gibbet can be prepared.

Item, To Tom Paine, the author of Common Senſe, Rights of Man, Age of Reaſon, and a Letter to General Waſhington, I bequeath a ſtrong hempen collar, as the only legacy I can think of that is worthy of him, as well as beſt adapted to render his death in ſome meaſure as infamous as his life: and I do hereby direct and order my executors to ſend it to him by the firſt ſafe conveyance, with my compliments, and requeſt that he would make uſe of it without delay, that the national razor may not be diſgraced by the head of ſuch a monſter.

Item, To the gaunt outlandiſh orator, vulgarly called the Political Sinner, who, in the juſt order of things, follows next after the laſt-mentioned legatee, I bequeath the honour of partaking in his cataſtrophe; that, in their deaths, as well as in their lives, all the world may exclaim, "*See how rogues hang together!*"

Item, To all and ſingular the good people of theſe States, I leave peace, union, abundance, happineſs, untarniſhed honour, and an unconquerable

able everlaſting hatred to the French revolutioniſts and their deſtructive abominable principles.

Item, To each of my ſubſcribers I leave a quill, hoping that in their hands it may become a ſword againſt every thing that is hoſtile to the government and independence of their country.

Laſtly, To my three brothers, Paul, Simon, and Dick, I leave my whole eſtate, as well real as perſonal (firſt paying the foregoing legacies), to be equally divided between them, ſhare and ſhare alike. And I do hereby make and conſtitute my ſaid three brothers the executors of this my Laſt Will; to ſee the ſame performed, according to its true intent and meaning, as far as in their power lies. P. PORCUPINE.

Witneſſes preſent,
Philo Fun.
Jack Jocus.

SATURDAY, 1st APRIL, 1797.

A Tale.—Once upon a time (no matter exactly when or where) there was a farmer named John Blunt, who had thirteen ſons; and they all dwelt together in perfect harmony until the boys grew up to man's eſtate. Unhappily for the old gentleman, he became more tenacious of his authority, juſt at the period when the young men grew more impatient of control; and an obſtinate temper gave riſe to frequent diſputes between them about trifles. At one time, as the ſtory goes, they differed about the glazing of ſome windows, and the painting of a new houſe they had juſt built; at another, about the meaning of certain words ſtamped on the corner of a newſpaper; and, at laſt, they quarrelled irreconcilably about the preciſe value of a diſh of bohea tea. This ſeemingly inſignificant ſubject, by intemperate

temperate behaviour on both ſides, became the cauſe of their final ſeparation.

The young men, who, before the diſpute happened, had cleared a large tract of woodland, at ſome diſtance from the homeſtead, now ſet up for themſelves, and ſet their father at defiance. At firſt angry meſſages paſſed between them, which were rather aggravated by the evil-minded ſtewards of the old man; and angry words at length produced actual warfare. The father armed a body of his domeſtics, and invaded the new ſettlement, where he knocked down the hen-rooſts, demoliſhed the hog-pens, and deſtroyed ſome other ſmall improvements; the young men ſeized their father's cows, hogs, and horſes, whenever they found them ſtraying in the woods, by way of repriſal. The parties frequently came to blows, and ſome few lives were loſt. In this ſtate of affairs, Français Le Singe, a near neighbour of John, and who had had a grudge againſt him ever ſince they were boys, very officiouſly ſtepped in, and encouraged the young men to perſevere in their hoſtilities, furniſhed them with weapons, and ſent ſome of his pimps and proſtituted lacqueys to aſſiſt them.

This Monſieur Le Singe * (for he always called himſelf a gentleman) was a moſt reſtleſs and malicious fellow; he took delight in ſetting his neighbours together by the ears, and would ſpare neither pains nor expenſe to bring it to bear; nay, ſo much pleaſure did he take in miſchief, that he would ſometimes aid one or other of the parties; but in that caſe (for he was no fool) he always took good care to make them pay pretty dearly for his aſſiſtance.

The unhappy diſſenſion between the father and

* Monkey, in Engliſh, I believe.

ſons continued for ſeveral years, until at length both grew weary, and were reconciled: indeed, the circumſtances of both parties made it neceſſary. The parent family was advanced fartheſt in improvements, and manufactured many articles that were uſeful to the ſons; and theſe, on the other hand, had many coarſe materials, ſuch as ſcantling, ſtaves, and tobacco, that were wanted by the father. A commerce ſo convenient and profitable to both could not fail to revive the friendſhip and affection of former times, and it very ſoon had this effect. Although the relationſhips of parent and children could not be revived (their ſeaſon being paſt), the want of them was effectually ſupplied by the ties of mutual intereſt and friendſhip founded on the ſolid baſis of eſteem and confidence.

In this ſtate of things, one of thoſe untoward accidents happened, which ſometimes occur to diſturb the peace of ſociety. The family of Le Singe fell into a ſtate of dreadful confuſion; ſome of them went ſtark mad, occaſioned, it was thought, by a diſorder which they catched in the hot weather while they were aiding the ſons of Farmer Blunt. Be that as it may, the greater part of their ſervants fell upon their maſter, cut his throat, murdered his wife and ſiſter, poiſoned his ſon and heir, and either killed or drove away all their fellow-ſervants that refuſed to join them: ſome of theſe they cut, and ſtabbed, and hacked, and mangled in a moſt ſhocking manner; they murdered women in childbed, ſtrangled poor little infants, and others they ſtuck alive upon the tops of their dung-forks; and, in ſhort, they committed ſuch horrid cruelties as it makes one's blood run cold to think of. After this, they ſeized their maſter's eſtate, and not ſatisfied with the miſchief they had done at home, diſpatched emiſſaries from their gang to debauch the ſervants of all the neighbouring farms; threatening, at the

ſame

ſame time, to ſet fire to the four corners of the pariſh, if any body dared to oppoſe them. But to conceal their real purpoſe, they gave out that they had no intention to injure their neighbours; all the hypocrites wanted, they ſaid, was to reform ſome ancient abuſes that had crept into the pariſh from inattention. This, however, did not quiet the general apprehenſion. Every body ſaw that murder was the natural buſineſs of ſuch a banditti, and expected nothing elſe: they were, therefore, not aſtoniſhed when they heard that the reſult of this reforming project was to cut off all the progenitors of the pariſh, and to divide their eſtates among the ſervants, reſerving a large portion of each for themſelves. As far as they met with ſufficient encouragement they made dreadful innovation, they left nothing ſacred or civil unchanged. Beſides the total tranſfer of property, already mentioned, which was the groundwork of their reformation, they commanded that, inſtead of walking on their feet as men had done ever ſince the days of Adam, men and women too ſhould walk on their heads; and inſtead of uniting the ſexes together in the holy bond of wedlock, they ordained that they ſhould range at large like the brutes; man they decreed had no more ſoul than a bull-frog, and that he was made only to rob, murder, and die; they ſwore there was neither God nor religion, and they hanged the parſon of the pariſh before the church-door as an impoſtor. Theſe, and a hundred other monſtrous lies which they termed philoſophy, they endeavoured to propagate every where. Some of their apoſtles found their way into John Blunt's family; but John quickly diſcovered their manœuvres, and endeavoured to fruſtrate them by every prudent precaution, in which he was finally ſucceſsful. This enraged the ſcoundrels, and they inſtantly ſwore to deſtroy John with all his family—and, indeed, they left

left no means untried to accompliſh it. But John was a ſtrong man, and as reſolute as ſtrong, and by a peculiar way of fighting that he had, he proved his ſuperiority, not only by keeping them off his own plantation, but by taking ſome of the beſt fields from them.

In this ſtate of affairs, the aſſaſſins recollecting the aſſiſtance that poor Le Singe, their late maſter, had given to Blunt's children when they quarrelled with their father, reſolved to apply to them for help to cruſh the old man. The young men received the meſſenger politely, and acknowledged their obligations to Le Singe, but declared that they hated fighting, and had a plenty of better buſineſs on hand: they would not aſſiſt their father, they ſaid, nor would they take part againſt him. This enraged the aſſaſſins beyond meaſure; they ſacre'd and foutre'd, and ſtormed and foamed like ſo many demons. One of the young men they kicked on the breech, another they tweaked by the noſe, and the third they pinched till he was all over black and blue.

The young men were naturally of an amiable peaceable diſpoſition, which, together with the eaſe and plenty in which they lived, inclined them to put up with a great number of injuries and inſults. After all the vile conduct of the treacherous ſervants, now become freebooters, they forbore to make repriſals in any way whatever, and even ſent a meſſenger for the purpoſe of accommodating matters. Theſe inſtances of uncommon forbearance the raſcals looked upon as indications of fear: they ſcoffed at the poor meſſenger, were going to horſewhip him, and actually threatened to give him up to the mercy of their underſtrappers. This, at laſt, rouſed the ſpirit of the young farmers, and indeed it was time, for all the neighbours began to call them cowards. They recollected that all the folks of Le

Singe were a deſpicable crew; they called to mind the times when they, with their good old father at their head, gave them ſuch a drubbing, that they were obliged to down upon their marrow-bones and promiſe never to interrupt them again; they looked back to thoſe days when not the beſt man in the pariſh would have ſtruck one of the young Blunts, or even ſpoke a ſaucy word to him, without having old John's fiſt in his face; in ſhort, after a long ſtruggle between pride and intereſt, the father and ſons agreed to aid each other in chaſtiſing the violent and ſavage banditti. The ſtory does not ſay who made the firſt advances, nor is it much matter; but certain it is, that, one fine May morning, juſt at ſunriſe, each being armed with a good cudgel, out they ſallied, and * * * * * * * *

Cætera deſunt.

Matchleſs Impudence.—Extract of a Letter from Bourdeaux, January 12.—"We have, for ſome time paſt, feared a rupture between France and the United States; but the French Government, though it ſays it has cauſe of complaint againſt the American Government, has juſt given aſſurances that its injuries will in no manner affect the commerce or individuals of that country."

This extract was given in a morning paper a few days ago: as it is ſuffered to paſs without comment, the truth of its impudent contents ſeems to be admitted.—Yes, this is the language the French and their hirelings will hold. They will come by and by, and ſeize our veſſels in our very docks, and will ſtill "give aſſurances," that they intend "no injury on the commerce of individuals." Never ſurely were the underſtandings of the people ſo barefacedly inſulted!

Mr. Pinckney.—The Times (a London paper) of the 7th February confirm the accounts reſpecting Mr.

Mr. Pinckney's having left Paris for Amſterdam; but it does not ſay whether he has done this in conſequence of an order from the many-headed tyrant, or not. It ſeems pretty well aſcertained, that he received no poſitive orders to depart, but that the contempt he met with from the underſtrappers of thoſe in power, and the perſonal danger he was hourly expoſed to, had determined him to quit France, without waiting for a veſſel coming to this country.

Curious Fact.—A correſpondent aſſures me, and, I believe, from the beſt authority, that the audience which a certain ſuſpended Miniſter lately ſolicited of a great perſonage in this city (and which was granted him) was for the purpoſe of demanding that Mr. Wilcocks might be proſecuted for aſperſing his character and that of his Republic.—The modeſt requeſt was anſwered by a declaration, that the Government in this country could not interfere in ſuch caſes.—Poor devil!—Baffled every way!

MONDAY, 3d APRIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF PORCUPINE'S GAZETTE.

SIR, Baltimore-Town, March 30th, 1797.

The encloſed copy of a letter be ſo good as to inſert in your paper: though addreſſed and ſent to Mr. Fennel, the propriety of inſerting it in the Gazette will be evident, I doubt not, to every reader.

Your humble ſervant,

LUTHER MARTIN.

(COPY.)

MR. FENNEL,

By the late Philadelphia papers I obſerve, Sir, that in your "readings and recitations, moral, critical, and entertaining," among your other ſelections you have introduced "The Story of Logan the

Mingo Chief." In doing this, I am ſatisfied you were not actuated by a deſire to wound the feelings of a reſpectable family in the United States, or by a wiſh to give a greater publicity to a groundleſs calumny.

You found that ſtory and ſpeech in Jefferſon's Notes on Virginia; you found it related with ſuch an air of authenticity, that it cannot be ſurpriſing that you ſhould not ſuſpect it to be a fiction.

But, Sir, philoſophers are pretty much the ſame, from old Shandy, who in ſupport of a ſyſtem ſacrificed his aunt Dinah, to De Warville and Condorcet, who for the ſame purpoſe would have ſacrificed a world.

Mr. Jefferſon is a philoſopher;—he too had his hypotheſis to eſtabliſh, or, what is much the ſame thing, he had the hypotheſis of Buffon to overthrow.

When we ſee him employed in weighing the rats and the mice of the two worlds, to prove that thoſe of the new are not exceeded by thoſe of the old—when, to eſtabliſh that the body of the American ſavage is not inferior in form or in vigour to the body of an European, we find him examining minutely every part of their frame, and hear him declare that, though the wriſt and the hand of the former are ſmaller than thoſe parts of the latter, yet "*ſes organes de la generation ne ſont plus foibles ou plus petits*;"—and that he hath not only as many hairs on his body, but that the ſame parts which are productive of hair in the one, if left to themſelves, are equally productive of hair in the other:—when we ſee him ſo zealous to eſtabliſh an equality in ſuch trifles, and to prove the body of his ſavage to be formed on the ſame modula with the "*Homo ſapiens Europæus*," how much more ſolicitous may we ſuppoſe him to have been to prove that the mind of this ſavage was alſo formed on the ſame modula?

Than

Than the man whom he has calumniated, he could ſcarcely have ſelected a finer example to eſtabliſh the poſition that the human race in the weſtern world are not be littled in body or mind; but that unfortunately that man was not born in America.

For the want of better materials he was obliged to make uſe of ſuch as came to his hands; and we may reaſonably conclude, whatever ſtory or ſpeech he could pick up calculated to deſtroy the hypotheſis of Buffon, or to eſtabliſh his own, eſpecially in ſo important a point, inſtead of being ſcrutinized minutely, would be welcomed with avidity.—And great and reſpectable as the authority of Mr. Jefferſon may be thought, or may be in reality, I have no heſitation to declare, that from an examination of the ſubject, I am convinced the charge exhibited by him againſt Colonel Creſap is not founded in truth; and alſo, that no ſuch ſpecimen of Indian oratory was ever exhibited.

That ſome of Logan's family were killed by the Americans I doubt not; whether they fell the victims of juſtice, of miſtake, or of cruelty, reſts with thoſe by whom they fell. But in their death Colonel Creſap, or any of his family, had no ſhare. And in ſupport of this aſſertion I am ready to enter the liſts with the author of the Notes on Virginia.

No man, who really knew the late Colonel Creſap, could have believed the tale. He was too brave to be perfidious or cruel. He was a man of undaunted reſolution; a man of whom it might be ſaid, with as much propriety as I believe was ever ſaid of man, "that he knew not fear."

Courage, hoſpitality, candour, and ſincerity were the prominent features of his character. Theſe alſo are the leading traits in his deſcendants.

Immediately after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle he eſtabliſhed himſelf at Old Town, on the north

branch of the Potomac, only fifteen miles this ſide of Fort Cumberland, and one hundred and forty miles to the weſtward of Baltimore-Town. What muſt have been the ſituation of himſelf and his family on ſo diſtant a frontier, during the war which terminated in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-three, and during the troubles which preceded that war, may be eaſily conceived by thoſe who have any knowledge whatever at that time of the ſettlements of Pennſylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.

After the defeat of General Braddock, a company raiſed and commanded by his eldeſt ſon, Thomas Creſap, and in a great meaſure ſupplied with arms and other neceſſaries by the Colonel himſelf, attacked the invading ſavages, and drove them over the mountains; but this victory was embittered by the loſs of their gallant leader; he and one of the Indian Chiefs fell by wounds mutually inflicted, and expired together. Soon after this event, Colonel Creſap, and his then eldeſt ſon, raiſed another company, at their own expenſe, croſſed the mountains, and defeated the Indians with conſiderable ſlaughter. After the inhabitants of that part of the country where he reſided had generally fled from their houſes, and retired to the neighbourhood of Conococheaque, he remained with his family at his houſe near Old Town, which he had ſurrounded with a ſtockade for twelve months or upwards. When at laſt he was induced to withdraw from ſo dangerous a ſituation, removing with his books and papers, accompanied by a few of the former inhabitants, who had been in his neighbourhood collecting their cattle, and were driving them down the country, he was attacked by the Indians who lay in ambuſh for him, and four of his party were killed on the ſpot; the Indians were, however, repulſed with conſiderable loſs, and he had the good fortune to eſcape unhurt.

That Colonel Creſap and his family were frequently

quently and actively engaged in the conflicts which took place between us and the Indians, is well known. That some of the Indians have fallen by their hands, is not denied; but those were not in the number of our friends.

To the Indians who were attached to our cause his doors were ever open. At his house was their frequent rendezvous; there often they met messengers from the then governors of Virginia and Maryland; there they were often furnished with arms, with ammunition, and with provisions, and not unfrequently out of his own stores, and at his own expense.

It was to those savages, who were employed by the French nation (before it became our very good friend and ally) to ravage their frontiers and butcher the peaceful inhabitants, that he and his family were terrible. And to those they were terrible, though not "as the fires of heaven."

But, perhaps, it was from the facts which I have here stated that Mr. Jefferson considered himself authorized to say "Colonel Cresap was infamous for the many murders he had committed on the much-injured Indians."—And left some future philosopher, in some future Notes on Virginia, might be tempted to call him also "infamous for his many murders of the much-injured" Britons, may, perhaps, have been his motive for flying with such precipitation from the seat of his government, not many years since, when the British army invaded that State.

As to Logan;—lightly would I tread over the grave even of the untutored savage; but justice obliges me to say, I am well assured that the Logan of the wilderness—the real Logan of nature—had but little, if any more likeness to the fictitious Logan of Jefferson's Notes, than the brutified Caffree of Africa to the enlightened philosopher of Montecello.

In what wilderness Mr. Jefferson culled this fair flower of aboriginal eloquence; whether he has pre-

ſerved it in the ſame ſtate in which he found it, or, by tranſplanting it into a more genial ſoil, and expoſing it to a kinder ſun, he has given it the embelliſhments of cultivation, I know not.

There are many philoſophers ſo very fond of repreſenting ſavage nature in the moſt amiable and moſt exalted point of view, that we feel ourſelves leſs ſurpriſed when we ſee them become ſavages themſelves. To ſome one of this claſs of philoſophers, I doubt not it owes its exiſtence.

Yet, but for Jefferſon, "it would have breathed its poiſons in the deſert air."—Whatever was the ſoil in which it firſt ſprung up, it ſoon would have withered and died unnoticed or forgotten, had not he preſerved it in his collection. From thence the authors of the Annual Regiſter have given their readers a drawing as large as nature. The Rev. Mr. Morſe in his Geography, and Mr. Lendrum in his Hiſtory of the American Revolution, have followed their example; and you, Sir, are now increaſing its celebrity by exhibiting it to thronging ſpectators, with all its colouring retouched and heightened by the flowing pencil of a maſter.

Do you aſk me how I am intereſted in this ſubject? I anſwer, the daughter of Michael Creſap was the mother of my children. I am influenced alſo by another motive not leſs powerful. My much-lamented and worthy relation, who died on the expedition againſt the weſtern inſurgents, bequeated to me as a ſacred truſt, what, had he lived, he intended to have performed himſelf, to reſcue his family from this unmerited opprobrium.

Do you aſk me, why have I ſo long neglected this duty? I anſwer, becauſe for a long time paſt every feeling of my mind has been too much engroſſed by the ſolicitude, though an unavailing ſolicitude, of preſerving the valuable life of one of that family, to attend to any objects which could bear a poſtponement.

ponement. The ſhock is now paſt. I begin to recall my ſcattered thoughts to other ſubjects; and finding the ſtory of Logan in the catalogue of your readings, it inſtantly brought me to the recollection of a duty, which I have haſtened thus far to fulfil.

And now, Sir, to conclude: I arrogate to myſelf no authority of prohibiting the ſtory and ſpeech of Logan from being continued in your readings and recitations; this I ſubmit to your ſentiments of propriety and juſtice; but from thoſe ſentiments I certainly have a right to expect, that, on its concluſion, you will inform your hearers, it is at beſt but the ingenious fiction of ſome philoſophic brain; and when hereafter you oblige an audience with that ſtory and ſpeech, that with the poiſon you will diſpenſe the antidote, and by reading to them this letter, alſo oblige your very humble ſervant,

March 29, 1797. LUTHER MARTIN.

To Mr. James Fennel.

*** Mr. Martin will be obliged to the different printers of the United States to inſert the foregoing copy in their reſpective papers.

MR. PORCUPINE,

A writer in your paper of Saturday laſt has attacked the doctrines of Mercator by calling him an uſurer, which is falſe, hoping thereby to prepoſſeſs his own readers, which is unmanly. As to Mercator's being a lame hand, I ſcarcely underſtand the Iriſhiſm; but if we are to judge from the frequent hobbling of the ſaid writer, we ought to ſuppoſe him a lame ſubject indeed, and one that the uſurers can give a pretty good account of. If, in his ſubſequent numbers, he ſhould contribute to diſſolve the miſchievous monopoly which the money-lenders in Philadelphia and other places poſſeſs, he will

will ſo far promote what appears to me to be Mercator's wiſhes.

Saturday Evening. A BYSTANDER.

TUESDAY, 4th APRIL.

Admiral Jervis beats the Spaniſh Fleet.—By the brig Sophia, Captain O'Brien, arrived in this port laſt Saturday, from Liſbon, after a paſſage of forty days, the following moſt pleaſing intelligence is received.

On the 17th of February, the Britiſh Admiral, Sir John Jervis, with fifteen ſhips of the line and a proportionate number of frigates, fell in with the Spaniſh fleet, of twenty ſhips of the line and as many frigates, off Cape St. Vincent. Notwithſtanding his vaſt inferiority of force, the Britiſh Admiral engaged the Dons, captured four ſhips of the line (two of which are three-deckers), and ſunk another three-decker, ſuppoſed to be the Admiral's ſhip, the Trinidada of 120 guns.

Fifteen ſhips againſt twenty, had they all been in equally good condition, would have rendered this victory a moſt glorious one; but, beſides this great difference as to numbers, two of the Engliſh ſhips, the Culloden and the Coloſſus, were incapable of being brought into action, being diſabled by falling foul of each other a few days before.

At the date of this intelligence (19th February) the Britiſh Admiral, with his prizes, was at anchor in Lagos Bay, not far diſtant from Cape St. Vincent. A diviſion of his fleet was left in chaſe of ſeveral ſcattered ſhips of the enemy, and, from the Liſbon accounts, there was good reaſon to hope that they would come up with them.

This was the Spaniſh fleet that was "to clear the Mediterranean ſea of the inſolent Engliſh." Alas!

Alas! how many times have we been duped! How many times the ſans-culotte papers of America have promiſed us the deſtruction of John Bull! How invariably events have given the lie to their predictions! Their diſappointment can be equalled by nothing but their perſeverance in malice.

I have obſerved too, how grudgingly the account of this victory is given by ſome of my brother newſmongers. It muſt be well remembered, that while the election for Preſident was going on, a report was circulated through the Union, that this ſame Admiral Jervis, with ſome victorious fleet, had been engaged by the French and Spaniards, and that his whole fleet was taken. This was "important intelligence," in all the papers; and the Philadelphia, whilome the Federal, Gazette, did "not heſitate to declare it of the greateſt importance to humanity of any thing that had happened for many years." But, now that the victory is on the other ſide, it is of no importance at all; it is nothing worth retailing. Something is ſaid about it, to be ſure, juſt to ſwear by; but uncommon care is taken, that, if poſſible, it ſhall not catch the eye.

Britiſh Commiſſioners arrive in the Squirrel.—Yeſterday arrived in this river, and anchored oppoſite the Ship-yard, in Southwark, his Britannic Majeſty's ſhip of war the Squirrel, commanded by Temple Hardy, Eſq. This ſhip has brought out Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Rich, the Commiſſioners on the part of Great Britain, for ſettling the claims of Britiſh ſubjects, under the ſixth article of the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, concluded in 1794. The Squirrel left Yarmouth roads on the 18th February.

Real Source of French Hoſtility.—Nothing has ſurpriſed me more than to hear men of real good ſenſe attribute

attribute all the hoſtile acts of France againſt the United States, their ſpoliations of our trade, their inſults to our government, and their late barbarian conduct towards Mr. Pinckney, to the deceptions and encouragement of an American faction. This appears to me to be the ſetting up for a cauſe, what has only been an effect. As malicious as this party has proved itſelf on various occaſions, I believe the number and the importance of thoſe is very trifling indeed, who would volunteer their ſervices to diſhonour and oppreſs their own country. The evil did not originate with them, but in the deep-laid, inveterate policy of France; her ambition, intrigues, and corruption, are more to be dreaded and execrated too, than all the democrats in America.

We know that it has been the uniform practice of this nation, under its ancient regimen, as it is now under its tyrannic uſurpers, to aſpire at a ſupreme influence in every ſtate, where it has had a miniſter; and where it could not work on the government, to foment diviſions and cheriſh malcontents againſt it. To divide and govern, is the grand arcanum of French politics, with reſpect to all foreign nations; and with this ſingle inſtrument they have achieved greater conqueſts, and done infinitely more miſchief, than by their armies.

With reſpect to the United States of America, this will appear clear enough, by a little attention to facts and dates. In the ſummer of 1793, Citizen Genet, a diſciple of Briſſot (who was the father of clubs and inſurrections), landed in South Carolina. He did not know then how he would be received by the Executive, and, indeed, he behaved as if he did not care any thing about it; for as ſoon as he had ſet his foot on ſhore, which was at a port ſix hundred miles from the ſeat of government, he began his miniſtry with all the arrogance of a proconſul in a conquered province. Some of his diplo-

matic

matic acts were to iſſue commiſſions of war, by ſea and land, againſt the enemies of France; to eſtabliſh a conſular juriſdiction for the trial of prizes, and to fit out privateers: in ſhort, he took poſſeſſion of all our ports, and of all our country, with as little ceremony as if it had been a department of France, or one of its diſtant territories. But as he was ſenſible this could not be ſupported long againſt the will of the government, and people too, he began to organize an holy inſurrection againſt the former, by inſtituting clubs among the latter, after the manner of the Jacobin ſocieties in France. He knew what mighty things his friend Briſſot had achieved by the means of clubs in that wretched country, and he expected by a like inſtrument to overturn or govern the United States.

As ſoon as his conduct was reſented by the American Government, as it ſurely would have been, even by a Republic of Geneva, or St. Marino, the audacious Miniſter hurled defiance in the Preſident's teeth, and appealed to the people, or rather to thoſe firebrand clubs which he had planted among them: but happily he opened too ſoon; theſe clubs were not ready to co-operate with him; they had not had time enough to ſpread their deſtructive flames through the country, and the exploſion ended quickly in a few ſtinking ſquibs and crackers. Having failed in this attempt, the divan pretended to condemn Genet's conduct, and recalled him; but he had too much wit to obey them; for although he had conformed ſcrupulouſly to the deſign and ſpirit of their inſtructions, he knew they might take his head off, for not managing with more addreſs. With them, as with the ſavage Spartans, it was no crime to rob or ſteal, but to be detected in the attempt they never pardoned.

Genet was ſucceeded by the Confeſſor Joſeph. This man executed his orders with more art and ſecrecy; and had it not been for the want of the

means of corruption, he might have done more miſchief. It was fortunate for the United States that the Confeſſor's purſe was empty, and his intrigues with the flour-merchants expoſed by the capture of his diſpatches; otherwiſe, God knows how many more inſurgents he might have armed againſt the government, or where his intrigues would have ended. They failed, and Joſeph was recalled: I never knew for what reaſon, unleſs it was merely to make room for ſome favourite of the party who had guillotined his maſter Robeſpierre.

The next and laſt diplomatic emiſſary was Pierre Antoine Adet, the preſent ex-miniſter. He was called a moderate being, ſent out by the ruling party in France, that was diſtinguiſhed by that name, in oppoſition to their predeceſſors, the Terroriſts. How far Peter Anthony's conduct, which is freſh in the memory of all, correſponded with the reſt, I leave all to judge: one thing is clear, the latter part of his miniſtration has been managed with a ſettled deſign to diſſolve the connexion of this country with France, otherwiſe he would never have ſwelled his liſts of complaints, by criminating the poor almanack-makers, for placing the name Great Britain before that of France, or the Preſident for not hoiſting the Gallic ſtandard in Congreſs Hall. Theſe are puerilities without example; they even ſurpaſs the King of Spain's laſt declaration of war againſt the King of Great Britain, and ſeem deſigned for a ſimilar manifeſto.

Thus we ſee, that whoever rules in France, whether Briſſotines, Terroriſts, or Moderates, their ſyſtem of conduct towards the United States is uniform and ſteady. We muſt either agree to be governed by a French Miniſter, and conform at all times to her ambitious and turbulent politics, or incur her diſpleaſure: an honeſt neutrality ſhe will not ſuffer, any more than ſhe will bear a rival. She aſpires at holding the balance of Europe in her hands,

hands, and this ſhe knows cannot be effected, but by deſtroying the trade of Great Britain, and giving the law in America. As to thoſe miſerable beings whom ſhe has raiſed and paid for bellowing in beer-houſes, at town-meetings, and in ſenates, they will all become perfectly harmleſs, and moſt of them good citizens, when we have once got rid of this domineering republic. Providence has thrown one more opportunity in our way, not only without our ſeeking, but in direct oppoſition to our fooliſh prejudices; to get rid of an alliance which neither God, nor nature, nor intereſt, nor policy ever formed for this country. If after frowning, robbing, and inſulting us ſo long as ſhe has done without any provocation on our part, ſhe ſhould once more turn about with one of thoſe deceitful ſmiles which ſhe has always at command; ſhould ſhe even promiſe compenſation for the plunder ſhe has taken, and engage to offend in like ſort no more, let us not forget that ſhe ſtill is France, artful, perfidious France, and only waits another opportunity to aim a ſurer blow:—and that, when ſhe has planted her banners on our borders, as well as ſpread her poiſon wider within our boſom, the irruption will be tenfold more dangerous. Y.

WEDNESDAY, 5th APRIL.

Mifflin, Bompard, and Crew.—Some unpleaſant, not to ſay diſgraceful, circumſtances that have taken place with reſpect to the military reception of his Britannic Majeſty's frigate the Squirrel, naturally lead us to look back to the ſans-culotte days of 1793, when a French frigate, newly decked with the inſignia of rebellion and murder, entered the port of Philadelphia. The reader, if he was in America at that time, will perceive that I am about to ſpeak of the Embuſcade of ridiculous and black-

guard memory. She came ſlowly up the Delaware, hanging out her infamous rag, and firing her cannon to every group of ſans-culottes that could approach near enough to give her the fraternal huzza: at laſt up ſhe came to the city. Then it was that you might have been diverted, if frenchified folly, vanity, indecency, and ſwiniſhneſs can afford diverſion. Happy was the man who could get a ſtand in a wood-boat, on a plank or a bowſprit. The Governor of Pennſylvania (who, God knows, is not the moſt diſcreet or leaſt ridiculous of mortals at the beſt of times) ſeemed abſolutely bereft of his reaſon. In fact his Excellency looked juſt like a fellow ſtaring drunk; whether with joy, or with grog, or with raw rum, I do not pretend to ſay, but he really went on like a bedlamite. The inſtant the charming Embuſcade appeared in ſight, out he drew his ſhining blade, as valiantly as he could have drawn on the Bank. Not a moment's time was loſt in ſaluting. The cannon were drawn down to the foot of Market-ſtreet, where they ſtood ready to diſcharge the ſulphur of fraternity; which was done amidſt the reiterated ſhouts of the aſſembled majeſty of the people, or at leaſt that fraction of it that was then on and about the wharfs.

While all this was going forward in the field, the cabinet of newſmongers was not idle, you may depend. When the mad dog of factious folly runs through the ſtreets, they ſeldom go unbit. To repeat a millionth part of their ſilly remarks, their nauſeouſly patriotic ſentiments, would be to repeat a doſe that now almoſt poiſons one but to think of. Our ſtomachs were ſtronger in 1793, than they are in 1797, particularly ſince the game of French piracy and plunder began.

A deſcription of this ſans-culotte veſſel, as given by poor Bache, who was then in his glory, may not be amiſs.

" She

" She is ornamented," ſays he, " with many re-
" publican emblems. Her head and figure on the
" ſtern, are caps of liberty. The fore-maſt is alſo
" crowned with the liberty-cap. On the ſeveral
" round-tops are the following inſcriptions:

" Of the mizen-maſt.

[" Tranſlated,]

" *We are armed to defend the Rights of Man!*"

" Main-maſt.

" *Freemen! we are your brothers and friends.*"

" Fore-maſt.

" *Enemies of Equality, relinquiſh your principles, or tremble!*"

" Citizen Bompard, commander of the Embuſ-
" cade, gave a dinner to the Governor of Pennſylva-
" nia, the Miniſter of the French Republic, and ſome
" other citizens, on board the frigate. After dinner
" ſeveral ſongs ſuited to the occaſion were ſung
" with great effect, and the following toaſts drank:

" The American and French republics—may they
" for ever be united!" (A ſalute of twenty-one
" guns.)

" The Rights of Man—may they become univer-
" ſal law!"

" The republican fair ſex"—(that is to ſay, the
" fiſh-fags.)

" The frigate Embuſcade"—(a volunteer by the
" Governor of Pennſylvania.

" As the American citizens were preparing to
" leave the frigate, Citizen Dupont, the boatſwain,
" addreſſed them in the name of his meſſmates, in
" a ſpeech replete with patriotic ſentiments, preſſed
" with feeling. The Governor made an appropriate
" reply."

This ſcene puts one in mind of Congreve's deſcription of a Counteſs drinking gin in a cellar with a

hackney-coachman. Not that I would inſinuate, that Citizen Dupont, or any of his meſſmates, were blackguards any more than his Excellency, or poſſeſſed of leſs ſentiment, "preſſed with feel-"ing." I dare ſay that they were very well met, and if they continued together to this day it might have been a lucky thing for us. From my ſoul I do not think we ſhould have been worſted if one of Citizen Dupont's meſſmates had become head hog at trough in poor Pennſylvania.

Ciſpadanian Republic.—I preſerve the following article to be read when it will only excite ridicule.

PROCLAMATION.

The Congreſs of Ciſpadana, to the People of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio.

Reggio, 16 Nivoſe, firſt year of the Republic of Ciſpadana, one and indiviſible, Dec. 30, 1796 (old ſtyle).

The firſt ſtone of the foundation of your infant liberty was laid in the Congreſs held at Modena laſt October, thanks to the invincible French nation, which not only was ſo generous as to reſtore to you your natural rights, but alſo to enable you to exerciſe them in order to ſecure your future exiſtence. It was in this view you formed the bonds of a friendly confederation which nothing could untie: you alſo wiſhed for the means of drawing thoſe bonds ſtill cloſer, in order that the ſtructure, once begun, might riſe great and majeſtic. In fine, you called us to the Congreſs of Reggio, and we, ſtrong in your commands, were proud of being able and authorized to give our concurrence to an enterpriſe worthy of the honour of Italy, and which will be the admiration of future ages.

Citizens,

Citizens, the Congreſs is eager to inform you, that your wiſhes are fulfilled, and that you are henceforth but one people, or rather one family. The following is the tenour of the reſolution:

"A motion having been made in the Congreſs to form the four nations into a republic, one and indiviſible, in every reſpect ſo conſtructed that the four nations may only form one people, one ſingle family:

"The Congreſs having put this motion to the vote "with each nation, they have all accepted it."

The people of Reggio were witneſs of the publication of this decree, in the ſame manner as we were witneſs of their joy. Our brave brethren, who came from the Tranſpadanian region, to fraternize with us, took part in the univerſal joy. May they imitate us, ſince we ardently wiſh it, and may they form ſo cloſe an alliance with our republic, that tyranny may henceforth loſe all hopes of again enſlaving Italy!

It ſeems as if ſomething would have been deficient in the general enthuſiaſm, had not our invincible deliverers been preſent at ſo ſolemn an act.

Citizen Marmont, ſent expreſſly by the Commander in Chief to watch over the ſafety and liberty of our union, aſſiſted at the Congreſs, and ſaw in us, and the whole people aſſembled, brothers not unworthy of the love of his generous nation. He took it upon him to give an account of this glorious event to the Commander in Chief. We could have wiſhed you all to have been preſent at that happy moment, certain that your joy would have joined in uniſon with that of your brothers; but if diſtance of place deprived us of this double joy, we make you amends for it, by imparting to you that glorious event before your delegates return again to their country. People of the republic of Ciſpadana, the great epoch is already marked. Reject far from you all ancient quarrels, and that rivalſhip which was fomented by ambition and deſpotiſm. Liberty, equality, virtue, let

theſe be your mottos. The powerful republic which has invited to the great work of liberty, will protect you, doubt it not, with all her forces. Slavery is flying from theſe countries. The tyrants to whom you were an object of deriſion, ſhudder and turn pale. The eyes of the whole world are fixed upon you, and Italy anxiouſly expects that you will reſtore to her that priſtine ſplendour which made her once reſpected by all nations.

(Signed) C. FACCI, *Preſident.*
PISTORINI,
MACCHI,
LAMBERTI,
LEONELLI, } *Secretaries.*

SIR, *Philadelphia, April 3d,* 1797.

I delay not to acknowledge the receipt of your letter by this day's poſt, a copy of which I obſerve publiſhed in Porcupine's Gazette; but I hope I ſhall be excuſed for replying only to that part of it in which I am immediately concerned.

I beg leave to aſſure you, Sir, that I had no view in ſelecting the *ſpeech* of Logan the Mingo chief for recitation, but that of offering a ſpecimen of natural eloquence as an exemplification of remarks which I had formerly made while treating on the ſubject of oratory.

I had no view in reading the *ſtory* of Logan, but that of offering a neceſſary introduction to his ſpeech.

I was ignorant of the probability of wounding the feelings of any individual, and have only to regret that I have involuntarily given pain, of which I ſhall be very careful to avoid a repetition.

I am, Sir, with reſpect,
Your very humble ſervant,
JAMES FENNELL.

Luther Martin, Eſq. Baltimore.

French

French Marriages.—Citizen Finot, preſident of the provincial adminiſtration of this department, formerly a huſſar at Avrolles, and afterwards a member of the National Convention, has found the means of multiplying, by a ſingle alliance (not indeed a very common one), his kindred and family connexions.

He married, as his firſt wife, the female citizen Baubet, widow of Roſe, by whom ſhe had a daughter, now living, named Mary Ann Roſe.

The Preſident Finot had by this widow another daughter, who is alſo ſtill living.

His wife died, and on the 14th of January laſt he married his daughter-in-law Mary Ann Roſe.

The conſequence of this marriage is, that the Preſident becomes the ſon-in-law of his firſt wife, the father-in law of his ſecond wife, and the brother-in-law of his own daughter.

Madame Finot becomes the mother-in-law of her ſiſter.

If Madame Finot contributes any little Finots to the republic, Monſ. Finot will be both their father and grandfather, and the firſt Miſs Finot will be their aunt and ſiſter.

By the law on the ſubject of marriage, of the 20th September 1792, article 11, ſection i. title 4th, marriage is prohibited between natural and legitimate relations in the direct line, between perſons allied to each other in this line, between brothers and ſiſters.

Madame Tallien.—On account of ſome domeſtic altercation between the former lady and her huſband, ſhe lately forſook him for the more convivial ſociety of Citizen Barras, one of the preſent Directory. The latter, however, ſoon getting tired of his conqueſt, quitted her, in return, for Mademoiſelle Contat, of the Theatre François, which preference had nearly coſt the other her life; for Madame Tallien was ſo much enraged and diſappointed, that ſhe challenged her rival to

meet her with piſtols in the Bois de Boulogne. They actually met, and fired twice each, when the female duelliſts became at length ſo much alarmed and intimidated, that their femmes de chambre, who acted as ſeconds, were obliged to carry them off the field.

Paris Paſtimes, and Barras's Ball.—Extract of a letter from Paris, December 6, 1796. Barras gave a ball ſome few nights ago; ſuch a ball you can have no idea of. Several of your acquaintances were there as well as myſelf. La C—— danced the whole evening with the ſon of De V————, who aſſaſſinated her huſband, her father, and her brother. La de G—— jumped about with M—t, who purchaſed, and now occupies, the hotel of the Marquis de G————, her emigrant huſband; and no one could be more ſociable than La de la C—— was with F——, who attempted to poiſon her, and cauſed her huſband and ſeven of his neareſt relations to be guillotined. I ſhould never have done were I to attempt a recital of all the little circumſtances that ſo ſtrongly mark our national and republican character. As I only went to this place to avoid the ſuſpicion of their republican majeſties, I left the rooms at an early hour. As I came away, I ſaw the citizens domeſtics of the citizen king Barras, occupied in throwing the relics of the dinner through the windows to citizen mob, our ſovereign, who were fighting in the ſtreet for the purpoſe of prolonging their wretched exiſtence, amidſt the rigours of winter, for a few hours longer; ſwearing at the ſame time at Barras and the whole directorial crew. Juſt by, in front of a public houſe, in the Rue Vaugirard, I ſaw three dead bodies naked in a cart, the uſual coffin of the French republicans. Theſe were wretched ſtate creditors, M. le Comte de R————, formerly a mouſquetaire, with his wife and daughter, who, receiving their intereſt in mandats, had, in order

der to avoid dying with hunger, put an end to their own exiſtence. A little farther they were dancing in the two oppoſite houſes; and cloſe by was a group of miſerable beings in rags, warming themſelves at a wood fire made of ſome barrels which they had ſtolen, and deliberating whether they ought not to pillage the houſes of the venders of wood, who were all ariſtocrats. At a little diſtance was a band of thieves occupied in forcing an entrance into a goldſmith's ſhop, who was calling out "Murder!" but to no purpoſe; although there was a corps de garde, no doubt accomplices, within a few yards of the ſpot. Very near to my own door I found a party of drunken men and women dancing la Carmagnole. All this I ſaw myſelf; and the ſame ſcene, with very little variation, may be ſeen very night if a perſon chooſes to take the trouble, or run the riſk of going out.

They talk here a great deal about Merlin's Review; that is, our Merlin, miniſter of French juſtice, who has ordered a review of all the galley ſlaves and malefactors in the different priſons, whom he means to ſend on a deſperate adventure on board our fleets at Breſt and Toulon. As the gallies and the jails have ſupplied a great number of noble patriots ſince our dear revolution, Merlin is accuſed of ſingular ingratitude to his old benefactors and comrades. You, no doubt, know that ſeveral members of the deceaſed Convention, before they laboured for the happineſs of the Republic, had the happineſs to labour on board the gallies, and in the priſons, for crimes committed under the reign of Louis XVI. and which that monarch was little aware would be one day called civic. Adieu.

European Articles.—London, 17th February.—Mr. Pinckney, the American Miniſter at Paris, having received orders to quit the territory of the French Republic, has actually taken his departure accordingly.

ingly. War between theſe two powers may therefore be conſidered as inevitable.

We ſee then that it is underſtood in London that Mr. Pinckney has been *ordered* away. There is now no excuſe left, no room for an apology; America muſt now ſhow to the world either its ſpirit or its baſeneſs.

The Neapolitan fleet, which had formerly ſailed combined with the Britiſh, and had been withdrawn on the concluſion of a treaty of peace with the French Republic, had been completely refitted, and were about to proceed to ſea; they conſiſted of ſix ſail of the line and ſeveral frigates. It was underſtood that they were to join the Spaniſh fleet.

Indeed it ſeems pretty clear Great Britain will have to fight her old allies. But if their exertions againſt her are as feeble as they were for her, ſhe has little to fear from them. This Neapolitan fleet will make very fine Indiamen, and the people on board will furniſh the city of London with excellent ſhoe-blacks; a calling in which the ſubjects of the *brave* King of Naples are ſaid to *ſhine*.

A grand conſpiracy, in which Tallien and the Spaniſh ambaſſador are ſaid to be implicated, has been diſcovered at Paris.

Buonaparte is at Verona. The Auſtrians ſeem to be driven out of Italy, except from the fortreſs of Mantua, which cannot hold out long.

THURSDAY, 6th APRIL.

Merry, the Della Cruſcan Poet.

For Porcupine's Gazette.—MR. PETER, Of all the ſpectacles that ſerve as leſſons to check the pride of human nature, none is, perhaps, better calculated to produce a laſting effect, than that of fallen genius. With this perſuaſion it is that I requeſt you to publiſh the following epilogue, and to tell the public

public at the ſame time that it is the production of Mr. R. Merry. I compaſſionate the caſe of the poor gentleman with all my ſoul; it is pity to ſee him thus wither in his prime. It is vexatious to us alſo, that "the roſe that was to adorn our wilder-"neſs," ſhould thus by tranſplantation become a mere bramble.

However, ſuch is the inſtability of man, and of all that pertains to him; and when we look back to inſtances of the ſame kind, ſtill more ſtriking and awful than that we are now contemplating, if we find not conſolation, we ſhall more patiently ſubmit to the will of fate. When we ſee the once learned, accompliſhed, acute, ſprightly, and humorous Dean Swift, become "a driv'ler and a ſhow," we repine leſs at hearing Della Cruſca endeavouring to entertain a Philadelphia audience with an awkward imitation of Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Doctor Sheridan.

EPILOGUE

To the Abbey of St. Auguſtine.—Spoken by Mr. Harwood, at the New Theatre.

Ladies and gentlemen! the managers are totally at a loſs what to ſay;
They are extremely ſorry it has happen'd ſo, but they have miſlaid the epilogue to the play.
The author of it is a modeſt man, though authors in general are irritable folks,
Yet he is very unhappy about it, becauſe he declares it was excellent, and full of jokes;
That not only the poetry was beautiful, but alſo that it had a great deal of wit:
Upon my word I thought the poor fellow was going into a fit,
Becauſe he came to me and ſaid, "My dear Mr. Harwood, you ſeem to be a ſenſible man,
Will you go forward and ſpeak ſomething on the occaſion, the beſt that you can?"
To which I anſwer'd, "Mr. Griffin, ſince you are ſo pertinacious and explicit,
I will ſpeak one off hand, and I dare ſay the audience will be too kind to hiſs it."

So

So here I am, though very much alarm'd, juſt going to begin;
If any of the company are in the lobby, pray deſire them to walk in."
To-night, to-night, you have ſeen a ſick Nun die,
And a Friar ſtab himſelf;—"I ſhall get on better by and by."
O grant your generous favour if it is due,
And cheer our trembling bard—"I think I ſhall do."
The roſe expanding with its leaves ſo red,
The lily that declines its humble head,
Shall form a wreath for him.—"Now really that was very well ſaid."
I believe indeed I ought to have mention'd the laurel and the bays;
They, however, will come of courſe ſhould we obtain your praiſe.
But I know it is abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould give you a touch of the ſublime,
Which I will now do, though I find it very difficult to expreſs myſelf in rhyme.
The tragic muſe all nations muſt adore,
Melpomene—"I am afraid you have heard ſomething like this before."
Her reign extends from Indus to the Pole—
"Now that is capital upon my ſoul."
She paints the paſſions, ſhe ſubdues the heart,
With trumpets, ghoſts, the dagger, and the ſtart.
Her power myſterious animates, refines;
"I think I never ſpoke much better lines."
Great revolutions, convents aboliſh'd, nuns ſet free,
War, virtue, honour, glory, liberty!
Lord! 'tis as eaſy as one's A B C.
I ſuſpect you rather like my tragic manner; if ſo, I declare
I will give up low comedy, and become a candidate for deſpair.
How I will mouth the blank verſe; how I will groan when I am dying,
And how I ſhall ſplit my ſides with laughing when I ſee you all a-crying!
Well, now I am perfectly ſatisfied, and look upon it as mere fun
To have been conſidering how I ſhould begin, till I find I have done.
So I will only add, that I hope the play may be deemed worthy your protection,
And if you approve of my epilogue I ſhall have no objection.

☞ *A Bear and two Negroes dancing round the Liberty-pole.*—We have received information from Newark, New-Jerſey, that on Saturday laſt a bear and two negroes decorated with the cap of liberty, accompanied with a violin, danced round the flag-ſtaff

ſtaff in that town, in commemoration of the victories lately obtained by the French in Italy.

While drunkenneſs and complexion may plead an apology for them, we have to lament that the colours of the United States, belonging to the militia in that town, were moſt ſhamefully proſtituted on this occaſion.

It is however to be hoped for the honour of the militia, that the colours were procured without their knowledge or conſent; if ſo, they ought in future to be entruſted to a ſoldier who feels the injuries his country is daily experiencing from the French.

Abominable republican Fraternity.—Norfolk, March 25. On Tueſday evening arrived in town, Captain Worth, of the brig Two Siſters, formerly of this place. Captain Worth ſailed from Norfolk in the above brig for Leogane. Juſt to the leeward of Hiſpaniola was brought to by a French privateer, and ordered on board; when the captain of the privateer offering a paper written in French, ordered Captain Worth to ſign it; on his refuſing, the pirate drew his cutlaſs, and ſwore he would cleave his ſkull if he did not immediately put his name to the paper; but Captain Worth ſtill perſiſted in refuſing, reaſoning on the abſurdity of his ſigning a writing in language he did not underſtand. The privateerſman then turned to the ſailors (two Italians), and commanded them to write their names: they could not write; he then forced them, with threats and a drawn ſword over their heads, to make their marks at the bottom of the paper. He immediately hailed the brig, informing that ſhe was a good prize, as the men had ſigned a declaration that ſhe was bound to Jamaica. Captain Worth was carried to Cuba in the privateer. Four days after the brig came in; and on his obſerving to the picarooning captain that he could not have her tried or ſold at Cuba, he was told

told ſhe was already ſold; and ſoon after a Spaniſh merchant was put in poſſeſſion of her. Her papers were then to be ſent to Cape François in order for trial. [Execution before judgment with a vengeance!]

French Spy.—The following account of Auguſte Lacheſe is handed us by a French gentleman, who can anſwer for the truth of it.

Auguſte Lacheſe, who has been arreſted and impriſoned in Kentucky, for attempting to detach the people of that country from the government of the United States, to unite it to the Spaniſh provinces, is not a general, nor a native of France, but an officer of inferior rank, born in Louiſiana. He ſerved ſome time in the life-guards of the King of France. He repaired to St. Domingo to mend his fortune, and the revolution preſented him the means. At Jeremie, he made a cruel war on the mulattoes, and carried it to ſuch exceſs, that the whites, in reſentment, expelled him from the town, and he went to Cape François. There he appeared wherever there was trouble. He united with Santhonax and Polverel to deſtroy the government, which protected property and the white proprietors, and to exalt the mulattoes into power, who drove him away in turn.

He then came to New-York, and gave himſelf up to the Miniſter Genet, who aſſembled round him none of the beſt men. This diplomatic Jacobin found him a convenient inſtrument for his diſorganizing purpoſes, and ſent him to the weſtern territory of the United States to excite the people to inſurrection againſt their legitimate government.

N. B. At the Cape he was appointed by Santhonax a captain in Walſh's regiment in the Iriſh brigade, with mulattoes and negroes.

American

American Liberty of the Preſs.—Whereas a perſon called at my houſe this morning, and told the lad that ſerves in my ſhop, that if I publiſhed any more pieces about the Governor of Pennſylvania, there was *a party* ready to inflict vengeance on me (or words to the ſame effect): this is to inform the ſaid *party*, that I will continue to publiſh whatſoever pieces I pleaſe about the Governor of Pennſylvania; that my publications ſhall be circumſcribed by the *law*, and by the law alone; that I deſpiſe menaces of every deſcription, and that, let who will be ſlaves, I am reſolved to be free.—The impertinent bearer of the above threat ought to have left his name, that it might have been communicated to the public.

WM. COBBETT.

FRIDAY, 7th APRIL.

American Liberty of the Preſs.—In yeſterday's Gazette I informed the public of the unwarrantable and baſe attempt that had been made to intimidate me from publiſhing ſtrictures on the conduct and character of the Governor of Pennſylvania. I have ſince been given to underſtand, through various channels, that a knot of villains have *formed a plan* for aſſaulting me.

After repeating my moſt profound contempt for theſe bravoes, and for their employers, and declaring my reſolution to perſevere in expoſing the folly and wickedneſs of all thoſe whom I look upon as enemies to the government, I ſhall take the liberty of making an obſervation or two on the effect that theſe threats muſt produce in the world.

Can it be ſuppoſed that foreigners will not laugh at our "*unlimited* liberty of the preſs," when they ſee a man threatened, in this impudent manner, for ridiculing the conduct of a public officer? If Mr. Pitt were to ſend a ruffian, to threaten the editor of

the Morning Chronicle with the vengeance of "a party," or a gang, popular as he is, I much queſtion if he would not be driven from his place by the voice even of his friends. What a pretty handle would ſuch a threat furniſh the newſpapers of America with! How they would vaunt, and trumpet forth their ſuperior liberty! They would ſome of them, at leaſt, congratulate their readers on it, as a certain preſage of a revolution, of univerſal deſtruction, in England. They would tell us, that the people could not much longer ſubmit "*to ſuch oppreſſion*;" and yet they tell us, that the Engliſh are ſlaves! How is this?

A newſpaper in England ſatirizes every man in public life, from the King to the common ſoldier; it rails againſt all the meaſures of Government; it expreſſes its reſpect for the nation which is at open war with its own, and even its wiſhes for the enemy's ſucceſs; yet no one inſults the editor. No raſcally fellow in office dares ſend his runners to threaten him with vengeance. Decency, a ſenſe of true liberty, and a confidence in the equity and efficiency of the laws, prevent any ſuch deſperate proceeding.

Let not this compariſon be called invidious; every man would have made it for himſelf. The threat againſt me is gone forth to the world; it is impoſſible to recall it, or prevent its being properly commented on, in every country where the Engliſh language is ſpoken, and the liberty of the preſs is thought a thing of any value.

Neutrality and Impartiality.—When the Preſident's proclamation declaring the ſituation of the United States to be neutral with regard to all the powers at war, was firſt made public, it excited the angry paſſions of every heated advocate for war, and drew upon him the reprobation of many a tedious eſſayiſt, whoſe

whoſe projects of perſonal aggrandizement were blaſted by a meaſure as juſt as it was ſeaſonable. The propriety of that proclamation has been ſo amply eſtabliſhed, and its conſtitutionality ſo ably defended, againſt the numberleſs attacks directed againſt it, that no man in his ſenſes now pretends to entertain a doubt on the ſubject. That it was our duty as well as *intereſt* to be neutral, has been clearly evinced by the reſult; we have enjoyed the fruits of it during the courſe of a war which has half ruined the faireſt portion of Europe; and the ſacrifices we have ſuſtained, ſacrifices inſeparable from a ſtate of neutrality, extremely vexatious, have been much more than countervailed by the advantages drawn from our ſituation. The government has acted uniformly, juſt, and proper, notwithſtanding the charges of American democrats and French miniſters; but we cannot ſay as much for individuals and particular cities. It is not, for inſtance, very conſiſtent with a ſtate of perfect neutrality, for a neutral people to ſet their bells a-ringing on receiving news of a victory gained by one of the contending powers over another; yet we have ſeen repeated inſtances of this; and once the federal Houſe of Repreſentatives had the culpable weakneſs to *adjourn* on hearing from Genet that a French army *had beaten their enemy*; when the report was traced, it was found that Genet had *ſeen it mentioned in a newſpaper*, and finally the whole was diſcovered to be falſe! Such inſtances may evince *attachments*, but they are not evidences of *neutrality* properly ſo termed. At preſent our partialities are in *a train of payment*; when they will be compenſated is in the womb of futurity.—*O tempora!*

Monkey with the Rights of Man.—London, September 15, 1794.—An officer of the cuſtoms lately ſeized a monkey on board a ſhip in the river, and

being aſked by what law monkeys were declared contraband, ſaid he found the young foreigner with Paine's Rights of Man actually in his hand.

How tyrannical and cruel! why may not monkeys turn politicians, and fraternize, and give and receive the fraternal embrace? Why not declare them free, and incorporate them with the French Republic?

SATURDAY, 8th APRIL.

The MOON-LIGHT *Reflections of* CHARLES FOX, *during the Chriſtmas Receſs.*

'Tis now ſome *fourteen years* ago
Since I was Miniſter—for *ſhow*,
A *thing* of four months ſtanding;
Since then, how have I ſpent my days?
At hazard, faro, or at quinze,
Or on my legs haranguing.

But then, my FAME—well, what is that?
The twirling of a greaſy hat,
Not worth a man's regarding;
A toaſt, by drunken patriots given,
When ev'ry thing's at ſix or ſeven,
A ſhout round Covent Garden.

My FORTUNE, though, alas! 'tis ſpent,
Both money had, and money lent,
Such is my ſad condition!
Thus what I eat, and what I wear,
With what I drink, and what I ſhare,
Are dol'd me by SUBSCRIPTION.

D——n! there's the thought that ſtings!
I who aſpir'd to ſtars and ſtrings,
To titles and what not,
Muſt now ſtay browſing round *St. Anne's*,
Without or future views or plans,
A pauper—and forgot.

Come, RIOT, then! Come, quickly come!
With bloody flag, and murd'rous drum—
Ye great and rich uncaſe!
That in this buſtling, *lev'ling* world,
Whilſt all are in confuſion hurl'd,
I may *pick up a place.*

Buonaparte,

Buonaparte, the Cut-throat.—Milan, January 7, 1796. The inſurrection of Carſagnana, and that in the city of Ferrara, are entirely quelled. The following letter from General Buonaparte to General Ruſca, who was ordered to reduce the inſurgents to ſubmiſſion, will throw ſome light upon that event, and upon the ulterior projects of the Commander in Chief.

" The town of Ferrara, a part of Carſagnana, and particularly the town of Caſtelnuovo, *are in a ſtate of rebellion.* The miſerable inſurgents have ſuffered themſelves to be ſeduced by perfidious agents, who are overrunning Italy, to excite the people to revolt, and to involve them in all the horrors of war. You will proceed to Caſtelnuovo with a moving column; you will direct *the chief of the rebels to be ſhot*; you will ſend twenty hoſtages to Milan; you will order the houſe of the Duke of Modena's confeſſor, who is the author of the rebellion, *to be deſtroyed*; you will erect upon the ſite of it a pyramid, with this inſcription: 'The puniſhment of a prieſt, who, abuſing his ſacred miniſtry, preached revolt and aſſaſſination.' You will aſſemble the magiſtrates, the chiefs of the different convents, and all the rectors: you will tell them from me, that as long as the miniſters of religion ſhall be influenced by true principles, as the Cardinal Maſſei, the Archbiſhop of Bologna, and the Biſhops of Pavia and Modena, who, by their wiſdom, and the purity of their morals, recall to mind the firſt ages of the church, I ſhall reſpect them, their property, and their cuſtoms, as they contribute to public tranquillity, and to the general good; but when the ſacred nature of their miniſtry ſhall become, in the hands of diſaffected perſons, an inſtrument of diſcord, and of civil war, *I will deſtroy their convents, confiſcate their property,* and puniſh *perſonally the rec-*

tors and curates of villages, who ſhall have demeaned themſelves ill.

" You will afterwards proceed to Ferrara, and from thence to Leghorn, where you are to join the garriſon of that place, and the moveable column which you will find at Bologna, under the command of General Lanus, to defend the coaſts of Tuſcany from all invaſion on the part of the Engliſh. (Signed) BUONAPARTE."

The Antigallican.—The French are alike celebrated for their ſkill in making treaties, and *infamous for their perfidy in breaking them:* the obſervation is of great antiquity, and may be verified by a long liſt of treaties for the compaſs of a century, to go no higher.

Their ordinary round of policy and conduct is preciſely this; they firſt ſcheme out ſome plan or other of uſurpation, which they cannot execute; to effect which they ſcruple not to commit the moſt flagrant violations of the moſt ſolemn treaties, and the moſt enormous breaches of faith and amity; in conſequence hereof a war enſues, in which they are always in a ſtriking poſture well prepared, and give, as well as execute, orders with celerity: their firſt efforts are often attended with ſucceſs; this elates them, fills their fancies with exalted notions of their own puiſſance, and conjures to their eyes *that beloved illuſive phantom—univerſal empire.*

Who, upon reading the above, would not imagine that it was called forth by the circumſtances of the preſent day? It is very probable that the reader has already ſaid to himſelf, " Ah, *Peter*, this is dictated by your *Engliſh prejudice.*" How will he be diſappointed, then, when I tell him, that the paragraphs which ſo juſtly depict the perfidy of the French national character, are quoted from a publication,

tion, intitled, "The American Magazine," printed in this city upwards of thirty-nine years ago!

But it may be ſaid, that this character was, perhaps, drawn by an Engliſhman, though publiſhed in America. To remove all ſcruples founded on this ſuppoſition, I will quote the language of one whom every American is proud to call his countryman: I mean *George Waſhington*. This gentleman, in a letter of his to the Chiefs of the Six Nations, in 1757, gives the following maſterly deſcription of the French character:

"Brethren,

"We are very glad to ſee you, and ſorry that ſuch reports diſquiet you. The Engliſh do not intend to hurt you, or any of your allies. This news, we know, muſt have been forged by the French, who are *conſtantly treacherous*, aſſerting the greateſt falſehoods, whenever they think they will turn out to their advantage. They ſpeak well, promiſe fine things, but all from the lips outward, whilſt their *heart is corrupted and full of venomous poiſon.* The Engliſh, your real friends, are too generous to think of uſing their allies in this manner, &c."

Such was the unanimous voice of Americans about forty years ago; and what has occurred, I would be glad to know, to alter the ſentiments it expreſſed? Nothing. Indeed, with ſo much truth do theſe ſentiments abound, that the whole which I have copied above, is as applicable to the United States at this moment, as it formerly was to the Six Nations.

MONDAY, 10th APRIL.

I have been informed that it was currently reported, that I have had a moſt hearty drubbing from ſome "good republican."

It has been aſſerted that I was firſt beat, and then dragged round my ſhop, &c. and ſome have gone

ſo far as to name the good republican that did all this.

Now, I do aſſure the public, that no good republican, nor any other perſon, has attempted to ſtrike me; and, which is more, I as poſitively aſſert, that no one ever will do it with impunity, unleſs he attacks me behind or in the dark. If, therefore, there are any gentlemen, who are good enough to feel anxious for my ſafety, let them be perfectly tranquil. A thouſand ſtories of this kind will get about, and they will die away, as all thoſe hitherto propagated have done. Bache told his readers ſome months ago, that a Frenchman horſewhipped me: every one knew that Bache told a falſehood; but now Bache tells the public that himſelf has been horſewhipped, every body believes him.

It is ſomething remarkable, that of ſo many beatings as I have been ſaid to receive, no particular republican ſhould claim the honour of beſtowing any one of them! Numbers extol the gallant action, but each individual modeſtly declines the glory of it. No one ſays, I beat Peter Porcupine. It is always ſome other perſon; it is every body, and it is nobody.

Theſe reports, however, clearly indicate the generous deſires of the "good republicans," as they are pleaſed to call themſelves. When people are very induſtrious in propagating a falſehood, it is ever to be concluded, that they are actuated rather by their wiſhes than by their credulity. Far am I from doubting their good will towards me, and all that belongs to me. I dare ſay, they would with pleaſure ſee my carcaſs, with thoſe of my wife and children, dragged lifeleſs into the ſtreet: all the difficulty lies in finding an arm to inflict the blow. They are like the mice in council, who, by an unanimous vote, determined that the cat ſhould be

hanged; but when it came to the pinch, no one was to be found to put the halter round her neck.

P. P.

Sir John Jervis's Victory over the Dons.—We have now to perform the agreeable taſk of laying before the numerous readers of Porcupine's Gazette, the official account of Admiral Sir John Jervis's glorious victory over the Spaniſh fleet, off Cape St. Vincent.

When the news of this victory was firſt publiſhed in Porcupine's Gazette, it was treated by ſome of the other papers as an exaggerated account, if not as altogether a flam. They would allow but a ſhip or two, at moſt, to be taken; and, on Friday laſt, the Philadelphia Gazette, and the Merchants' Impartial Advertiſer, aſſured us, that a certain Captain from Liſbon, who ſailed two days later than the date of the letters containing the intelligence, informed, that no further account of the matter had been received; which was as much as to ſay, that there was every reaſon to ſuppoſe the whole a fabrication.—It would be hard to ſay what makes ſome of our brethren ſo unwilling to allow of the authenticity of intelligence favourable to the only country upon earth that America can now call its friend; while they are ready to cram down their readers' throat every vague report they can lay hold of in favour of thoſe who are at open war with us, all but the name. They are under the influence of modern patriotiſm, I ſuppoſe.

The reſult of the action between the Britiſh and Spaniſh fleets is much more honourable to the former than it was at firſt repreſented. It was ſtated, that there were only thirteen fighting ſhips of the line againſt twenty, but it now appears that the difference was ſtill greater, there being twenty-ſeven Spaniards againſt fifteen Engliſh; and it appears, from the Admiral's report, that two of theſe were in

want of repair; ſo that the difference was at leaſt one half.

From the London Gazette Extraordinary of 3d March.

Admiralty Office, March 3, 1797.

Robert Calder, Eſq. firſt Captain to Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B. arrived this morning with diſpatches from him to Mr. Nepean, of which the following are copies:

SIR, Victory, in Lagos Bay, Feb. 16, 1797.

The hopes of falling in with the Spaniſh fleet, expreſſed in my letter to you of the 13th inſtant, were confirmed that night by our diſtinctly hearing the report of their ſignal guns, and by intelligence received from Captain Foote, of his Majeſty's ſhip the Niger, who had, with equal judgment and perſeverance, kept company with them for ſeveral days, on my preſcribed rendezvous (which from the ſtrong ſouth-eaſt winds I had never been able to reach), and that they were not more than the diſtance of three or four leagues from us. I anxiouſly awaited the dawn of day, when being on the ſtarboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing eaſt by north eight leagues, I had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing a number of ſhips extending from ſouth-weſt to ſouth, the wind then at weſt and by ſouth. At forty-nine minutes paſt ten, the weather being extremely hazy, La Bonne Citoyenne made the ſignal that the ſhips ſeen were of the line, twenty-five in number. His Majeſty's ſquadron under my command, conſiſting of the fifteen ſhips of the line named in the margin, were happily formed in the moſt compact order of ſailing in two lines. By carrying a preſs of ſail I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half paſt eleven o'clock, before it had time to connect, and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was

was not to be loſt; and confident in the ſkill, valour, and diſcipline of the officers and men I had the happineſs to command, and judging that the honour of his Majeſty's arms and the circumſtances of the war in theſe ſeas required a conſiderable degree of enterpriſe, I felt myſelf juſtified in departing from the regular ſyſtem; and paſſing through their fleet, in a line formed with the utmoſt celerity, tacked, and thereby ſeparated one third from the main body, after a partial cannonade, which prevented their rejunction till the evening; and by the very great exertions of the ſhips which had the good fortune to be on the larboard tack, the ſhips named in the margin were captured, and the action ceaſed about five o'clock in the evening.

I encloſe the correcteſt liſt I have been able to obtain of the Spaniſh fleet oppoſed to me, amounting to twenty-ſeven ſail of the line, and an account of the killed and wounded in his Majeſty's ſhips, as well as in thoſe taken from the enemy. The moment the latter (although totally diſmaſted), and his Majeſty's ſhips the Captain and Culloden, are in a ſtate to put to ſea, I ſhall avail myſelf of the firſt favourable wind to proceed off Cape St. Vincent in my way to Liſbon.

Captain Calder, whoſe able aſſiſtance has greatly contributed to the public ſervice during my command, is the bearer of this, and will more particularly deſcribe to the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty the movements of the ſquadron on the 14th, and the preſent ſtate of it.

I am, Sir, &c. J. JERVIS.

LIST OF THE TWO FLEETS.

British.	Guns.	Spaniſh.	Guns.
Victory	100	St. Trinidad	130
Britannia	100	Mexicana	112
Barfleur	98	P. de Aſturias	112
Prince George	98	Concepcion	112
Blenheim	90	Conde de Regla	112
Namur	90	Salvador del Mundo	112
Captain	74	San Joſef	112
Goliath	74	San Nicholas	84
Excellent	74	Oriente	74
Orion	74	Glorioſo	74
Egmont	74	Atlante	74
Culloden	74	Conqueſtadore	74
Coloſſus	74	Soberano	74
Irreſiſtible	74	Firme	74
Diadem	64	Pelayo	74
		San Genaro	74
Total, fifteen ſhips	1232	San Ildephonſo	74
		S. J. Nepamuceno	74
		S. F. de Paula	74
		San Yſidor	74
		San Antonio	74
		San Pablo	74
		San Firmin	74
		Neptuna	74
		Bahama	74
		Name unknown	74
		Name unknown	74
		Total, twenty-ſeven ſhips	2292

SHIPS TAKEN.

Salvador del Mundo	112	San Nicholas	84
San Joſef	112	San Yſidor	74
	224		
		Total, four ſhips	382

Total

Total of killed and wounded on board the Britiſh fleet. Five officers, fifty-nine ſeamen, ſix marines, five ſoldiers, killed. Five officers, one hundred and eighty-nine ſeamen, twenty-one marines, twelve ſoldiers, wounded—three hundred.

Liſt of the killed and wounded on board the Spaniſh Ships taken by the Squadron under the Command of Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B. on the 14th of February, 1797.

San Yſidor, four officers killed, eight wounded; twenty-five artilleriſts, ſeamen, and ſoldiers killed, fifty-five ditto wounded.—Salvador del Mundo, five officers killed, four wounded; thirty-ſeven artilleriſts, ſeamen, and ſoldiers killed, one hundred and twenty-one ditto wounded.—San Nicholas, four officers killed, eight wounded; one hundred and forty artilleriſts, ſeamen, and ſoldiers killed, fifty-one ditto wounded.—San Joſef, two officers killed, five wounded; forty-four artilleriſts, ſeamen, and ſoldiers killed, ninety-one ditto wounded. Total killed, two hundred and ſixty-one; wounded, three hundred and forty-one—ſix hundred and three.

Note.—Among the killed is the General Don Franciſco Xavier Winthuyſen, Chef d'Eſcadre.

J. Jervis.

Tuesday, 11th April.

Mr. Murray goes off for the Hague.—William V. Murray, Eſq. Miniſter Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Batavian Republic, left this city on Sunday laſt in the ſhip Good Friends, for Amſterdam.

Bank of England, and Deſcent of the French in Wales.—Extract of a letter from London, dated March 3d, received by one of the firſt mercantile houſes in America.—"The regulation at the Bank bears

bears no reſemblance to a ſtoppage of payment. Payments are ſtill made of ſmall ſums, and the commercial people ſeem not at all alarmed at the adoption of a meaſure, which ought to be looked upon rather as a preventive than a remedy. Amidſt the rumours of invaſions, and the fears of ſome perſons, excited by thoſe which have already taken place, it was not proper to leave any thing, particularly an inſtitution of ſuch national importance as the Bank, ſubject to the influence of that timidity which ever accompanies the poſſeſſion of riches.

" It was great pity that the Mounſeers who landed in Wales, were not left to the pitchforks of the country people. Taffy would have ſent them to a place much fitter for them than an Engliſh priſon, of which ſuch ſavages are unworthy.

" At the moment I am writing this, the Park and Tower guns are firing in honour of the glorious victory obtained by Sir John Jervis over the Spaniſh fleet off St. Vincent. The latter conſiſted of twenty-ſeven ſhips of the line, many of them of more than a hundred guns, while that of our brave Admiral conſiſted of no more than fifteen. I believe there never was ſuch a battle fought at ſea. The Dons will ſoon repent of their folly in joining the republicans. We hear ſomething about the King of Naples acceding to the alliance with France and Spain, and it is generally believed that this will be the caſe. What this fooliſh King can mean, I know not; his poor fleet would not be a breakfaſt for us. I verily believe, if the war ſhould continue ſome years longer, of which there is at preſent every appearance, nobody will have any men of war worth ſpeaking of but ourſelves. All that we have to do, is to remain firm and faithful to ourſelves. While we do this, all the world combined cannot hurt us; and when we have rid out the ſtorm of war, the riches of the univerſe will concentrate themſelves in our iſland.

iſland. You never ſaw the people ſo united as they now are. The Jacobins are few; or at leaſt, they dare not ſhow their heads, particularly ſince the attempt to invade Ireland. Hoche's proclamation, boaſting of the aid he expected from theſe gentry, has rouſed the reſentment of all ranks of people againſt them; and for a man to declare his friendſhip for the French cauſe now, would draw on him the deteſtation of all that know him.

"The Oppoſition are quite mum. They do, however, accuſe the Miniſter of having laid his hand on the Bank without cauſe; but it muſt be remembered that they alſo aſſerted, that he was preparing to reſiſt an invaſion without cauſe."

WEDNESDAY, 12th APRIL.

Language of the two Parties on Mr. Pinckney's Diſmiſſal from Paris.—Volumes have been publiſhed on this ſubject; the two following articles, one from a *Federal*, and the other from a *Democratic* paper, will give the reader an idea of the general language of the *two parties*.

The Federaliſt.—As ſoon as the French diſcovered that they could not provoke us to make a common cauſe with them in the war againſt Great Britain, and that their preſumption and inſolence only drove the United States into a cloſer amity with that country, they reſolved to conſider both nations as their enemies, and to treat them both alike. They never loſt ſight of this hoſtile reſolution, although it has been moderated, and at times ſuſpended, from a vain hope that they had a party here ſtrong enough to overturn the preſent government, and to introduce another more propitious; but the miſt is now ſcattered, and they ſee clearly that all their manœuvres have not only rendered them more odious, but that the friendſhip of America will turn, in ſpite of all their

their efforts, into its natural and ancient channel. This perſuaſion muſt render them very indifferent about the contents of the Preſident's laſt letter to Mr. Pinckney, whenever it comes to hand. I am doubtful whether they will ever deign to give it a reading; but if they do, I believe it will only increaſe their irritation, and perhaps produce an immediate declaration of hoſtilities.

There is a certain degree of baſeneſs, from which a man or a nation *may* return to reaſon and juſtice; but when they have boldly ruſhed forward to ſuch an exceſs of hypocriſy, ingratitude, violence, and perfidy as the French government has manifeſted towards America, their return is hopeleſs. They will never forgive us the enormous injuries they have done us, and ſtill leſs the defeat of the greater wrongs they intended. For ſhould they receive the Preſident's memorial, and aſſent to the juſtice of his complaints, they will proclaim to the world their own condemnation, and aſſume the payment of a debt they are unable to diſcharge; they muſt revoke their piratical decrees; ceaſe from plundering; and pay for all the proviſions they may want hereafter, either in ready money or a fair exchange. This they have neither the honour nor the means to do; war, therefore, and plunder, are moſt agreeable to their neceſſities as well as choice; as theſe afford a pretext, at leaſt, to diſannul a treaty which they ſay has been a *real diſadvantage* to them, and to cancel a debt of twelve millions of dollars that they have never intended to pay. And when we recollect that this line of conduct towards neutral nations, and the United States in particular, is a part of their monſtrous project of ruining the Britiſh commerce, there can be but little doubt that they will perſiſt in it. If we will unite with them in this abominable deſign, we may have them as friends; if not, it will be wiſe to prepare for war.

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This conduct of our quondam allies, as they are pleaſed to call themſelves, has had a wonderful effect on the public mind; it has diſſolved a charm that for five years had bound the good ſenſe of America with more than magic enchantment. We no longer conſider the French as an enlightened people contending for liberty; but as the miſerable ſlaves of a few low-bred, unprincipled tyrants, fighting for dominion; perfidious and oppreſſive to their friends, and purſuing war with a ſpirit of carnage and plunder diſgraceful to the age; invading all the neighbouring ſtates without provocation, and violating every law without ſcruple: "unappalled by peril, unchecked by remorſe, deſpiſing all common maxims and all common means," they march ſtraight forward to the firſt object; which was, to extend the dominions of France, or "*to ſet fire to the four corners of Europe.*"

It is not ſtrange, therefore, that when our own experience, harmonizing with the teſtimony of all Europe, has placed this monſtrous compound of a government in its true light, univerſal horror and reſentment ſhould ariſe, and that the general voice ſhould now cry louder for revenge than compenſation.

The Democrat.—The news of Mr. Pinckney's being diſmiſſed by the Directory is confirmed. What an awful criſis does this make in the affairs of this country! Yet, awful as it is, it was foreſeen and predicted by the republicans the moment the infamous treaty with Great Britain was ratified. They were certain France would never tolerate ſuch an explicit departure from our neutrality, and open violation of our moſt ſacred engagements with her. Solemn as is the aſpect of our affairs, they are preciſely where a wicked adminiſtration have long wiſhed to ſee them. If war with France was not a favourite object with the Preſident's miniſtry, why

was

was Jay the greateſt enemy France ever had, and who had juſt libelled the French miniſter ſent to Great Britain? Why was a treaty made by which America ſacrificed every thing but its hoſtility to that republic? Why Government, on all occations, ſo partial to the Britiſh? Why were Tories every where promoted to office? Why was Pickering's long letter publiſhed? Why was Morris ſo long kept in France? Why was Munro recalled? Why was King, an Engliſhman at the heart, and a bitter enemy to France, ſent to the court of St. James's? Why was Mr. Jefferſon oppoſed? In ſhort, why were a thouſand things done which could have had no other object than to embroil us with that nation?

Americans, reflect!—It is time to expreſs to the Federal government, in reſpectful but firm language, your ſentiments on the alarming ſtate of your public affairs. Let the Preſident know there is nothing you wiſh for ſo much as peace and friendſhip with France—nothing you deprecate ſo much as war with that Republic, or an alliance offenſive and defenſive with Great Britain. If the Britiſh treaty muſt be the price of this peace and friendſhip, in God's name let it go: it was founded in iniquity, it was carried by art and corruption, and there is no way of healing our wounded honour, or repairing our violated faith, but in reſcinding the articles of that execrable contract, which have given juſt umbrage to our allies *.

* There never was, I will venture to ſay, language ſo baſe as this held by any party, or any man, in the whole world before. Would one imagine, that theſe were the ſentiments of men profeſſing themſelves the ſupporters of *independence?* Never was there before ſuch a baſe crew exiſting in the world.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, 13th APRIL.

Bitter Whigs, Bradford & Co.—The *Merchants' Advertiſer* of this morning publiſhes ſomething that bears the *form* of a letter from Marblehead, ſtating that the Britiſh Admiral (the gallant Sir John Jervis) was, on the 1ſt March, arrived at Liſbon with his prizes; but the intelligent writer ſays, that he had taken but *one* three-decker, the other *three* being two-deckers. This trifling deduction from the profit of battle one could bear well enough; but when we hear the Merchants' Advertiſer aſſerting, that Jervis (plain Jervis mind) had to encounter *only the van-guard* of the Spaniſh fleet; when we ſee this malicious paper attempting to rob the noble Admiral of his glory as well as his title, we cannot help thinking, that it has abandoned that rule of impartiality which was ever to regulate its conduct.

The perverſe writer ſtill continues to deduct. He has the aſſurance to tell us, that there were but twenty-three Spaniſh ſhips, though we are aſſured by the official report to the Admiralty that there were twenty-ſeven.

The moſt curious circumſtance mentioned in this letter, is, that *Jervis* (to ſpeak in the ſans-culotte ſtyle) ſhould bring the *van* of the Spaniards to action, while the reſt of the fleet *could not get up*. Now, it is pretty generally underſtood, that the van goes foremoſt; therefore, if the Spaniſh fleet was not ſailing backwards, the wind would have brought up the centre and rear ſquadrons, without any exertions whatever on the part of their crews.

This ſilly ſtory, invented to detract from the honour of the Britiſh fleet, bears a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe that were circulated here after Lord Howe's defeat of the ſans-culottes in 1794. Several of our newſpapers ſaid and ſwore, that it was no defeat at all on the part of the French, and ſome of them

went ſo far as to inſiſt on its being a victory: nor ſhould I be aſtoniſhed, if the Merchants' Advertiſer were to receive a letter by next poſt, aſſuring that *Jervis* had run away.

Traitors in Canada.—A letter from Canada, dated March 17th, ſays, "The Parliament here have not done any thing worth noticing. The Government have taken up ſeveral people about Montreal for treaſonable practices, &c. &c. One Biſette, a rich tanner near that city, is now in cloſe confinement, and will ſoon be tried. A French commiſſion was found on him, and it is ſaid there are ſeveral others in the ſame predicament."

FRIDAY, 14th APRIL.

American Vanity.—The following has been publiſhed in all the papers as an extract of a letter from an American gentleman in London.—"It is very important, and at this period more ſo than formerly, that we ſhould eſtabliſh peace with the Barbary Powers.

"The *excluſion of England from the Mediterranean ports*, the preſent incapacity of France to proſecute commerce, the indulgence of Spain, and the influence of the war on the Italian States, furniſh an opportunity for the extenſion of our navigation that ought not to be neglected. *If we once introduce ourſelves we ſhall never again loſe our hold.* This trade is important to the ſouthern as well as the northern States, and it is incredible what freights might now be made by our people, were our colours free in the Mediterranean.

"I am informed, from very good authority, that both General Sir Ralph Abercromby and Governor Simcoe, before they ſailed for the Weſt Indies, viſited

ſited our Miniſter Mr. King, and aſſured him of their diſpoſition by every means in their power to relieve the Americans, and their trade in the Weſt Indies, from the embarraſſments to which they have been expoſed by the irregularity of ſome Britiſh privateers. Both theſe officers treated that ſubject, as well as our complaints reſpecting ſearches of American veſſels for Britiſh ſeamen, in a very proper manner: General Abercromby had been witneſs to theſe irregularities, and lamented them: he will, I am convinced, do whatever lies in their power to remedy them in future.

"I am much pleaſed with the manner in which he is repreſented to have ſpoken, in the preſence of many of his countrymen, reſpecting our Preſident Waſhington, whom he expreſſed a great deſire to ſee, adding, that he conſidered him to be the *greateſt and moſt perfect character of any man living*. General Simcoe, who is appointed Governor of St. Domingo, for the purpoſe of preventing the extenſion of the principles taught there to the Engliſh neighbouring iſlands, has given aſſurances that he would immediately after his arrival conſer with the Admiral, and endeavour to prevent the injuries of which we have complained *."

Republican Ferocity with reſpect to Prieſts.—The Executive Directory, in purſuance of the law of 15 Fructidor, for ſuppreſſing religious houſes, have ſi-

* This is about the ten thouſandth "Extract of letters," *pretended* or *real*, that I have ſeen publiſhed in the American newſpapers, for no other purpoſe that I can perceive, than that of feaſting the already over-ſwoln vanity of the people. A pretty ſtory this, of getting the trade of the Mediterranean to the excluſion of Great Britain! General Simcoe may indeed have a high opinion of General Waſhington; but, as to his conſidering him the *greateſt* and *moſt perfect* character exiſting, I am ſure it is a LIE.

ſued an order requiring all the religious to appear before the municipal magiſtrates, and give in a declaration of their names, of their age, the community to which they belonged, of the commune in which they propoſe to fix their reſidence; of the buſineſs or profeſſion they intend to follow, and of their means of ſubſiſtence. In default of conforming to this order, the *ex-religious* are to be conſidered as *vagabonds*, and *treated as ſuch*.—L'Eclair.

This ſevere law was intended to operate principally in conquered countries, as the religious eſtabliſhments in France were aboliſhed by the Conſtituent Aſſembly. It has created great diſturbances in Belgium, where the people have ſtrong religious prejudices. A letter from Bruſſels, dated 16 Nivoſe, January 5, gives an account of an inſurrection in the neighbourhood of that city. A detachment of republican troops had been ſurpriſed, and compelled to lay down their arms. The inſurgents were diſperſed by a body of troops from Bruſſels of ſix hundred men, with ſome cannon.

In other villages there have alſo been tumults. The inhabitants have aſſumed the black cockade, and declared they will *exterminate the republicans to the laſt man*. An armed force is patrolling night and day, to keep the peace and arreſt the rioters.—L'Eclair.

[What ſtupid bigots the Flemings are, not to ſit eaſy and quiet under the ſaddle of French fraternity! What beaſts of burden are they, who can prefer their old ſuperſtitious eſtabliſhments, their prieſts, their monks, and nuns, and *the quiet enjoyment of their eſtates*, to French *republican taxes, contributions, and plunder!!*]

Letters from the head-quarters of the army of the Sambre and Meuſe announce, that many of the commiſſaries have been caſhiered for their dilapidations and robberies of every kind.

An account from Bologna, of December 11, ſtates, that the republican conſtitution was accepted by the Aſſembly on the 4th of December, by four hundred and fifty-four votes againſt thirty. The bells of the temple where the deliberations were held, announced this event to the people, and the ſignal was repeated throughout the city and territory. The Aſſembly was occupied in chooſing deputies to repair to Reggio on the 27th, to unite in council with the repreſentatives of Ferrara, of Modena, and Reggio, upon the common intereſts of the *Ciſpadane* confederation. [*Ciſpadane* means to the ſouthward of the river *Po: on the hither ſide of the Po*, with regard to Rome.]

We ſhall ſee in due time whether the Italians can manage a republic better than the French. If they cannot, they may as well reſt eaſy under lords and prieſts. The old government of France was the *little finger* of deſpotiſm, compared with the *thigh* of military government now exerciſed in that country. Murders, aſſaſſinations, and robberies multiply all over France, and even the military are too corrupt or too feeble to reſtrain theſe exceſſes and crimes. This is a ſtatement made by the Legiſlative Body.

The misfortune is, men are not made *republicans* as they are made maſons or knights, by paſſing through a few ceremonies. It is an egregious error in Europe, to ſuppoſe a republic can be founded as men found a manufactory. The people in Europe want the *knowledge* and the *habits* that are eſſential to the quiet eſtabliſhment and duration of free government. The duration of even the *form* of a republic is yet problematical in France; for, what is that government which is to be maintained by *diſarming the militia, and calling for regular troops to guard the elections?* This is the fact at the preſent elections in France.

The Iriſh Conſpirator's Complaint.—The following curious piece, taken from the *Merchants' Advertiſer* of the other day, and ſaid to be an extract of a letter from Ireland to a friend in this city, may be properly enough thus termed.

" I embrace the opportunity to congratulate you " on your arrival in a country, the ſacred repoſitory " of liberty, and on your eſcape from one at pre- " ſent convulſed by party ſpirit and religious animo- " ſity; that which has been inſtituted for the good " of ſociety, is here become a curſe; mercileſs per- " ſecution and grim oppreſſion move with rapid " ſtrides over this ill-fated country. Heavens! " what ſcenes! men heretofore an ornament to ſo- " ciety, independent in ſpirit as well as property, ſa- " crificed at the altar of intrigue by the diſciples of " Mammon, the junto and their ſatellites who ſway " our counties. But they are the minions of Pitt, " and muſt obey his dictates.

" A few days back we had a ſpecimen of miniſterial " intrigue in this town, at the election of a member " in the room of Mr. Forbes. The Speaker, John " Foſter, exerted his influence by perſuaſion, pro- " miſes, and threats, in favour of his favourite herd- " man; but, after a conteſt of ſix days, your friend " Ball carried it, to the great joy of the inhabitants. " Mr. Grattan came from Dublin to vote for Mr. " Ball. He was received amidſt the acclamations " of a grateful people."

Remarks.—About a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Grattan was taken into the Fitzwilliam adminiſtration, and profeſſed himſelf a firn friend to Mr. Pitt's meaſures; and that he was no friend to the French the following concluſion of a ſpeech of his will prove. " Touch not the plant of Gallic growth; its fruit is death, though it be not the tree of knowledge."

This ſpeech, and the ſpeaker's profeſſions of loyalty at the ſame time, earned him the execration of the patriots.

patriots. They called him an *apoſtate*, and nothing but his double apoſtacy could have now merited "the acclamations of a grateful tribe of traitors."

"From the diſappointment of the aſcendancy on "this occaſion, I fear new intrigues are on the ta- "pis, and the old farce played by Ralph and Sweeny, "in conjunction with their aſſociates, Grimes and "Murphy, will be brought on again.

"Thoſe who have in any manner oppoſed their "nefarious ſchemes, are marked as victims; I hope "our *old tried and ſpirited friends*, Bird, Hamell, "and Skelton, will *eſcape* at preſent, in compliment "to their former ſufferings. Linton is mad, and "Brabazon pines away, *being haunted with imaginary* "*viſions*."

This kind of viſionary madneſs is very common to the patriots of theſe latter times. Exactly contrary to all other mortals, th[illegible] ſee beſt with their eyes ſhut. No ſooner does [illegible]ep get the better of hunger and the fleas, than they dream of whips, jails, and gibbets. So ſtrong is the impreſſion ſometimes produced on their minds, that waking does not undeceive them. If report ſays true, a very diſtinguiſhed perſonage among the imported patriots was, not long ago, heard to bellow forth curſes againſt the ſtreet pumps, which his diſordered brain had transformed into ſo many pillories.

"The country preſents nothing but a ſpectacle of "wretchedneſs. A number of counties are declared "out of the King's peace; *perſecution is in its zenith*; "diſtruſt and jealouſy pervades every rank; the *peo-* "*ple in a ſtate of inſurrection*, the embers of which "are only ſmothered for a time; perjurers, ſpies, and "informers ſupported and careſſed; the dread of "an invaſion, which a few days ago had been "nearly completed; all combined, portend ſome- "thing of a moſt ſerious nature."

Thus this fellow complains of perſecution, of the

cruelty of declaring ſeveral counties out of the King's peace, in the very ſame ſentence that he acknowledges the people to be in a ſtate of inſurrection! This is the true democratic cant. All that tends to oppoſe their abominable projects, becomes perſecution and tyranny.

" Public papers ere this have informed you of the " arrival of the French fleet in Bantry Bay, where " they rode for ſeven days; a moſt dreadful ſtorm " at laſt came on to blow ſo hard, they were ob- " liged to cut their cables and put to ſea; otherwiſe " they would have landed, the conſequences of which " I leave you to gueſs. However, a ſecond inva- " ſion is in contemplation, and I am of opinion ere " long they will attempt it. All depends on Mantua " and the reinforcements ſent to Alvinzi. If Man- " tua falls, the Emperor muſt conclude a ſeparate " peace, and we are left to oppoſe legions accuſ- " tomed to conquer; and policy will dictate to the " Directory, to employ them rather than permit " them to return to the interior at the preſent " criſis "

From this we may conclude that the writer of the letter is in all the ſecrets of the French deſpots; it might not be amiſs, therefore, if " his *friend* in this city" would let us know what they intend doing with us.

" Poor O'Connor lies inNewgate! and the print- " ers of the Northern Star for publiſhing his letter: " Miniſters being heretofore defeated in their at- " tempts on thoſe public-ſpirited men, are now de- " termined to carry their point. They are confined; " their preſs deſtroyed: many others from different " parts are ſharing a ſimilar fate. Spies and inform- " ers are the only traffic of moment here at pre- " ſent."

Alas for poor O'Connor!—Apropos: I wonder whether any " party" in Dublin ever threatened

poor

poor O'Connor with "vengeance;" and whether they wrote a *ſcarecrow letter to his landlord, threatening to deſtroy his houſe* if O'Connor was not put to ſilence. It would be curious to know this, becauſe then we might determine with more preciſion the difference between the Dublin liberty of the preſs and that of Philadelphia.

"Flax-ſeed is a bad ſpeculation this year. There "is a veſſel arrived at Londonderry from Riga with "eighteen hundred hogſheads, and many more are "expected. This, added to the preſent ſtate of the "country, leaves it an article of little value. Our "ſtaple manufactory is at a ſtand; indeed there "ſeems to be a total ſtagnation in every branch of "buſineſs except lawyers, attornies, and ſoldiers !!!"

From the liberty of the preſs, to flax-ſeed, is a pretty ſudden tranſition; but this is not the only fault in the laſt paragraph: it wants truth. Lawyers and ſoldiers are not the only deſcription of perſons that find full employment: the hangmen are as buſy as bees; and the true reaſon why flax-ſeed is in ſo little demand, is not, as the writer ſtates, the ſtagnation of trade, but the very urgent call which there has lately been for hemp.

"My friend, you have eſcaped in good time; I "wiſh I was away likewiſe, but family duty calls upon "me to ſtay. Government has it in contemplation to "prevent any veſſel clearing out, having any paſſen-"gers on board. I hope we ſhall meet again."—And ſo I hope too with all my heart; but I hope the meeting will not take place on this ſide of the water. We want no more of your eſcaping folks; we have too many of them already. We keep no gallows here, and conſequently are at a total loſs how to diſpoſe of them.—What this plaintive correſpondent means by *family duty*, I leave Mr. Bradford, or any of the *conductors*, to explain. Perhaps the writer may be a ſprig of a noble family, and thinks it his duty to

hang dangling over the trunk; if ſo, I applaud his filial piety, and may that hand be palſy-ſtruck that would attempt to cut him down!

SATURDAY, 15th APRIL.

EXTRACT FROM LONDON,

A Poem, written by Dr. JOHNSON, *well worth a Minute's Peruſal by the Citizens of Philadelphia.*

———The needy villain's general home,
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.

" All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel,
Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politics import.
Obſequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey:
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a ****;
All ſciences a faſting *Monſieur* knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
" Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a parаſite:
Still to his intereſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
" Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with falt'ring diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
How, when competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with ſerious impudence beguile,
And lie without a bluſh, without a ſmile;
Exalt each virtue, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taſte in ſnuff, your judgment in a wh—re.
" For arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your table, then your breaſt;
Explore your ſecrets with inſidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ranſack all your heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray."

Ireland's Security.—Grave politicians, hearing of the French invaſion of Ireland, expoſe the wildneſs of the attempt, by arguments drawn from the nature of the coaſt, the fortified ſtate of the harbours, and the loyalty of the people. A laugher may aſſert the ſafety of the Iriſh, by ſtating a circumſtance in the natural hiſtory of Hibernia. St. Patrick having, in early time, warned all reptiles from his precinct, it muſt be concluded that frogs were among the number: as they form a very capital article in French diet, an army of ten thouſand famiſhed Monſieurs would ſoon make a very ſlender figure in a country where not one croak can be heard.

MONDAY, 17th APRIL.

FURTHER EVIDENCES OF THE BLESSINGS OF FRENCH FRATERNITY TO POOR HOLLAND.

Proclamation of the French Commiſſioners at the Hague, 27th January, 1795.

* Egalité

Unité — Liberté — Indiviſibilité

Fraternité

"The repreſentatives of the people, belonging to the armies of the north, &c. taking into their conſideration the wants of the army of the Republic, and the neceſſity of ſupplying it with the objects of ſubſiſtence, ſupplies of proviſion and clothing, of which it has occaſion in the countries where it is eſtabliſhed, wiſhing to avoid the means of parti-

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* Theſe FIVE WORDS, which grace the head of all their fraternizing proclamations, and poſſeſs a magic effect, have never been properly tranſlated: the literal tranſlation of them is, "One ſteady object, the LIBERTY which they allow none to ſhare with them, of EQUALITY, plundering FRIEND and foe."

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cular requiſitions, and the intervention of ſubaltern agents, they think it moſt agreeable to addreſs themſelves to the States General, and formally invite them to ſupply them, *in the ſpace of one month*, with the following quantities, viz. 200,000 quintals of wheat, avoirdupois weight; 5,000,000 of rations of hay; 200,000 rations of ſtraw; 5,000,000 buſhels of corn; 150,000 pair of ſhoes; 20,000 pair of boots; 20,000 coats and waiſtcoats; 40,000 pair of breeches; 150,000 pair of pantaloons; 200,000 ſhirts; 50,000 hats; to be delivered, further, within two months, 12,000 oxen. The repreſentatives of the people anxiouſly expect that the States General will comply with the above requeſt, and do every thing in their power to prevent their fellow-citizens from being troubled with the forms of a requiſition, always perplexing to the inhabitants, and that they will uſe every exertion to complete their contingent. They hope that the *ſlow form of ordinary adminiſtration*, and the *doubts* of the *competence* of *their authority*, which may put ſome ſtoppage to this operation, may be carefully SET ASIDE. They have a right to flatter themſelves that all the *citizens of the United States* *, and all the conſtituted authorities, will uſe the ſame zeal to ſecond their views, and amicable intentions.

" Every neceſſary meaſure ſhall be taken to *ſettle* † for the payment of the above articles."

In conſequence of the preceding modeſt requeſt,

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* This proclamation will form a good precedent for the United States of America, when, by the aid of *domeſtic traitors*, the French Republic ſhall have obtained the ſame footing here which ſhe has obtained in Holland.

† They *ſettled* for the payment of this property by levying, immediately after, a contribution of five millions ſterling on the wretched inhabitants.

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the enſlaved States General iſſued, on the very ſame day, the following proclamation:

" The States General of the United Provinces to all who ſhall ſee or hear theſe preſents, greeting: Give to know that the repreſentatives of the French nation, now in this country, have *intimated* to us, that it is *neceſſary* that ſpeedy proviſion ſhould be made of ſeveral articles, &c. &c. (enumerating the above catalogue). The above-mentioned repreſentatives have alſo added, that, inſtead of following the practice introduced in other countries which their troops have entered, namely, that the requiſitions of ſimilar articles have been made, publiſhed, and carried into execution by themſelves, they have choſen to treat this Republic in another manner, and thereby prove the inclination of the French nation to conſider it in the light of *an approaching ally*, and, of conſequence, have *begged* of us to effectuate the delivery of the above-mentioned neceſſaries, &c. Convinced of the *neceſſity* of taking the moſt effectual meaſures for complying with the ſaid requiſitions, we have judged that the beſt and leaſt burdenſome method of accompliſhing this object, will be for the government to contract for the articles in queſtion, and for the reſpective provinces to furniſh the neceſſary funds.

" We doubt not that the inhabitants will be convinced of the abſolute neceſſity of enabling their provincial ſovereigns to furniſh theſe neceſſary funds without the ſmalleſt delay; but we think it neceſſary to hold up to all, conjunctly and ſeverally, the *diſtreſs* to which they muſt expoſe themſelves, if they manifeſt the *leaſt* unwillingneſs, or even *procraſtination*; for we are intimately perſuaded of the ſerious intention of the above-mentioned repreſentatives of the French nation, that their requiſitions *ſhall be complied with*, at the appointed time, and muſt therefore mark all, in the moſt impreſſive manner,

ner, that they will have themſelves to blame if meaſures of force and violence muſt be employed to maintain what we wiſh to ſee accompliſhed with the greateſt poſſible order and regularity."

The above is one ſpecimen of that *ſyſtem of friendſhip and generoſity* which a French hireling in the Aurora has the impudence to ſay has been the invariable conduct of the French towards Holland. In a future communication, ſome account will be given of the manner in which the French Republic has lately forced upon Holland a form of government, adapted to the views and deſigns of France, but ſo repugnant to the wiſhes of the Dutch, as to have been previouſly rejected by their repreſentatives in convention, by a majority of more than three to one, after many days debate.

The King and Waſhington.—The following is taken from the New-York Daily Advertiſer.—When the King was informed of General Waſhington's voluntary reſignation of the Preſidency of the United States, the *amiable* Monarch exclaimed, "Well, "now that I find he can thus diſpenſe with power, "when his duty commands, I muſt declare he is a "*great man* *."

TUESDAY, 18th APRIL.

Jefferſon.—Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Georgia, to his friend in this city, dated March 1, 1797.—"There is one piece of information you have given me, which, though not very ſurpriſing, has puzzled me a little. The letter from Jeff——n

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* I ſhould be glad to know *who heard* the King ſay this. And I am very glad that the King, who, in 1776, was falſely ſaid to poſſeſs every trait that could characterize *a tyrant*, is now called an "*amiable monarch.*"

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to Madiſon, which ſpeaks of the *Preſident elect* in the moſt flattering terms, is perfectly intelligible. But I have not yet clearly made up my mind what Mr. J——'s motives are for accepting the office of Vice-preſident, to which he has been elected. You appear to have ſettled the point yourſelf, and think that he intends to rally the faction round him, and put himſelf at the head of the French party. Were this not a ſervice of danger, I ſhould think it his intention, as I have no doubt it is his wiſh. I have no opinion of the ſtrength of his nerves, and I think that he has ſagacity enough to diſcover that this *French faction* is but a *temporary monſter*. It has produced calamity and deſolation wherever it has appeared. Fortunately for the world, it bears the principles of its own deſtruction within itſelf. It reſembles the *mammoth* in ſome reſpects, which it has pleaſed God to extirpate. Had that deſtructive beaſt been permitted to continue in exiſtence, all animated nature within his reach muſt have been ſwallowed up. Theſe monſters have both engaged a conſiderable ſhare of that gentleman's attention. I am inclined to believe that the publications reſpecting his character and conduct have given him a great deal of unhappineſs, as he muſt be ſenſible that he has deſerved a conſiderable part, if not the whole, of what has been ſaid of him. By coming forward and acting a cunning part, he may expect to get rid of a great deal of that odium, which he could not hope to remove by continuing in retirement. After all, it is probable that, when he deſcends from his mountain and mixes in the world, he will act as I have ſtated, or as you foretell, according to circumſtances. If the French continue their ſucceſſes (which God forbid!) he will be *peſtilentially* troubleſome. If they meet with their deſerts, (which God grant!) and are brought to their ſenſes, he will flatter, and endeavour to conciliate.

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It gives me pleaſure to learn that *Adet* has not met with the ſupport he expected, and that he appears to be in a ſtate of deſpondency. The ſpears of *Ithuriel* rouſed Satan from the humble condition of a *toad*. Should the French armies begin again to play their pranks with ſucceſs, I have no doubt that the ſame effect would be produced on Mr. Adet; we ſhould ſee again ſpring up, "in his own ſhape, the Fiend."

Nelſon in the Battle off Cape St. Vincent.—The Santiſſima Trinidada, a Spaniſh ſhip of one hundred and fifty guns, and on board of which the flag of the Spaniſh commander in chief, Don Cordova, was flying, ſtruck to the Victory; but as ſome of our ſhips were about to take poſſeſſion of her, five freſh ſhips of the enemy came up, and carried her off. After the action, however, ſhe was heard of by the Britiſh fleet as being in tow of a frigate, and ſome of the Britiſh ſhips, we underſtand, were detached in queſt of her; ſo that there was ſtill a chance of her being taken.

Commodore (now Rear-admiral) Nelſon, we underſtand, behaved with the moſt unexampled enterpriſe and intrepidity. His pendant was flying on board the Captain of ſeventy-four guns—he ordered the commander of that ſhip to lay him on board the Salvador del Mundo. This order was inſtantly obeyed, and the gallant Commodore, at the head of the boarders, was the firſt to enter the enemy's ſhip, which he almoſt immediately carried.

WEDNESDAY, 19th APRIL.

Queen of France defended by Playfair.—It is well known that the ſanguinary Convention, in order to ſtifle all compaſſion for the ſufferings of Marie Antoinette, and finally, to juſtify the murder they had

had reſolved to commit, charged her with every ſpecies of criminality, calculated to create diſguſt and deteſtation; nor can it be forgotten, that, in the proſecution of this humane and honourable work, they received conſiderable aid from a very great majority of the newſpapers in America. Think not, gentle reader, that I am going to add to the volumes of calumny that you have heard vomited forth againſt this ill-fated princeſs. My intention is to reſcue her memory from the opprobrium which has been heaped on it with ſo unſparing a hand, and with ſo much injuſtice; and, in ſo doing, to reſcue the American preſs from the diſgrace of being the paſſive undiſcriminating tool of popular prejudice.

The following extract is taken from Playfair's Hiſtory of Jacobiniſm, vol. ii. p. 125. P. P.

"To prepare the people for the judgment of the detained repreſentatives, and to divert them from the loſs of Valenciennes, the Convention thought proper to gratify their thirſt of blood, and its own vengeance, by bringing to the laſt puniſhment the unfortunate Queen.

"Vengeance and ſavage ferocity were, however, on this occaſion completely humiliated by the calm, mild, and dignified behaviour of an injured and inſulted princeſs. Never has the world been witneſs to a ſcene where more modeſt and becoming dignity was diſplayed by the accuſed, nor where leſs regard was paid to decency, truth, humanity, and juſtice, by the accuſers.

"All Europe had been filled with libels and aſperſions againſt the Queen of France, even in the days of her power and proſperity; and what the attachment of her friends could never accompliſh, the infamous accuſations of her enemies effected in a moment. Calumny was ſilenced, and not a doubt left

left with reſpect to the purity of a reputation ſo often and ſo unjuſtly attacked.

" Neither offers of reward, nor threats of vengeance, had been able to procure one ſingle proof of criminality or vice againſt the widow of the unfortunate King, whom, in order to find guilty, though a ſtranger, unprotected and alone, her enemies ſaw themſelves reduced to the neceſſity of employing the moſt diſgraceful, abominable, and abſurd of all expedients; her infant ſon was intoxicated, and at the ſuggeſtion of that miſcreant Hebert, whoſe name alone brings to mind every thing that is vicious or wicked, the affectionate careſſes of a mother to a child of nine years of age were conſtrued by thoſe monſters into a crime, the committing of which would be unnatural, if it were not impoſſible *.

* " Hebert publiſhed a paper called the *Père du Chêne*, in which oaths, blaſphemies, and obſcenities, filled up two thirds, at leaſt, of every ſentence: it would be neceſſary to have ſeen a ſpecimen of that precious morſel, in order to form an idea of the talents of its author, and the refined taſte of the Pariſian ſans-culottes. Well, this ſame Hebert propoſed to bring the young Prince into court, and queſtion him, after having him in a ſtate of intoxication; not that even then he could be brought to accuſe his mother, but queſtions were to be aſked in ſuch a way, that the anſwers might be conſtrued unfavourably for the mother. This artifice was ſo glaring, that even the judges of the revolutionary tribunal objected to it; the ſpectators, they ſaid, would ſee through it: an examination was then fabricated by Hebert and ſome of his companions. Even the ſatellites of the tribunal found this accuſation too abominable and abſurd, to which the Queen very properly refuſed to anſwer, but by an 'appeal to the hearts and feelings of *all mothers*.'

" Hebert was the projector of the worſhip of Reaſon; his miſtreſs perſonated that Goddeſs of Reaſon; but Robeſpierre's feaſt in honour of the Supreme Being did away all this, the deſpot having previouſly ſent both the oracle and the goddeſs to the guillotine. Paris was never diſpoſed to be more gay than when the Père du Chêne mounted the ſcaffold; even the executioner mocked and inſulted him, to the great delight of the ſpectators. Such circumſtances lead to a hope, that all ſentiment of juſtice is not yet baniſhed from the minds even of the Pariſians, and that the day may yet come, when all the companions of his crimes will be treated in the ſame manner."

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"The Queen of France had long ſuffered every inſult and humiliation which it was poſſible for her enemies to invent; and certainly if Frenchmen had retained any of that humanity and feeling which they pretended to poſſeſs, the departments and the whole of France would have joined in demanding for her that reſpect which is due to misfortune, and that juſtice which is due to a defenceleſs ſtranger. Such a ſtep would have been highly honourable. There was no reaſon for not doing ſo, as it could have been attended neither with tumult nor danger. But the French nation has ſhown, that with a ſuperabundant vanity, and pretenſions to every virtue, it poſſeſſes none; and that it would be better for defenceleſs innocence to be in a cavern of robbers in a foreſt, than to be before the revolutionary tribunal of Paris.

"As the character, the rank, and the accompliſhments of this unfortunate Queen, have inſpired her advocates with a warmth of expreſſion that is very natural and excuſable, though ill fitted to convince the malicious, it may not be improper to prove, as far as probable evidence can go, that the Queen of France was totally irreproachable on the ſubject of fidelity to the marriage-bed. This digreſſion, it is hoped, will be excuſed, when it is remembered that many of thoſe who once flouriſhed in the ſunſhine of her favour, contributed by their own levity of conduct, as well as by their ſilence, to ſupport calumnies which it would have been their duty and their intereſt to contradict; and when we have the example of whole volumes being written to vindicate the characters of queens, who, though perhaps more beautiful, were certainly not more accompliſhed, were leſs unfortunate, and much more liable to reproach, than the daughter of Maria Tereſa. It will be a relief to us, after contemplating the horrors

and villanies of men, to dwell for a moment on the virtues of an amiable woman.

"We ought in the firſt place to conſider, that innocence, unleſs when the charges are direct, can never be proved by poſitive evidence; we muſt be contented with probable evidence, as the nature of things does not admit of any other.

"The court of France was in a very corrupted, diſorderly ſtate, when the late Queen arrived, and was married to the Dauphin. The example of a king, who in his latter days had given a looſe to debauchery, was followed with eagerneſs amongſt a nobility naturally given to the ſame ſort of vice.

"At that ſame time Madame du Barry *, raiſed from being upon the town, in a very inferior ſtyle, to be miſtreſs of the King, diſpenſed the royal favour amongſt the courtiers, and of conſequence the young German Princeſs made her entry in the midſt of cabals, intrigues, and enemies. Open, amiable, and generous, ſhe ſoon had friends; but, innocent and unſuſpecting, ſhe expoſed herſelf to the ſlander of her enemies, from which thoſe friends could not protect her.

"When, after the death of his grandfather, Louis XVI. began to reign, his ſimple manner of life, his want of taſte for the pleaſures and diſſipations of the court, contraſted with the love of ſplendour carried too far, and of gaiety, which the Queen did not attempt to conceal, gave room for the courtiers at Verſailles and the people of Paris, ſo much addicted to ſcandal, to ſuſpicion, and ſo much accuſtomed to find ſcandal and ſuſpicion juſtified by the looſeneſs

* "Madame du Barry conducted herſelf, however, on moſt occaſions, with a moderation and prudence that did her great honour. The old King was not ſo prudent as his young miſtreſs, and often not ſo juſt."

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of their own conduct, to raiſe thoſe reports, which, ſpreading all over Europe, tarniſhed her character *.

" The French always judge of others by themſelves; it is the failing of their nation, and they did not conſider that a Princeſs, deſcended from one of the moſt illuſtrious and the proudeſt families in Europe, and who was accuſed by themſelves of having too much Auſtrian pride, would have been irreparably humiliated and ruined, had ſhe put herſelf for a moment in the power of any perſon upon this delicate ſubject.

" But levity, and the national character of the French, did not alone contribute to ſpread and circulate theſe reports. The Duke of Orleans, and all his adherents and aſſociates, exerted themſelves to give plauſibility and probability to defamation; and particular circumſtances which malignity had contrived, were circulated by unſuſpicious credulity.

" The levellers, who began to wiſh for that ſyſtem which they have ſince ſeen realized, ſeized upon this occaſion to degrade royalty; the King of France was laughed at and turned into ridicule; and before the revolution began no two perſons in the kingdom were ſo much miſunderſtood, as to their real characters, as the King and Queen.

" A myſterious affair of a trick played upon the Cardinal de Rohan, about a diamond necklace †, by ſome of thoſe fortune-hunters, male and female, who ſwarmed

* " The turn of the French for this ſort of ſcandal was ſo great, that, by becoming univerſal, it ſeemed to have rendered their manner of ſpreading it an affair of courſe."

† " This affair of the necklace was merely a trick practiſed on the Cardinal, who had been ambaſſador at Vienna when the ſcheme of the marriage of Louis XVI. firſt took place. He had tried rather to prevent the union, and, as he did not ſucceed, was not in the good graces of the parties after it had taken place. The Cardinals had always been ſurrounded with adventurers, who pretended to have diſcovered the art of making gold, and other va-

ſwarmed in Paris, in which the Queen had been perſonated by a Mademoiſelle Oliva, who reſembled her conſiderably in features and perſon, made a noiſe all over Europe; and as this affair was never properly ſearched to the bottom and explained, many people believed the Queen was actually one of the adventurers who duped the Cardinal.

"In France, as the firſt impreſſion is generally yielded to, things are ſeldom much examined and compared, otherwiſe the Queen ſhould either have been acquitted of this, or, if not, acquitted of the accuſation of laviſhing away millions every week; for if ſhe had ſuch ſums at her command, how could any one ſuppoſe that a lady, who never ſhowed that ſhe would ſtoop to play a mean part, ſhould, for the ſake of ſo ſmall a ſum, put herſelf into the hands of her enemies; and, in ſhort, become the aſſociate of half a dozen miſerables, who would, probably, finiſh by dividing the ſpoils among themſelves? This was ridiculous. The ſtory of the necklace * would have been barely probable, if the Queen had been a mean-ſpirited woman, who had not any means of procuring money to defray her extravagancies †.

"Such were the cauſes that operated principally

luable ſecrets in chemiſtry: a plan was formed by ſome of theſe adventurers to dupe him out of a great ſum of money, upon the idea that the Queen wiſhed to be poſſeſſed of this necklace, and that if he could procure it he would get into favour at court."

* "The value of the necklace was only 1,400,000 livres, or 60,000*l.* ſterling, and could not ſell for half that ſum; it was ridiculous for thoſe ſame perſons, who accuſed the Queen of giving ſuch large ſums to her favourites, to ſuppoſe ſhe would go ſhares with ſix or ſeven ſwindlers for ſuch a ſum as this; beſides, ſuch a charge required ſome proof, and none was ever produced."

† "Another report was, that ſhe did this to be revenged of the Cardinal. This is, if poſſible, ſtill more inconceivable, and requires no anſwer, after the diſpoſition to pardon her enemies, which the Queen had, on ſo many occaſions, both before and during the revolution, manifeſted. To remember, but not to retaliate, was known to be her maxim with reſpect to enemies."

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in making injurious reports be ſpread; and the Queen, who, though preſerving dignity, through which a conſiderable ſhare of pride could be ſeen, was good-natured in the extreme, was unſuſpecting, familiar, and generous: ſhe had baniſhed from her private ſocieties the ſtiff etiquette of a court, which ſeemed the more ſtrange in a Princeſs who came from a country where court etiquette is carried to an extreme; this gave a ſort of probability to the accuſations which were brought againſt her.

"The facts, however, were quite different. The Queen was generous, and loved power; but ſhe had no other means of gratifying thoſe, which were her ruling paſſions, than by preſerving the affection and confidence of her huſband; and it may be aſſerted, without danger of being contradicted by thoſe who approached theſe two perſonages the neareſt, that the King was literally in love with the Queen *(amoureux d'elle)* during the whole of their union; and that, though her turn for expenſe vexed him to the heart, in other reſpects ſhe enjoyed his full confidence and eſteem; and it is certain that the Queen made no other uſe of this aſcendancy ſo obtained over her huſband, than to make her friends and thoſe around her happy.

"Thoſe who imagine that the King of France would have ſubmitted peaceably to any thing that looked like a ſerious indignity offered, knew nothing of his character*. Like moſt good-natured, plain, honeſt men, the King was quite ungovernable when he found people were unjuſt, or treated him ill; he

* "Since the revolution, if the King did not ſhow this diſpoſition, he only acted like other priſoners, who know that ill-humour only doubles the evil; but when things uſed to vex him from wilful extravagance or miſmanagement, few people were more difficult to keep within bounds. This is often the caſe with well-meaning men."

then became unmanageable and obſtinate, to a violent degree; and if the Queen had once committed an *irreparable* fault, he certainly would not have pardoned her, and from that inſtant ſhe would have loſt her power over him.

" Thoſe again, who think that the Queen could ever have been guilty of infidelity without the King knowing any thing of the matter, are ſtill more miſtaken. We have obſerved, that ſhe commenced her career at Verſailles in the midſt of enemies; and that ſhe never was without ſuch, the ſlanders which we are refuting is a proof: thoſe enemies never loſt ſight of her motions; and if the ſmalleſt ground had been given for ſerious ſuſpicions, it would immediately have been turned by them to their advantage.

" Thoſe who were friends to the Queen *, and who depended upon her bounty, or, at leaſt, who profited of her bounty, were as much intereſted in watching her conduct, to *prevent* any thing that might deſtroy her influence and blaſt their hopes, as her enemies were to *watch for* ſuch an event; ſo that on all hands the Queen was ſurrounded with ſpies, and the ſharpeſt of all ſpies, thoſe who were looking after their own intereſt.

Nothing, therefore, would have been ſo fooliſh or unnatural in a Princeſs who had ambition, who knew her dignity and ſupported it well, though not by ſtiffneſs and etiquette, as to have riſked all, and run ſo headlong into a ſcene of diſgrace and humiliation, as nothing could be more impoſſible than to eſcape diſcovery and the fatal conſequences.

" Scandal, ſupported by envy and ſelf-intereſt, firſt robbed the Queen of France of her reputation; and they were facilitated in their enterpriſe by the

* " It is a great reproach to many gentlemen who were protected by this amiable Queen, to have permitted ſuſpicions to be whiſpered that diſgraced ſo generous a friend."

levity

levity of the age, and by the high rank and proſperity of their victim. A cruel reverſe, and the unexampled fortitude, temper, and patience, with which ſhe bore it, have however proved, that ſhe was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a Princeſs who knew, on all occaſions, how to ſupport her own dignity better than how to puniſh her enemies *."

THURSDAY, 20th APRIL.

SIR,

In your paper of Saturday I read a bungling though well-meant piece of wit, reſpecting the ſtarvation the French would have experienced, had they effected a landing in Ireland, ſuppoſing that country to be deſtitute of frogs. St. Patrick's influence did not extend to ſuch innocent animals, and the iſland abounds in them; but as it extends to all *venomous reptiles*, the French, had they landed, would moſt probably have met the fate of other animals, equally poiſonous, which many of the curious have attempted to introduce into that happy climate, *a ſudden death.* AN IRISHMAN.

Newark, April 18th, 1797.

Madam Tallien.—Paris, March 3.—Madam Tallien has left her huſband. The particulars of this falling out of lovers, which our dramatic poets will, as occaſion ſuits them, convert into a tragedy, a comedy, a comic opera, or even a farce, deſerve to be re-

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* "To all theſe ought to be added, that if there had been any guilt, her enemies would have found the means of bringing it home on her trial; they had the inclination, and they would not want the means; but this is ſo evident a vindication ariſing from the trial itſelf, that it is not neceſſary to inſiſt upon it: that the Queen was innocent is clear; the above vindication is meant to ſhow *how ſhe was ſuppoſed to be guilty.*"

corded. Madam Tallien was ſurpriſed by her huſband, as ſhe was embracing Madam de F. the wife of an emigrant. Tallien, purſued by gloomy images, accuſed his wife of being connected with perſons who meditated his deſtruction, and who had even lifted the poniard againſt him; he dragged Madam Tallien away, and gave himſelf up to every ſpecies of fury, and even of actual violence. Madam Tallien, alarmed, left him, and went to ſeek an aſylum at the houſe of a woman with whom ſhe was acquainted; placed herſelf under her protection, and informed her of the reſolution ſhe had taken to withdraw herſelf for ever from thoſe perils. Some of her old friends called there to ſee her. Fear purſued her, and ſhe every moment thought ſhe ſaw Tallien madly entering the room, armed with piſtols. At the end of two days ſhe was forced to return to her home, to look for ſome things. Tallien was there in waiting for her: he threw himſelf at her feet, put a dagger into her hand, and implored her to ſtrike, ſaying, that he was a monſter, a madman; and, in ſhort, calling himſelf, in his deſpair, by all thoſe names with which the journaliſts have long branded him. Madam Tallien repulſed him at firſt, then wept, and at laſt was ſoftened into forgiveneſs. Nothing, it is determined, ſhall henceforth diſturb the felicity of this happy couple.

Such, reader, are the lords of the land of liberty and equality! Such is the morality, ſuch the virtue of the legiſlators of France! What diſmal, woful tales have we not heard of the acts of tyranny brought about by the miſtreſſes of the Kings of France? of this and that poor gentleman whom they cauſed to be immured in the Baſtile? Perhaps a dozen ſuch inſtances of their influence are to be found on record; while this ſtrumpet of Tallien has already ſent ſcores to the guillotine, and no one ſays a word about the matter. A people capable of bending

ing

ing the neck to the riotous oppreſſion of common whores and their culls, ought never to taſte of liberty, ſafety, or comfort: they deſerve to be chained for life, to be treated like beaſts of burden.

Tallien and his ſtrumpet ſeem to be among thoſe who bear a conſpicuous part in avenging on the French the murder of their mild and gentle Monarch. May they not ſpare them! may they laſh them like hounds! I ſhould not be ſorry to ſee this princeſs of cut-throats putting a flambeau to every one of their cities. No earthly puniſhment is ſufficient for ſuch degraded, degenerate wretches.

Bradford and Co.—The Merchants' Daily Advertiſer of this day has the following curious query: "Are not the generous priſons of France ſchools of freedom for hundreds and thouſands of her enemies?"

This queſtion, addreſſed to the people of America at this moment, while hundreds of their countrymen lie in the dungeons of St. Domingo and Guadaloupe, is, I think, the moſt daring outrage that ever was committed on the feelings of a nation.

Such a queſtion is, perhaps, beſt anſwered by another, viz. "Are not the generous priſons, Newgate and the jail of Bengal, moſt excellent ſeminaries for the education of the conductors of a patriotic newſpaper?"

American Magnanimity.—Extract of a letter from a reſpectable houſe at Port-au-Prince, dated 27th March, 1797.—"The Americans are at preſent "protected by Government, ſo as to put them in "ſafety on their paſſages both out and home; "veſſels of war convoy them off, and there are "frigates which protect their entrance into your "ports, and orders are given for a continuation of "this protection.—Three thouſand troops arrived "at

" at the Mole on the 21ſt, and were expected to be " ſent up againſt that neſt for pirates, Leogane."

And do the Americans, I wonder, ſubmit to be convoyed by the Britiſh ſhips of war? Would it not be far preferable to fall into the hands of the republicans, be whipped and laid in irons? What free and independent man, what ſovereign citizen and citizen ſovereign, would demean himſelf by accepting of protection from " the ſlaves of the tyrant " Guelph!"—Alas! how have the people of this country been amuſed, deceived, their good ſenſe inſulted, for theſe four years paſt! Nothing in the annals of the world bears the leaſt reſemblance to the infatuation, the ſort of voluntary blindneſs, in which they have been walking.

FRIDAY, 21st APRIL.

Lloyd, Bradford, & Co.—Extract of a letter from Cadiz to a reſpectable mercantile houſe in this city, dated 20th February. " Captain Suter will, no " doubt, inform you of the engagement which took " place the 14th inſtant, about forty leagues eaſt " of this place. We have as yet learnt nothing of " the affair further than that it was the Spaniſh " ſquadron commanded by Don Joſeph de Cordova, " compoſed of twenty-four ſhips of the line, ſeven " of which were three deckers, and the Engliſh " fleet conſiſting of fifteen ſhips. It commenced " at three quarters paſt eleven in the morning, and " was vigorouſly kept up till half paſt eleven in the " evening, at which time the Admiral's ſhip, the " Trinidad, a heavy, unwieldy veſſel, ſeparated, " much ſhattered, and was towed off by one of the " fleet. The Admiral with his principal officers " went on board the Diana, where he made moſt " vigorous exertions, and, it is ſaid, much injured " the enemy.

" A thou-

" A thouſand conjectures are made here, accord-
" ing to the diſpoſitions of the authors, concerning
" the event of this dreadful engagement, which, it
" is expected, will make a new epoch in maritime
" hiſtory, and perhaps deſtroy the mean opinion in
" which the Engliſh hold the Spaniſh navy, as well
" as inſpire it with a juſt idea of its own ſuperiority
" and ability to conquer, from the goodneſs and
" number of its ſhips, oppoſed to the valour and diſ-
" cipline which is generally attributed to the Engliſh.

" I am inclined to think the Engliſh have been
" worſted; perhaps I am miſtaken: time, however,
" will determine. Should any further accounts ar-
" rive before I cloſe this letter, I will inform you."

Sir John Jervis's (now Lord St. Vincent's) victory over the Dons does not yet go down with the conductors of the Aurora the Second, from which the above is taken. The other day they deducted thirty-eight guns from one of his prizes; and, in order entirely to efface the glory of the day, they not only made a deduction from the Spaniſh fleet, but made every ſhip in it ſail backwards, following the rudder in place of the bowſprit. Now they conjure up a new tale, by which another ſhip is ſubtracted from the ſtrength of the Spaniards, and which completes the attempt at deception: the reader is left to believe that the Engliſh were beaten. This is an exact imitation of Bache's account of the Carmagnoles' victory over Lord Howe.

The writer of this " extract of a letter," which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect was penned in ſome dirty hole in Philadelphia, inſtead of at Cadiz, leaves his correſpondent to gather information from the Captain reſpecting the engagement, telling him that he knows hardly any thing about the matter. We might aſk him, if the Captain could tell us about it, why he could not have told him about it alſo. But, to ſay the truth, the writer himſelf appears to have known

a great

a great deal about it; for, immediately after excuſing himſelf on account of want of information, he not only tells his correſpondent the name of the Spaniſh commander, the ſtrength of his fleet and that of the enemy, but mentions the exact hour when the action began, and when it ceaſed; and even gives a detailed deſcription of it, concluding with an eulogium "on the moſt *vigorous exertions*" of Don Cordova. The ſame modeſty, I ſuppoſe, that induced him to plead ignorance of the affair, prevented him from taking notice of the *four ſhips of the line* taken by the Engliſh. This was left for the Captain to relate; or, indeed, it might be thought a circumſtance too trifling to be honoured with a place in an extract of ſuch importance. The writer does, however, ſay ſomething even about the reſult of this affair, that he knew nothing hardly about. He thinks (mind, he don't ſwear to it) that the *Engliſh* have been *worſted*; and tells his friend, that the victory "will inſpire the Spaniſh fleet with a *juſt* confidence in its own *ſuperiority!*"

To remark on the inſolence of ſuch a barefaced attempt to deceive and delude the inhabitants of this city, who are in poſſeſſion of the official account of this moſt glorious diſplay of Britiſh diſcipline and bravery, would be uſeleſs; but to notice the motive of ſuch miſrepreſentations is neceſſary, becauſe they are not, as is generally ſuppoſed, to be attributed to ſtupidity, but to ſomething infinitely worſe.

To extol the power and valour of the French and their allies, and to repreſent Great Britain as in a fallen and feeble ſtate, thereby exciting in the minds of Americans a dread of the former, and a contempt for the latter: theſe are the objects which the *Merchants' Advertiſer*, as well as all the other ſans-culotte prints, kept ſteady in view. The conſequence they hope to produce is too evident: an *unconditional ſubmiſſion to the will of the plundering, imperious*,

perious, and impious deſpots of Paris. That ſuch is the caſe in the inſtance before us, the reader need only be told, that the *Conductor in Chief* was the author of the inſolent and ſeditious letter to General Waſhington under the ſignature of *Jaſper Dwight.*

Mr. Pinckney.—The following reflections, taken from a Paris paper of February 16, are well worth our notice. " Should any European power take it " into its head to declare to our ambaſſador, ' You " are not to my liking; you belong to a party that " is oppoſed to my views; you are a friend to thoſe " who have aſſiſted in the forming of ſuch a treaty " of alliance and commerce; therefore your go- " vernment was wrong in ſending you to our re- " public. Quit the country, and go tell thoſe who " have ſent you, that we wiſh for a man of prin- " ciples more analogous to ours; tell them beſides, " that the new Director (to be choſen in Germinal " next) does not pleaſe us; that he has not a re- " publican phiz; that he has the look of a man " who favours the Bourbon family, and French no- " bility; that we want one quite Jacobinic, or at " leaſt Orleaniſt.' I now aſk the queſtion, " What would the Executive Directory do? What " would the two Councils bring forth? Vengeance! " War unto death! would be the exclamation of " our repreſentatives. We muſt confound the inſo- " lence of that nation!

" The Republic has juſt ordered Mr. Pinckney " to withdraw; is it not to be feared that national " pride will require reparations for this inſult? No; " the Americans *will not* quarrel with us; in order " to diſappoint the ſchemes of their natural enemies, " the Engliſh, *they will know how to diſſemble.*"

Theſe reflections, and the confident prediction with which they are followed, fully prove, that the French are convinced that they have injured and inſulted us; and that they are equally convinced we

we do not poſſeſs the ſpirit to reſent it. I hope the beſt; but I am much afraid they will not be diſappointed. This is the age of degeneracy.

It is curious to obſerve alſo how exactly they have hit upon the cauſe of our tameneſs. We ſhall *diſſemble*—that is, *hold our tongues*; put up with every outrage they offer us, ſuffer our ambaſſador to be ſcoffed at, menaced with the guard-houſe like a drunken ſoldier; and all this "*to diſappoint the Engliſh!*"

Abſurd, brutiſhly ſtupid as this appears, and as it really is, it is nevertheleſs the motive for ſubmiſſion that the partiſans of France, and even ſome of thoſe who are not, hold out to us. Could we make war on them with ſucceſs, ſay they, without the aid of Great Britain, it would be well enough; but to aid her, or be aided by her, muſt not be thought of: rather than that, let us ſuffer robbery, inſult, humiliation, nay, everlaſting diſgrace and infamy.

This is the language that the crafty and inſidious foe wiſhes to hear. Only let the French be certain, that you will always keep in this mind, and you will have them on your coaſt in ſix months.—Only let them be certain that your prejudice againſt the Britiſh is ſtrong enough to get the better of your own intereſt and honour, and they will ſoon ſtrip you of your property, your government, and your independence.

SATURDAY, 22d APRIL.

Lying American Preſs.—TAKE NOTICE, GOOD MERCHANTS!—Your yeſterday's Advertiſer ſays, "By "the Aurora, Captain Suter, we have received the "Madrid Gazette, and other miſcellaneous Spaniſh "prints down to the middle of February: in them "we find details of the political and military occur-"rences of Europe and America, expreſſed with

" the ſame unreſtrained freedom as in our public " papers; the letters of Buonaparte and Moreau, " the valedictory addreſs of General Waſhington, " the proceedings on the introduction of Preſident " Adams to office, and his ſpeech on the occaſion, " are among the leading articles; and among the " publications advertiſed, and critically noticed, " are, The Utopia of Sir Thomas More, Har- " rington's Oceana, and the Works of Thomas " Paine, tranſlated from a Philadelphia edition."

Now, I will not call on you to ſtare at the Spaniſh liberty of the preſs, and the good effects which it is hoped Tom Paine's works will produce among the Dons; all I want you to notice is, that Preſident Adams's inauguration ſpeech, which was delivered here on the 4th of March, was publiſhed in the Madrid Gazette on or before the 15th of February.

Waſhington and the Editor of the Leyden Gazette.—From a Boſton paper.—The reſpectable editor of the Leyden Gazette, at the concluſion of the addreſs of the late Preſident to his fellow-citizens of September laſt, inſerted in his paper, makes the following remarks:

" Such is the concluſion of a peace, which com- " pletely places the illuſtrious Waſhington in the " rank, not only of the *greateſt men of all ages*, but " (what is more) in the rank of the *moſt generous*, " the *moſt wiſe*, the *moſt virtuous*. The founder of " a great republic by his courage and his military " talents, he has been ſtill more its founder, in " conſolidating it by his firm, prudent, and juſt " adminiſtration; by the reſpect which his diſin- " tereſted character and his enlightened underſtand- " ing have inſpired even in his enemies and his ca- " lumniators (for virtue, however pure, is never with- " out them), in fine, by his perſonal example, which

" has

" has made him the model of his reſpectable fellow-
" citizens."

As to me, in my arduous career, which the wickedneſs of mankind has often planted with thorns, in the career of a public journaliſt, which I have ever laboured " to render uſeful to my cotemporaries, it " is to me a ſatisfaction which I feel with the live-
" lieſt ſenſibility to have always known in Waſh-
" ington the hero, the legiſlator, the ſage, and the " virtuous man *."

MONDAY, 24th APRIL.

The lying Year of 1794.—The late pitiful attempts made by ſome of the public prints, to leſſen, if not totally efface, the honour gained by the Britiſh fleet in their combat with the Dons off Cape St. Vincent, ſeems to have recalled to the mind of an obliging correſpondent the year 1794, ever famed as the æra of falſehood. He has encloſed me an article of news from the Philadelphia Gazette of Auguſt 28th, which is curious enough, particularly as it bears ſuch an exact reſemblance to the "extracts of letters," which ſome of my brethren are now amuſing the public with.

* This hyperbolical praiſe might be excuſable in the editor of a foreign gazette, but it was not very modeſt in the Boſton editor to copy it. Aſtoniſhing has been the blindneſs of the world with reſpect to every thing relating to the Americans and their revolution! It is curious to obſerve the *concluſion* of the Leyden editor. He was vaſtly taken up with Waſhington, but not ſo much ſo as entirely to forget *himſelf*. Waſhington he proclaims to be the *firſt* man in the world, and he ſeems to give us a broad hint, that *he* is the *ſecond*.

News direct from France!—" Captain Bramble has favoured the editor with the following letter:

" Letter from Julien, Member of the Executive Commiſſion of Public Inſtruction, ſent by the Committee of Public Safety to Bourdeaux.

" Breſt, 30 Prairial, l'an 2 (18th June, 1794).

" The armed fleet arrived at Breſt the 23d Prai-
" rial (11th June). Two ſucceſſive combats took
" place the 10th and 13th (29th May and 1ſt June);
" the Engliſh fleet conſiſted of thirty-four veſſels
" of the line, nine of them three-deckers; and the
" French of twenty-ſix ſail of the line, three of
" them three-deckers.

" In three hours ſeventeen veſſels were diſmaſted,
" ten Engliſh, and ſeven French. Two Engliſh
" ſhips of the line, and one three-decker, were ſunk.
" We have diſabled one half of the fleet, and
" damaged the reſt. They were ſeen almoſt about
" mid-channel, retreating in the greateſt diſorder.
" We are now maſters of the ſea, and expect in
" two days to ſail with a ſtrong ſquadron."

This was publiſhed without any comment on its falſehood, though Lord Howe's official account of his victory had been publiſhed about a fortnight before. This official account of Julien was to balance againſt that of the Britiſh Admiral, and, as the ſans-culotte came laſt, it ſtood the beſt chance of belief among the groſs of newſpaper readers.

Thus it is that the people have been deceived and miſled. Thouſands believe to this day that Lord Howe gained no victory at all. The newſpaper publiſhers have treated the people of theſe States (as far as they have been able) juſt as the Convention has treated the French.

American political Parties.—It is well known that from the firſt organization of our government, there

has exiſted a party in oppoſition to it, and that this party has been continually increaſing, by attaching to itſelf the oppoſers of the funding and banking ſyſtem, the mint and naval eſtabliſhment, the *French zealots*, the reſtleſs and ambitious, and, in ſhort, all the diſappointed in fortune or politics, the rapacious and diſcontented of every deſcription; but it has not been ſo well known, or ſo generally underſtood, that the French government has all along co-operated with this party in every meaſure it has attempted. Though, at firſt bluſh, every one muſt have ſeen, that, at the commencement of the European war, it was for the intereſt of France to combine all the commercial part of the world againſt Great Britain, thereby to weaken her overgrown marine ſtrength, and reduce her naval force; and although the conduct of Genet, Fauchet, and Randolph, gave ſtrong indications that France patroniſed and foſtered the oppoſition to the adminiſtration and meaſures of our government in every thing relating to the preſervation of our neutrality; yet ſuch has been our confidence in the purity and juſtice of that nation (reſulting perhaps from our own integrity), that we have attributed all thoſe proceedings to the enthuſiaſtic zeal of a reſtleſs party in France, rather than to ſuppoſe that they were dictated by any ſettled policy of that government, firmly believing that ſhe could not be ſo loſt, not only to a ſenſe of juſtice, but even humanity, as to ſacrifice the intereſt, peace, and happineſs of an innocent unoffending nation to her own ambition. I believe it is ſtill leſs known, that there has been continually a number of native Americans in Paris correſponding with the malcontents in America, and exerting every faculty of the ſoul, to excite that government to a co-operation with the oppoſition here; for no one could, without bluſhing, ſuppoſe that an American could be ſo abandoned to every ſentiment of

juſtice,

juſtice, integrity, honour, or liberty, and independence. But, ſhocking to our feelings as it may be, we have been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken as to both theſe points.

Though the objects of thoſe called democrats, in America, have been various: ſome wiſhing to effect an alteration in the conſtitution; ſome deſirous of overturning the funding and banking ſyſtems; ſome the mint and naval eſtabliſhments; others partaking in the ſympathetic frenzy inſpired by the French revolution, and extending their chimerical views to the regeneration of the world, by revolutionizing all nations, and ſome attempting to deſtroy our own government: theſe, however various in their objects, have all united in meaſures, and, carrying along with them that numerous claſs of diſappointed, reſtleſs, and ambitious individuals, always to be found in every government, formed ſuch an oppoſition to our Executive, and meaſures of Adminiſtration, as gave juſt grounds for France to ſuppoſe that the ſentiments of the great maſs and body of the people here coincided with her intereſt; and that, if this ſentiment could be left to act without control, and was not checked in its operations by our Executive, America would at any time be ready voluntarily to abandon her neutrality, throw herſelf into the ſcale of France, and unite with her againſt the commercial ſtrength of Britain. At an early period, a ſwarm of ſpeculators from America, like a numerous flock of vultures collecting round a maſſy carcaſs deſtined for their prey, reſorted to Paris, to ſeize on the immenſe quantities of floating property in that country, occaſioned by the revolution. Succeſs equalled their enterpriſe. They acquired vaſt ſums, and became deeply intereſted in the French revolutionary funds. In proportion to their intereſt thus ſituated, have been their zeal and anxiety for the eſtabliſhment and permanency of the French govern-

ment. This anxious zeal ſtimulated them on to employ every artful intrigue to influence that government to interpoſe her artful ſway in directing the policy of ours. As many of thoſe ſpeculators were men of talents as well as wealth, and as France was flattered by her own intereſt as well as thoſe appearances in America; it is not ſurpriſing that ſhe ſhould be wrought upon to add her influence to the faction here. This you may be aſſured was the caſe. A triple alliance between the oppoſition in America, the American ſpeculators in France, and the French government, was early formed for the purpoſe of throwing America into the ſcale of France, and making her a party in the war; and as the only obſtacle in the completion of this object was ſuppoſed to be the Executive, their whole artillery has been uniformly levelled againſt that great fortreſs of American liberty, peace, and independence. From the joint influence and intrigues of this combination have originated all the clamours againſt Britiſh influence, Britiſh bribery, and Britiſh gold; the calumnies againſt the Preſident, the proceedings of Genet, erecting of democratic ſocieties to cenſure the meaſures of Government, perſecution of Mr. Hamilton, conduct of Randolph and Fauchet, all the noiſe about Jay and the treaty, &c. &c. &c.; all of which was evidently calculated to raiſe the jealouſy of the people; while pedagogues were declaiming, and hireling ſcribblers and printers continually publiſhing inflammatory pieces to increaſe that jealouſy, and inſpire the ſame enthuſiaſm as reigned in France. Whoever will recollect that at the commencement of the European war our Executive aſſumed a neutral ground in reſpect to all the belligerent powers; and will take a retroſpect of occurrences, will at once ſee that all the meaſures of Adminiſtration have been invariably directed to a ſcrupulous obſervance and ſupport of that neutrality; while on the other hand,

hand, every meaſure of the oppoſition has been uniformly directed to a violation of it, or to the deſtruction of the Executive itſelf, on which its ſupport has eſſentially depended.

It is true that the Madiſonian ſyſtem was not ſo directly levelled againſt the Executive; but it went to a direct violation of our neutrality in reſpect to Great Britain, and to counteract the meaſures of the Adminiſtration. It was to cut off all commercial intercourſe, and conſequently all ſupplies from this country to Great Britain, while that intercourſe, and thoſe ſupplies, were to be continued to France, and conſequently the whole turned to her advantage in proſecuting the war againſt England. Before this, however, the miniſtry of England, apprized of the faction here, the intrigues of Americans at Paris, the co-operation of France with that faction, and the object in view, were undoubtedly alarmed, and ſeriouſly expected that our government would be thrown into the balance againſt them; conſequently begun their depredations, determined to ſecure what advantages they could from our commerce before they ſhould be totally deprived of it. Thoſe depredations on our commerce were, therefore, the effects of the co-operation of the French government with the oppoſition in America; while thoſe depredations furniſhed the pretext for that oppoſition to bring forward a ſyſtem which would at once have attained their end, the violation of our neutrality, and conſequently a war with Britain.

Thoſe commercial regulations brought forward by Madiſon, and ſupported by a majority in Congreſs, joined to the conduct of Genet, and the ſpirit diſcovered by the people at that time, brought matters to a criſis, and rendered the treaty with England abſolutely neceſſary to avoid a war. The treaty, therefore, which has been ſo much curſed, is chargeable upon thoſe perſons who curſe it: but the treaty it-

ſelf has never been, either to them or the French, an object of diſlike in any other point of view, than as it checked thoſe proceedings, and prevented the accompliſhment of their end. The ſerious and aſtoniſhing evils pretended to ariſe out of the treaty, both with reſpect to France and America, and of which ſo much has been ſaid, never yet exiſted any where but in the noiſe that was made about it, and that wholly with a deſign to work up the public prejudice to ſuch a pitch as would prevent its ratification, or juſtify a violation of it after it ſhould be ratified; either of which would effect the ſame purpoſe as thoſe proceedings which the treaty put an end to. I believe that laſt winter, when the public ſentiment was ſo clearly expreſſed on the ſide of the Preſident, and in favour of the treaty, the French government would have given over the purſuit, and, for a time at leaſt, would have left us at peace, had not our own unprincipled citizens ſtimulated the French government on to make new exertions. There were at that time in Paris a man of ſuperior talents from Boſton, and ſeveral Carolinians who accepted commiſſions under Genet, all of whom were deeply intereſted in the French revolutionary funds; and, if poſſible, more zealous in the cauſe of France than the French themſelves. Thoſe Americans, with many more, rendered themſelves very conſpicuous by every ſpecies of cenſure againſt the Preſident, and meaſures of Adminiſtration; and having formed an acquaintance, they acquired an influence over many members of the French Directory. They echoed there the doctrines of the democrats here, inſinuated that our Executive was ſtill under the Britiſh influence, and deſirous of forming a ſtrict alliance with that nation; that the treaty was entered into for that purpoſe; and that unleſs a rupture could be effected between Britain and America, the latter would be totally loſt to France; and that they muſt

hereafter

hereafter calculate upon America as offenſively united with Britain againſt her.

Theſe inſinuations coming from a quarter ſo reſpectable in the view of the French court, and contradicted by no American there, had the deſired effect. A plan of operation was ſettled. The ſyſtem of terror, by which France heretofore governed her internal affairs, was to be adopted in reſpect to her foreign relations. She was to ſpeak in a high and commanding tone; to complain aloud of the Britiſh treaty; accuſe us of ingratitude; proclaim her own magnanimity and juſtice; while ſhe took care at the ſame time to intimate her terrible power, and the vengeance ſhe had in reſerve for her finally impenitent enemies. Thus many a letter has been written from Paris to America, giving an account of the reſentment of that nation to the treaty, and the meaſures of our adminiſtration; when the only deſign was to create and keep alive that reſentment here. And many a letter has been written from America to Paris, repreſenting the evils of the treaty, and reſentment of the people to it here, with a deſign to encourage that government in the proſecution of her noble plans. As the Preſident was ſuppoſed to be pledged for the ſupport of our neutrality, and inflexible to all their manœuvres, he, of courſe, became the bulwark to be deſtroyed. Tom Paine was therefore ſet at work under the auſpices of the French government, to attack his private as well as public character: the Paris ſpeculators and American democrats were in all their writings to cenſure his conduct; and Adet was to act as occaſion ſhould require.

When Tom Paine's efficacious pamphlet was fully charged, Adet's note to the Secretary of State cocked and primed, and the terrible decree of the Directory prepared, the whole was to burſt forth like thunder from conflicting ſtorms, while the lightning of their

navy daſhed in ruin on our commerce. This, it was ſuppoſed, would at once diſtract and confound us; and you may depend upon it, that they even contemplated an alteration of our conſtitution, and the introduction of a Directory here inſtead of a Preſident, in order effectually to eſtabliſh their influence over us hereafter. Theſe things are not the effuſions of my over-heated imagination; nor do they depend on appearances only for their ſupport. I have been favoured with the peruſal of letters from Europe, written by a faithful ſervant of the public there, which demonſtrate and prove thoſe facts beyond all contradiction; and the originals would be publiſhed, was it not for the apprehenſion of expoſing that public ſervant to the rage of an unprincipled faction in a foreign court, and depriving the public of his ſervices in future.

The terrible exploſion has taken place; the pamphlet of Paine, the note of Adet, and the decree of the Directory, and thunder of their navy and privateers upon our commerce, have been all diſcharged, and, thank God, have all had a directly contrary effect from what was intended. Our magnanimous hero in war, firm and unſhaken patriot in council, the father of his country, is not driven from his office; but, loaded with the gratitude of our citizens, and crowned with unrivalled honours (in compariſon of which, royalty ſinks into contempt), calmly retires; while the meaſures of his adminiſtration meet with univerſal applauſe, and will ſtand as a pattern for nations yet unborn. His ſucceſſor has not only a comprehenſive but minute knowledge of all the intrigues of this hypocritical court of France; and this their policy, inſtead of confounding, will be turned upon their own heads, and excite that juſt and general indignation, under which the ſycophant creatures muſt ſink into contempt. I have before

before noted that the Britiſh depredations, and conſequent treaty, were chargeable upon the oppoſition in our government, American ſpeculators, and the co-operation of the French court; and from what I have now ſtated, it is equally plain that the depredations we now ſuffer from France are wholly imputable to the ſame ſpeculators, and our democrats here. The whole of our difficulties are, therefore, the fruits of their patriotic labours. As our revenue depends on commerce, and that commerce is laid proſtrate by the intrigues and policy of thoſe flaming, but falſe patriots, it is become abſolutely neceſſary to reſort to other ſources of revenue; and a direct tax, which thoſe French partiſans have been for years advocating, and which they would have long ago adopted, that the people might feel what they paid, in order that they might attend to the expenditures, is the only expedient which now preſents itſelf; but now, when they have rendered it neceſſary, thoſe very champions for direct taxes, thoſe friends of liberty and zealous patriots, will be the perſons to fling every poſſible embarraſſment in the way, and the laſt who will vote for it. This is however only matter of opinion, and future facts muſt prove the truth or falſehood of the aſſertion. We have a bill now before the Houſe, reported by the Committee of ways and means for the purpoſe. We have not yet entered upon the diſcuſſion of it, and it is of courſe unknown how the members will vote: but I preſume that the chief, with many of his party, will find ſome ſpecious pretext to vote againſt it; and my brother S—— I know will negative it if in his power. While we could get along without direct taxes, they were advocating the meaſure, and wiſhing to adopt it; but now that it becomes neceſſary, and they believe the people, from a conviction of that neceſſity, would ſubmit to the payment, they will oppoſe it.

Thus

Thus you see their consistency, and will judge of their designs.

I am Sir, with much esteem,
your friend and humble servant.

TUESDAY, 25th APRIL.

Echo on the Schuylkill.——SIR, I was an unbeliever of the story of a wonderful echo on the banks of the Schuylkill, until, in company with a friend, I received the following answers to my several questions.

Quest.—What is the employment of Governor Mifflin?
ECHO—*tippling.*
Is it true that he is governed by one Dallas?
ECHO—*alas!*
I suppose that, in compliment to the French, we shall celebrate the 14th instead of the 4th of July.
ECHO—*you lie.*
We are surely under obligations to our dear allies.
ECHO—*all lies.*
What is the object of a modern patriot?
ECHO—*riot.*
What are the present pretenders to democracy.
ECHO—*O! crazy.*
What is the proper aliment for such democrats?
ECHO—*rats.*
On ship-board, what did the printer of the Aurora?
ECHO—*roar "ah."*
What does he at sight of young Humphreys?
ECHO—*freeze.*
What does he at the success of Porcupine?
ECHO—*pine.*
For what does Citoyen Munro pais?
ECHO—*ass.*
What have we cancelled by the insolence of Adet?
ECHO—*a debt.*

Republican Honesty.—On the capture of St. Martin's the inhabitants signed a capitulation (without defence), to retain their property, on swearing allegiance to the Republic, and disarming themselves; but their

their effects were nevertheleſs confiſcated, and all thoſe ſent in chains to Guadaloupe who had not briefs of citizenſhip before the French revolution. The inhabitants were ſubjected to an exceſſive tax, and robbed of their negroes. A number of the natives were exiled.

Rights of Man exerciſed at Wiſcaſſet.—Wiſcaſſet, April 1, 1797. On Wedneſday morning laſt, between two and three o'clock, the gaol here was opened by an armed force, and three perſons liberated who had ſome days before been arreſted on *meſne proceſs*, and for want of bail were committed. The proceſs was at the ſuit of Mr. Trueman, on whom they committed a moſt outrageous treſpaſs the laſt ſummer, in the town of New-Milford. The mob was about two days in collecting, and it is ſuggeſted that they principally came from the upper ſettlements of Sheepſgut and Damariſcotta ponds, and that their number was between two and three hundred. They appeared well armed, and ſuitably provided with axes and bars to pull down the gaol, if they could not otherwiſe effect their purpoſe. At the point of charged bayonet they demanded of the gaoler the liberation of the priſoners, to whom he was forced to comply. The number that ſurrounded the gaol was between fifty and ſixty; but it was ſaid there were two large parties at a ſmall diſtance: one of them, about fifty in number, it ſeems was ſtationed in the road between the gaol and ſettlements, and the other at ſome diſtance from the gaol on the oppoſite ſide. No doubt they came expecting to find an armed force to oppoſe them; which would have been the caſe, had it not been ſatisfactorily aſcertained, that their numbers were ſo great as to overpower an inconſiderable guard, and that bloodſhed would have enſued. Indeed no guard military could legally have been called out to defend the gaol

by

by force of arms, without a ſpecial order from the Sheriff, or one from two Judges of the Supreme or Common Pleas court—which could not have been ſeaſonably obtained. Another conſideration, however, had weight; moſt of the rioters were actually known, and will no doubt be eventually apprehended, and held to anſwer for the abuſe of the conſtitution and laws, although for a while they eſcape.

It was reported on Tueſday, that the rioters had diſperſed, and gone home. Many perſons from the ſettlements before alluded to, were here during the greateſt part of the day, and I converſed with ſeveral on the ſubject of their lands, adviſed them, eſpecially ſuch as lived out of incorporated places, to apply to Government for redreſs, and ſuggeſted the poſſibility of relief heretofore digeſted between us.

French Influence in America.—France: Council of Elders. In this aſſembly a debate took place on the 23d of laſt November, reſpecting impoſts, during which the following remarks fell from Dupont:

"The Americans have ſcarcely any means for "making payment for our wines, brandy, and ſilk, "except their rice, fiſh, and tobacco; and tobacco "is the moſt conſiderable article they can offer us. "Will they not be diſſatisfied to ſee us treat their "principal ſtaple with this financial ſeverity, and "Punic infidelity?

"At what moment are we inviting upon our-"ſelves theſe charges? at the time when Waſhing-"ton is retiring from public life, and his ſucceſſor "is to be named, as the depoſitary of the executive "power.

"*Two parties divide that republic*, as is the caſe "with other republics. One is attached to France "by gratitude for her ſervices; the other is attached "to England. The latter obtained the advantage,

" by two votes only, in the diſcuſſion on the treaty " of commerce with England; and *this was owing to* " *a political error of our own government.*

" But the triumph of the Engliſh party, relative " to the treaty, has rendered the French party *more* " *popular*, and affords a ſtrong hope of ſeeing the " future Preſident, the ſucceſſor of Waſhington, " *choſen from among the citizens who are known as the* " *friends of France.*"

This extract is well worthy of attention. *Dupont* cautioned his colleagues againſt laying an additional impoſt on tobacco, not becauſe he had any objection to the exerciſe of ſuch "Punic infidelity," but becauſe it might operate to the diſadvantage of France in our *choice of a Preſident.* Juſt as if he had ſaid, " Don't let us lay this impoſt now, when the Americans are going to chooſe a new chief magiſtrate. They are divided; one half of them for England, and the other for France: there is every reaſon to hope that Waſhington's ſucceſſor will be choſen from among thoſe who are known as the friends of France; let us, therefore, ſtop till this important election is over, and then we may ſafely do what we pleaſe."

Such is the language of *Dupont*, and ſuch the contemptible opinion he entertained of the people of America. But the moſt curious part of the harangue is that in which he obſerves, that the *two votes*, which decided the fate of the *Britiſh treaty*, were loſt by " a *political error* of the *French* government." A morning paper aſks, " What can this mean?" What it *means* is as clear as what it ſays; and both are equally humiliating to every American that has the leaſt anxiety for the honour of his country. The French have ſo long talked of theſe States as their provinces, and of the people as their ſlaves, or at leaſt as their tools; their inſolent language is grown ſo familiar to our ears, that it has in ſome meaſure

meaſure loſt its effect with reſpect to us; it has ceaſed to rouſe us to reſentment, and even to excite ſurpriſe:—but let us ſuppoſe for a moment, that they were to hold this language towards any other nation; let us ſuppoſe that *Dupont* were to tell the Divan that the Parliament of Great Britain had determined to continue the war by two voices only, and that the loſs of theſe two voices "was owing to a political error of the French government." Suppoſe we were to behold the members of a foreign legiſlature, thus counting the votes of the *Houſe of Commons!* and exclaiming, "*We have loſt it by two, and that was our fault:*" were we to behold this, I aſk any ſans-culotte printer in America how many pages he would fill up about *bribery* and *corruption?*

So much for *Dupont*'s ſpeech; now for a word or two of *Maſter Dupont* himſelf. The *Minerva* of New-York calls him "a *reſpectable* member of the legiſlature of France." The epithet *reſpectable*, applied to any one of the guillotine legiſlators, who are now plundering the commerce of this country, argues a pretty high degree of complaiſance in the editor of an American newſpaper; but when we recollect who the complimented perſon is; when we recollect that this *reſpectable* member is no other than that very *Dupont* (ſurnamed *the infamous*), who firſt mounted the tribune to call on the Aſſembly *to hurl down the altars of God*, and who firſt openly pronounced in the ſame tribune, that there was "*no God in the world*;" when we hear this plundering legiſlator, this daring blaſphemer, called *reſpectable*, and that too by a man who is an advocate for neither plunder nor blaſphemy, we cannot help fearing that the manly tone of indignation is faſt giving way to that of a cringing hypocritical complaiſance.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 26th APRIL.

Buonaparte's Correſpondence with the Pope.—Paris journals of the 4th and 5th arrived yeſterday; they bring an account that peace is concluded between the Pope and the French.

The following are the official letters publiſhed by the Directory on the ſubject of the peace concluded between the Pope and the French Republic.

Buonaparte, Commander in Chief, to the French Executive Directory.

"Head-quarters at Tolentino, 10th Ventoſe, Feb. 19.

"I ſhall ſend you immediately the ten ſtandards which we have taken from the Pope in the different actions we have had with his troops. You will find annexed the copy of a letter which the Holy Father has written to me, and of my anſwer.

(Signed) "BUONAPARTE."

"DEAR SON—*Health and Apoſtolic Benediction.*

"Deſiring to terminate amicably our differences with the French Republic by the retreat of the troops which you command, we ſend and depute to you, as our plenipotentiaries, two eccleſiaſtics, the Cardinal Matty, who is perfectly known to you, and M. Caleppi; and two ſeculars, the Duke Don Lewis Braſchi, our nephew, and the Marquis Camillus Maſſimi, who are inveſted with our full powers, to concert with you, promiſe, and ſubſcribe ſuch conditions as we hope will be juſt and reaſonable, obliging ourſelves, under our faith and word, to approve and ratify them in ſpecial form, in order that they may be valid and inviolable in all future time. Aſſured of the ſentiments of good will which you have manifeſted, we have abſtained from removing any thing from Rome, by which you will be perſuaded of the entire confidence we repoſe in you.

We conclude by assuring you of our perfect esteem, and in giving you the paternal apostolic benediction.

"Given at St. Peter's in Rome, the 12th February, 1797, the twenty-second year of our pontificate.

"PIUS, P. P. VI."

Buonaparte, General in Chief of the Army of Italy, to his Holiness the Pope.

"Head-quarters, Tolentino, 1st Ventose, fifth year.

"I ought to thank your Holiness for the obliging things contained in the letter which you have taken the trouble to write to me.

"The peace between the French Republic and your Holiness is just signed. I felicitate myself on being able to contribute to your personal safety.

"I entreat your Holiness to guard against the persons who are at Rome, who are sold to the courts the enemies of France, or who suffer themselves to be guided exclusively by the passions of hatred which the loss of territory constantly engenders.

"All Europe knows the pacific inclination and the conciliatory virtue of your Holiness. The French Republic, I hope, will be one of the truest friends of Rome.

"I send my Aid-de-camp, Chief of Brigade, to express to your Holiness the perfect esteem and veneration which I have for your person, and to entreat you to confide in the desire which I have to give you, on every occasion, proofs of the respect and veneration with which I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

(Signed) "BUONAPARTE."

THURSDAY, 27th APRIL.

"*The Sons of France and America,*" *at Charleston.*—We learn from Charleston, under the date of April 10,

10, that the French privateer the *Gruper* was lying off the bar of the harbour, and had there brought to, and overhauled, an American veſſel, Captain Almy, of Rhode Iſland, which veſſel, in conſequence of the conduct of the privateer, had been very much injured, and had very narrowly eſcaped total deſtruction. The Charleſton editor concludes a long account of this buſineſs with the following very *ſpirited* obſervation:

"It is expected, that a proper inveſtigation of this "buſineſs will take place, and that our merchants "will be made perfectly acquainted with the pro-"priety with which privateers, fitted out in our own "ports, ſhall go and lie in wait for our veſſels off "our own bar, to capture them."

REMARKS.—The humiliating day of retribution is come! Why ſhould not privateers fitted in the port of Charleſton lie off the bar to capture American veſſels? It is juſt. Privateers fitted out from that port in 1793, partly manned, if not owned, by Americans, made a piratical war on the commerce of Great Britain. By this the French were taught what they might venture to do: villany ſeldom miſſes its reward in the end.

Beſides, how can the people of Charleſton have the face to complain of the conduct of the "ſons of France?" For four long years we witneſſed the ſhameful, the odious teſtimonies of approbation which this city beſtowed on the revolutioniſts. Every one of their baſe and bloody actions was applauded: but now, behold! their ſeizing an American veſſel off the bar, is expected to be *inquired into!*

At Charleſton, on the 6th of February, 1794, be it known, and be it remembered too, that the *Republican* Society (not the *Democratic* Society) celebrated the anniverſary of the alliance between France and America. This ſociety of Americans paraded at the

hotel of a Citizen Harris, whence they ſent a deputation to invite the Citizen Conſul of the French Republic, and Citizen Captain Branzon and Lieutenant Langlois of the republican ſloop of war Las Caſas, to join them. From the rendezvous the whole republican tribe marched, or rather ſtalked, in proceſſion, to the city-hall; and this place of their deſtination proves, that, if the corporation did not aſſiſt at the feſtival, they approved of it.

There is ſomething at once ſo baſe and ſo ludicrous in the circumſtances of the feaſt, that I cannot help repeating them juſt as they ſtand in my common-place book of ſans-culotiſm.

Firſt in the proceſſion came the preſident of the ſociety, ſupported by the Conſul of France, and the citizens officers of the ſloop of war.

The cap of liberty, carried by the ſecretary, ſupported by two citizen members.

The treaſurer of the ſociety.

The members of the ſociety, two and two.

Arrived at the town-hall, an oration was delivered by Citizen Stephen Drayton. The whole then returned to Harris's hotel, drums beating and fifes playing *ça ira*. Here dinner was prepared; the flags of the fifteen republics were diſplayed from the balcony; the dinner-room was decorated with laurel, and the flags joined together. Over the preſident's chair was placed the cap of liberty.

Among the favourite toaſts were, Citizen Genet, Citizen Madiſon, the ſans-culottes of Great Britain and Ireland, and the guillotine. One toaſt in particular it is worth while to recall to memory at this time: "May the *enemies of republican Frenchmen periſh, in whatever clime they may be found!*"

After the toaſts were over, the liberty cap was placed on the head of the preſident, and then alternately on the head of each member, accompanied with three cheers and *ça ira*. After being returned

to

to, and worn by, the preſident ſome time, the cap was preſented by him to the crew of the Las Caſas. "And thus," ſays the Charleſton paper, "glided the hours away of this feaſt, which was made by congenial ſouls to commemorate the happy day when Frenchmen joined the ſons of America to overthrow *tyranny* in this happy land." Impudent, ſtupid miſcreants! Beſhrew me, but it glads my heart to hear that their viper-like aſperſions have at laſt met with their reward. Would to heaven that their dear brothers, "the ſons of Frenchmen," would ſtrip them of their very ſkins!

But the groſſeſt foolery of this feſtival remains to be noticed. "In giving this relation," continues the gazette, "it may not be improper to mention a circumſtance that brought the *tear of joy* into the eyes of all preſent, from the *extraordinarineſs* of it. In the room of feſtive mirth, and about the cloſe of the evening, were two boys, not exceeding ten years of age, and nearly of the ſame ſize; the one a native of France, and belonging to the ſloop of war Las Caſas, the other a native of America; both rather handſome than pretty. They had amuſed themſelves for ſome time behind the preſident's chair, by joining in the choruſes of the Marſeilles hymn; when, to the great ſurpriſe of the company, they ſpontaneouſly exhibited a ſtriking, and it is to be hoped a juſt, emblem of the genius of each people in their reſpective characters. They mounted each on a chair, and enfolded themſelves in the colours that were diſplayed in the rear of the preſident; the American in thoſe of the French Republic—the little ſans-culotte in thoſe of America; and when they had ſo done, they chanted in an animated manner, the *favourite* chorus of *ça ira*."

I leave the foreign reader to gueſs (thoſe of this country know but too well) what a ſtate of infatu-

ation, of ſtupidity, of debaſement and ferocity, a city muſt be ſunk to, that could ſuffer itſelf to be amuſed with ſuch exhibitions as theſe: *ça ira*, the carol of the lamp-poſt, the death-howl of the ſavages of Paris, chanted by two children to a company of Charleſtonians, drew from their eyes *tears of joy!* When the world ſhall have recovered from the ferment into which it has been plunged by the infernal revolution of France, and the hiſtorian ſhall have leiſure to record the inſtances of folly and wickedneſs it has produced, Charleſton in South Carolina will not be forgotten.

To return to the ſubject of the ſeizure: once more I ſay it is juſt. I wiſh "the ſons of Frenchmen" would not only capture their ſhips off the bar, but in their harbour, and from the edge of their very wharfs. They "expect that an inquiry will be made into the matter." Upon my word, I ſee no occaſion for any inquiry at all. They themſelves waited for no inquiry to toaſt deſtruction "to the enemies of republican Fenchmen, *in whatever clime they might be found*;" and I therefore cannot conceive them entitled to any inquiry now. It is the dear "ſons of Frenchmen" that ſeize their veſſels, and that's enough; let them aſk no queſtions. To pleaſe theſe "ſons of Frenchmen," they toaſted "Confuſion to William Smith," their member in Congreſs, the ornament of their State, and, at that time, almoſt the only man in the United States who had the courage to attempt to ſtem the deſtructive tide of French principles and French influence that was overwhelming us: they vomited forth this toaſt, without waiting for an inquiry, and therefore let them now ſwallow their injuries and their diſgrace in ſilence.

Regicide

Regicide Feſtival.—From a Paris paper, called the *Eclair.*—He who kills his fellow-creatures is called a homicide, he who kills his father a parricide, he who ſelects a king for his victim a regicide, and he who ſtrikes a tyrant a tyrannicide.

It was yeſterday that thoſe who killed Louis XVI. regicides according to ſome, tyrannicides according to others, met to celebrate the memorable day of their triumph, and to ſwear an eternal hatred to royalty. I did not partake of their tranſports of joy; I was not preſent at their feſtival.

The people have ſanctioned the republic. I reſpect their will; but I do not call him a tyrant who, until the 10th of Auguſt, was a legitimate king, who, on the throne, was the mildeſt of kings, and, in private, furniſhed an example of the virtues.

I blame no one. I love and reſpect the majority of our preſent repreſentatives; but I declare this, that if the voice of the people had given me a ſeat in the legiſlature, I ſhould not have conſented to take, on the 21ſt of January, the oath that was yeſterday taken by both Councils in the church of Notre Dame.

I ſhould have dreaded that this oath, taken on that day of eternal mourning, would be conſidered as an aſſent to the ſentence pronounced by the National Convention on the laſt King of the French. I had rather die a thouſand deaths than ſubject myſelf to ſuch a ſuſpicion.'

If I can truſt appearances, the majority, nay, I will go ſo far as to ſay, all the Pariſians unanimouſly, are of my opinion. All the ſhops were yeſterday open, the artiſans employed, and the Catholic temples filled with a greater number of the faithful than on ordinary days. More than one fervent prayer was, without doubt, addreſſed to Heaven in favour of him whoſe death was celebrated. The avenues to the cathedral were deſerted. Curioſity itſelf, which ſo powerfully ſways the mul-

titude, ſeemed yeſterday to have loſt its charm, and no longer to allure the wretched inhabitants of Paris.

How many perjuries were yeſterday committed throughout the whole extent of the Republic! What a burleſque ceremony that of an oath taken by the French in the eighteenth century!

O Jupiter! exclaimed a Roman, treat me like this ſow I am going to immolate, *if I break my oath.* But thou deſtroyer of altars, where is the ſecurity for thy promiſe? Who will puniſh thee for thy perjury? thy heart full of impiety? Didſt thou not ſay long ago, *there is no God?* I know that thy pride, thy corruption, has miſled thee, and thou wilt one day find the avenging God whom thy perverſity now denies. In the interim, a madman muſt he be who truſts the deceitful words thou haſt juſt pronounced. To which of thy oaths art thou deſirous that I ſhould give credit? to that of 1796, or to that of 1793, or to that of 1791, or to that of 1789?

Prieſtley and Jefferſon.—At a late meeting of the Philoſophical Society of Philadelphia, the new Preſident produced a large bone, ſuppoſed to be the claw of ſome lion, which muſt have been twice the ſize of the largeſt lions of Africa. With this monſtrous bone before him, and *Volney* on his right hand, and *Prieſtley* on his left, he delivered to the aſtoniſhed ſociety a very learned diſcourſe on the ſize of the beaſt whoſe claw was exhibited. It was remarked by a member preſent, that when he ſaw the worthy Preſident thus ſupported by the *wind* and the *air*, he could not but portend ſome tempeſtuous weather to the United States. The aſſociation of theſe extraordinary characters certainly exhibited a triumvirate of *atheiſm*, *deiſm*, and *nothingiſm*, full as curious as the lion's paw.

American

American Tameneſs.—Extract of a letter from London, dated March 2.—" The affair of the Bank, " which cauſed ſuch alarm at firſt, has within this " day or two loſt its terrors. Confidence is again re- " eſtabliſhed, and there is no doubt but the wiſdom " of the Miniſter will preſerve it unimpaired. We " were thoroughly perſuaded that a war would take " place between you and France; but Mr. King, " on whom we waited this morning, gives us every " aſſurance that there is not the leaſt danger of any " ſuch event."

The above extract is given as it was handed to the editor, but he does not think proper to let it go before the public unaccompanied with an obſervation, that the paſſage reſpecting France and America ſeems very problematical. Every one, at leaſt every one who has any thing to loſe, wiſhes for a continuation of the bleſſings of peace; but then this muſt be ſecured upon honourable terms to give any man of ſpirit ſatisfaction; and who can point out a probability, or even a poſſibility, of doing this at the preſent moment? When we look at France and the deſpots who govern her; while we ſee the impoſſibility of their paying for what they have plundered, and while the contemptuous treatment of Mr. Pinckney furniſhes ſuch inconteſtable proof of their intention to continue their depredations, their pirate-like warfare; while things are in this ſtate, to aſſert with confidence, that *no rupture will take place*, is, I hope, counting too much on the tameneſs of America *.

* We have *now* [1799] ſeen, however, that *it was not counting too much*; we have ſeen, that the people of America can bear any thing and *every thing*, that comes from a " ſiſter republic." That inflexible ſpirit, which has been looked upon as the leading characteriſtic of republicans, has never made its appearance in the councils of the United States. Inſult after inſult, injury after injury, have been pocketed with the moſt philoſophical *ſang-froid*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

From the Norfolk Herald.

Norfolk, April 20.

Britiſh Conſul's Office, Norfolk, Virginia, April 18, 1797.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg you to inſert in your next Herald, the encloſed copy of a letter I have juſt received from Captain Murray of his Majeſty's ſhip Aſia.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your obedient ſervant,
JOHN HAMILTON.

Meſſrs. Willet & O'Connor.

(COPY.)

Aſia, Hampton Roads, April 17, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

Encloſed is a copy of an advertiſement found in an American paper; permit me to requeſt you will find ſome means of publicly contradicting it, or of aſſuring the public that it did not come from me; as I would by no means have it believed, that the Captain of a Britiſh man of war was capable of inſulting any enemy whatever, particularly in ſuch a gaſconading manner.

I am, with ſincerity,
Dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,
(Signed) ROBERT MURRAY.

John Hamilton, Eſq. his Britannic Majeſty's
Conſul, Norfolk, Virginia.

(COPY.)

Hampton Roads, March 14.

Advertiſement Extraordinary.

Lies SKULKING in or about the harbour of Norfolk, a little gaſconading commander, dreſſed in a blue coat with a brick-duſt facing, a high cocked hat decorated

corated with a knob, ſuch as is frequently ſeen on the bridles of coach-horſes, of red, white, and blue riband. He is very much *bloated* from having been long *wind-bound*, and has lately contracted an unconquerable fondneſs for *port*.

Whoever will diſcover the ſaid Gaſcon, ſo that he may be brought before one of his Majeſty's frigates, ſhall receive a handſome reward from the

CAPTAIN OF THE ASIA.

Extract of a Letter from Norfolk, dated 21ſt of April, 1797.

"You will ſee by the public papers that we are like to rival you in the dramatical line. Yeſterday was performed our new farce of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. The principal character, Captain *Modeſty*, which was performed with a vaſt deal of ſeafaring ſimplicity, ſet the whole houſe, boxes, pit, and gallery, in a roar of laughter."

Seafaring Delicacy.—CAPTAIN MURRAY's ſolemnly ridiculous diſavowal of the *Advertiſement Extraordinary*, which every one looked upon as a mere ſpurt of wit, and which, *therefore*, no one imputed to him, has drawn on him the diſgraceful commendations of all the ſans-culotte newſmongers in this country, who only about nine months ago honoured him and his father with the appellation of *freebooters*, and who ſtill call his ſovereign the *Royal Brute of Britain*. Let Captain Murray congratulate himſelf on having deſerved their applauſe; as to the author of the *Advertiſement Extraordinary*, he would ſhun it as he would a tri-coloured cockade or the knife of its wearer.

The democratic printers call it "an *inſulting* advertiſement, intended to *wound the feelings* of Commodore Barney." They are very tender-hearted grown lately. They forget, ſurely, that the noble-ſpirited Commodore bound an American Captain hand

hand and foot, and ſwung up our flag reverſed under that of France, and that they *juſtified* him too; juſtified an American who, acting under a foreign ſtate, made war upon the defenceleſs commerce of his own country, came into its ports with the avowed intention of proſecuting his baſe unnatural warfare, and even inſulted the Congreſs by repeatedly appearing in their hall, dreſſed in the garb of his infamous calling.

This is the man whoſe *feelings* are not to be *wounded!* This is the man whom Captain Murray is as cautious of offending as the Indians are of offending the devil. I hope it is not for the ſame reaſon; but I muſt confeſs that I tremble for the reputation of a Britiſh commander, when I hear him applauded by the ſworn enemies of Britain: it puts me in mind of Buonaparte's encomium on the "*reſpectable* General Provero."

FRIDAY, 28th APRIL.

French Conſul at Boſton threatens to proſecute the Printers.—Boſton, 20th April, 1797.—"The underſigned Conſul of the French Republic in Boſton, declares, that the piece publiſhed in this day's Centinel, 30th Germinal (19th of April, 1797, O. S.), under the title of 'An Extract from a Pamphlet now in Circulation in France, publiſhed by Order of the Directory, and addreſſed to the People, ſigned Hoche,' is abſolutely falſe; that the government of the French Republic never avowed, but inceſſantly withſtood, the principles which this deſpicable writer ſuppoſes them to purſue. In thoſe countries that have been conquered by the victorious arms of the Republic, religion, perſons, and property have been invariably reſpected.

" The underſigned propoſes to take the order of his government for proſecuting the authors of this falſe publication; a publication which it would be needleſs to demonſtrate the abſurdity of.

" The good citizens deſpiſe erroneous opinions, that may ſpring from party ſpirit and hatred towards a republican form of government; but if, under pretence of the liberty of the preſs, the community were to tolerate the inſertion of falſe pieces, given as authentic ones, theſe forgers would perhaps ſoon emit bank bills under the ſelf-ſame cloak*.

" MOZARD."

Jefferſon and Freneau—When a certain *printer* ſet up his paper in Philadelphia, entitled the *National Gazette*, a certain quondam *Secretary* ſent it to ſundry agents in the United States in foreign countries with a recommendation of it as a *patriotic paper*, which would enable the agents to ſee both ſides of the queſtion, repreſenting thereby this National Gazette, which was always filled with abominable lies and abuſe againſt the Federal Government, as one ſide of the queſtion, in oppoſition to the acts of that Government of which the panegyriſt of this paper was himſelf a member.

Dollars ſtamped with the King of England's Head.—Our readers have been informed that the dollars, which are now iſſuing from the Bank of England, bear a ſtamp of King George's *head* on the *neck* of the King of Spain: upon this ſubject a correſpondent obſerves, that he has no objection to the mode of ſupplying the city with ſpecie, but thinks that by all means his Majeſty's *foot* inſtead of his head ſhould have been ſtamped on the neck of his enemy; and,

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* It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that nothing more has to this time [1799] been heard of this proſecution.

indeed,

indeed, it muſt be conſeſſed that the *Moſt Catholic* ally of the French *Atheiſts*, in their war againſt the *ſucceſſor of St. Peter*, would look very well if pourtrayed with the addition of this badge of honour.

The Wonder of American Patience.—The little runaway Scotchman, Callender, wrote a pamphlet againſt Peter Porcupine laſt ſummer, which he entitled "The Wonder of American Patience." This title, as the pamphlet has no uſe for any, I now beg leave to transfer to the following accounts from Charleſton, of April 4. Tranſlated from the State Gazette. From "Le Patriote Français," of the 3d:

Addreſs to the French and American Patriots.

REPUBLICANS,

Dragged by ſome amateurs to the theatre of Charleſton, we did not preſume, that a juſt ſentiment of indignation would there afflict our minds, and caſt a gloom over the agreeable ideas which we had previouſly formed of the entertainment. Recalling to our memory the French theatre at the capital (Paris), we communicated to each other our remarks on the difference of declamation, of taſte, of geſtures, and intrigues; we admired even our conſtancy in hearing expreſſions which the greater part of us could not underſtand, when Placide with his rare talents came forth to rouſe us from this lethargic ſtupor.

But how great was our aſtoniſhment, in the Lock and Key, to learn that the actor J. W. ſung, with an affected enthuſiaſm, the high exploits of an Engliſh frigate, the ſole aſpect of whoſe flag had put to flight three French frigates; and that *a blind populace*, with exceſſive and thrice reiterated plaudits, demanded the repetition of the ſame couplet, *whilſt they had their eyes fixed upon us*. Reaſon and pity, much *leſs* than anger, determined us to depart; and we laughed together at the abſurd and rude affront which had juſt

grated

grated our ears. We ſaid then: Is it then theſe people ſhould feign to be ignorant that at all times the Engliſh have not dared to meaſure themſelves with an equal force of the French, and that nothing but treachery and ſuperior numbers have ever afforded them ſome ſucceſs? Should they have forgotten that Admiral Byng, beaten by Galiſſoniere, and flying before Mahon, had been beheaded, becauſe he boldly ſaid to the Council that ſat on his judgment, "Cite to me a ſingle inſtance, when the Engliſh navy with an equal number of veſſels vanquiſhed the French navy, and then I will allow that I was a coward. But if the fire of the enemy, and the decayed condition of my ſquadron, though it had been ſuperior in numbers, have forced me to yield the field of battle to him, why ſhould this be charged as a capital crime againſt me?"

It is neceſſary here to relate the diſgrace wherewith this ambitious and pillaging nation has loaded itſelf at Toulon, Tiberon, and Dunkirk. To enlightened and impartial perſons we leave the care of drawing herefrom juſt concluſions, and pronouncing on future events.

But you, American Engliſhmen, removed two centuries from the belligerent and political career of the world, ſhall ingratitude be your portion? Will you ſuffer *much longer*, that in your halls of public exhibitions, on your theatres, malevolent perſons ſhall make their efforts to revile the French nation? you *who, without her, would ſtill groan under the oppreſſive and tyrannical yoke of the deſpot* who apparently wiſhes to rule this day over your country. Open your eyes, and, like freemen, repulſe from you a nation, that by the means of a *crafty, perfidious*, and to you diſgraceful *treaty*, wiſhed to reduce you again into ſlavery.

As for you, ſound part of the United States, our allies, our brethren, whoſe ſtandard, *glorious* by the

aid of *our arms*, ſtill waves in the republican Senate of France, *redreſs* through *your energy* the wrongs of your fellow-citizens; inſpire them at this critical moment with ſentiments worthy of a regenerated people. Tell them, if neceſſary, France, torn by an inteſtine war, has glorioufly combated againſt ſeventeen European powers that had coaleſced againſt her. The greateſt part of them have been vanquiſhed, ſeveral others have demanded peace from her, which ſhe generouſly granted them; England ſues for it, and will ſoon be forced to ſubſcribe thereto. Teach them further, that the French Republic, now founded on a ſolid baſis, is going to be the preponderating power, that ſhe will balance the equilibrium of nations, whom ſhe will compel by her clemency, by her laws, and by the wiſdom of her government, to pay her the tribute of admiration. Ah! if reaſons ſo juſt, and motives ſo powerful, do not bring them back to the level of their means, then add this laſt admonition to them, "*Fear, indignant France will make you feel the weight and effect of her reſentment, and plunge you again into that nothingneſs, from whence ſhe has raiſed you.*"

As for you, ſlovenly buffoons, and all of you who are their partiſans, ignorant applauders, receive as a reward of your zeal the public contempt, which you have ſo well deſerved, and to which *we devote you* through life.

GR. ME. of the French part of the iſland of St. Martin's; and the other French republicans, paſſengers on board the corvette La Lourde.

REMARKS.

To obſerve on the ignorance and cant that runs through this impudent publication, would be uſeleſs: it comes from republican ſans-culotte Frenchmen, and that's enough. It is its abominable inſolence, and

and the clear indication that it contains of the ſpirit and intention of the French, that is to be attended to.

I aſſert, and I defy any one to produce proof in contradiction to my aſſertion, that no nation, no city, no aſſemblage of perſons on earth, calling themſelves free and independent, were ever ſo inſulted as the people of America, in divers parts of the Union, have been by this horde of new-faſhioned ſavages: but I really think that Charleſton has had the preference in the diſtribution of their fraternal favours; not unmeritedly, without doubt. Oh! the glorious free and *independent* Charleſtonians! They cannot applaud a good ſong without being menaced by the dear "ſons of France."

What liberty we ſhould enjoy, if the French could ſo fraternize with us, as to get us to join them in the war! then it would be glorious work indeed. If the ſanguinary, red-headed crew of a privateer take upon them to remonſtrate and to threaten us, and that too merely for applauding a ſong, what might we not expect from a republican general, with ten thouſand blood-hounds at his heels, and his aid-de-camp, Guillotine, at his elbow? Then we ſhould taſte of the bleſſings of *equal* liberty in its purity. They would no longer be offended with our ſongs, becauſe they would not ſuffer us to ſing or ſpeak in any language but French. They would fall out with the very cut of our faces, and would twiſt our good level Engliſh-looking features into the baboon prominency of their own.

"Fear, *indignant France* will *make you feel* the "*weight* and *effect of her reſentment*, and *plunge you* "*again* into that *nothingneſs*, from whence *ſhe has* "*raiſed you!*" If the captain or crew of an Engliſh veſſel had publiſhed a threat like this, how ſoon would their blood have ſtained the pavement of Charleſton! Yet the raggamuffin "ſons of Frenchmen"

men" are not only permitted to depart unmoleſted, but their threat, leſt the whole world ſhould not hear of it, is tranſlated and *very politely* publiſhed in a paper of the inſulted and humiliated city! Let us then no longer talk of the meanneſs of the Kings of Spain and Sardinia, of the voluntary debaſement of the Queen of Naples, or the hypocritical, fear-inſpired profeſſions of the Pope; to find inſtances of the degeneracy of the preſent age, we need not go beyond the limits of our own territory.

SATURDAY, 29th APRIL.

Grattan.—The alarm reſpecting the Bank has once more given life to the *reformers* of this kingdom. Grattan, who got extremely well ſatisfied with the preſent ſtate of things as ſoon as he got into office, and who became as diſcontented with it the moment he was diſplaced: this verſatile *Cerberus* heads the pack. It is to be hoped that the Government will not be compelled to give him another ſop: a bayonet would ſuit him much better.

Political Retribution.—A Paris paper of the 2d March, ſays, that "the King of Spain is preparing for a journey into Catalonia, where there are *diſcontents*, as there are alſo in Navarre. The Cortes, or States, of the latter province having recently aſſembled, ſent to Madrid deputies who returned without being able to obtain an audience, and that the conſequences to be apprehended were ſerious."—[That's right, Moſt Catholic: it will teach you what it is to become the *friend* of the *murderers of the head of your family.*]

Sardinia.—"The Court of Turin has ſent orders to the Viceroy of Sardinia to furniſh the French in Corſica with every thing the Commiſſary Miot ſhall require. The Chevalier de Purora has been appointed

pointed Miniſter of Foreign Affairs by the King of Sardinia, inſtead of the late Count Graneri.

" Our advices from Genoa, dated February 9, ſtate, that the King of Sardinia had juſt cauſed his brother, the Duke d'Aoſte, to be apprehended, on a charge of having had a ſhare in the conſpiracy; of having ſought to put himſelf at the head of the diſcontented Nobles, for the purpoſe of ſeizing on the city and citadel of Turin, and of intending to declare himſelf Regent of the kingdom."

All this is right too: he who hugs the traitors of other nations to his boſom, and gives them all the aid in his power, ought to be betrayed by his own ſubjects and family. Certainly nothing can be more juſt.

Corſica.—" Some bloody diſturbances have taken place in Corſica, owing to the levying of recruits for the French army. The mountaineers cut down the trees of liberty, and nothing but the marching of troops againſt them, and other meaſures of the moſt exemplary rigour, could reduce them. Several of the chiefs of the inſurgents, including four prieſts who had taken up arms, have been ſhot."

Very juſt. The Corſicans want *more liberty* than the Britiſh Government allowed them, and now they have it. They drove their own King from his territory, that they might become a *ſovereign people*, at the point of the bayonet.

Ciſpadane.—" The congreſs of the Ciſpadane Republic lately diſcuſſed the queſtion, whether there ſhould be any mention of the Catholic religion in the new conſtitution? No ſooner had the people heard of this, than a great tumult enſued, the multitude crying out, that they would rather die than ſuffer the holy Catholic religion to be aboliſhed.—*The French dragoons* diſperſed *the mob.*"

THE MOB! And do you bear a republican newſpaper call the ſoveriegn people of regenerated Ciſ-

padane *a mob?* The editor was certainly drunk, or dreaming about ſome monarchical ſtate.—But, only obſerve how ſoon the troubleſome ſovereign was ſatisfied, upon ſight of the flaming ſabres of the ſans-culottes! Theſe French dragoons are excellent conſtitution-makers. Their logic and eloquence never fail to produce conviction.

Tuſcany.—" The Grand Duke of Tuſcany, it now appears, ſome time ago ſent the Marquis Manfredini to General Buonaparte. The reſult of their conferences was the following convention:

" 1. The Grand Duke engages to pay 800,000 livres to defray the expenſes of the French garriſon at Leghorn.

" 2. General Buonaparte promiſes, in the name of the French Republic, to withdraw the 160 French troops which are at Leghorn; and the Grand Duke engages to pay on the day they ſhall begin their march, 1,200,000 livres more."

This wretched Duke was the firſt Italian prince that gave encouragement to the advances of the French. It was ſtrongly ſuſpected, that a conſiderable portion of the plunder of the French nobility and clergy went to purchaſe his friendſhip and connivance; and the five Kings are now addreſſing him in the language of Hamlet: " *Thus we ſqueeze you, ſponge, and you are dry again.*"

Sans-culotte Foolery in America.—Sir, At the ſame time that I do not intend to juſtify the conduct of a violent Jacobin party, which has long exiſted in *Charleſton*, yet it would be withholding juſtice from thoſe who are entitled to it, not to inform you that a majority of the inhabitants of that city have never approved of the tranſactions publiſhed in your paper.

Truſting in that change in the public mind which they knew muſt ſoon be accompliſhed by ſuch infamous proceedings, and dreading to involve the city

in bloodſhed and conflagration, by any violent mode of ſhowing their reprobation; they too long ſuffered this party to outrage common decency: the evil has now cured itſelf, and the public mind is undergoing in that city a very rapid change. The unfortunate permiſſion to ſell French prizes brought here a number of privateerſmen; and they, enliſting on their ſide all the worthleſs and diſcontented, kept the city for ſome time nearly in a ſtate of terror.

Though it cannot be denied that very ſcandalous ſcenes have been the conſequence, ſtill it muſt be allowed that Charleſton has not been alone the theatre of them. Scenes quite as indecent have been exhibited in other towns, where there were no gangs of armed buccaneers to terrify the peaceable citizens —witneſs *Boſton*, where the Governor of the State, decorated with a red cap, drank on board the *Concorde frigate*, "May France *give law to all the world!*" witneſs New-York, where the French flag was exhibited for years in the public coffee-room; witneſs *Baltimore*, where the militia turned out to compliment the renegade Barney; in ſhort, witneſs *Philadelphia*, where a few days ago a civic feaſt was given to celebrate French conqueſts; and then it muſt be confeſſed that Charleſton is not more deſerving of reproach than her ſiſters: as an evidence that the majority of the reſpectable citizens of that place never approved or countenanced thoſe tranſactions, it may be added that they have twice ſince re-elected their member, who, whatever may have been his other offences, has never been accuſed of ſacrificing his country to French influence.

A Native of Charleſton.

Neutrality of America, in a Letter from a French Gentleman at Baltimore.—The following is a literal tranſlation of the French letter which I publiſh in this day's Gazette.

" SIR, " *Baltimore, April* 14, 1797.

" It is ſurpriſing that Peter Porcupine, who leis no opportunity eſcape him of expoſing in a forcible manner the true ſituation of this country, with reſpect to the belligerent powers, ſhould ſilently paſs over the following reflections on the manner in which the Americans obſerve their pretended neutrality.

" It is very aſtoniſhing that while we ſee all the newſpapers of the United States abound with complaints of the numberleſs captures continually made of their veſſels by the French Republic, in a manner ſo unjuſt, ſo piratical, ſo inhuman; that at the ſame time in which we hear thoſe exclamations we ſhould ſee ſo ſtriking a contraſt preſent itſelf to our eyes. Americans, read the following reflections: ſilence your clamours, and anſwer! For what purpoſe do theſe privateers arm in your ports? Is it not to take your own ſhips, and that even at the entrance of your own bays and rivers? For nothing elſe, and you know it with certainty; and nevertheleſs you ſuffer it! What, can nothing then rouſe you from your fatal lethargy? You complain that you are pillaged, and that you are baſely and even barbarouſly mal-treated: this is a truth which has no need of proofs; and yet at this moment that I am writing, your pretended friends are only buſied to give freſh ones to your brothers, your huſbands, your children, in ſpoiling them cruelly of their goods; and robbing them of that property which you have confided to their care and induſtry. And you ſuffer that ſhips ſhould be armed among you, deſtined only for robbery and your ruin! For the public is not ignorant that ſuch and ſuch a ſhip, which is arming under their eyes, is really deſtined only for privateering: every thing demonſtrates it: the conſtruction, the tranſactions on board, the

manner of out-fitting, the converſation, the purchaſes of ſmall arms made in town, &c. &c.—all this is concealed under the pretence that they are going for Guadaloupe, the Cape, or other ports; while every body knows that the true deſtination and only deſign is a cruiſe; a number of paſſengers alſo (a crew of French, and even American ſailors); that in going down they purchaſe cannon, powder, &c. &c. in the creeks of the bay. To whom is ſuch a conduct to be imputed? To yourſelves, Americans.

"For it is neceſſary that a merchant ſhould lend his name at the Cuſtom-houſe to clear out the veſſel, and it is more than probable that he himſelf is chiefly intereſted. What are we to think of this?—If an honeſt man ſhould expreſs too freely his opinion, or take the ſmalleſt ſtep which might diſpleaſe a certain party; to be drawn in a cart, tarred and feathered, followed by a thouſand blackguards, and the huzzas through the ſtreets, would be his fate. We ſhould hear nothing but the cry of War! war! and yet it is but three years ſince it was ſaid, England will be careful not to provoke America. She would feel the effects of the wrath of a free people, ſhould ſhe affront them. Yes! it is exactly three years the ſecond of May next, that a mate of Baltimore was led about, tarred and feathered, with an inſcription placed on a board at the head of his cart—"*American pirate.*" Americans! thoſe who now are commanders of privateers to pillage you, are they better citizens? Whether the Government can, or not, hinder thoſe clandeſtine armaments, ſo ruinous and diſhonourable to you, I ſay not; but exiſt they certainly do; and what opinion, think you, muſt foreign nations conceive of you, when they ſee you conduct yourſelves thus, in a manner at once ſo contrary to the laws of neutrality, and derogatory to national dignity? Upon whom ſhall fall the odium ſuch a conduct excites?

" Laſt week a ſchooner ſailed from the Point at Baltimore, on a cruiſe: it is aſſerted, and with great probability, that Barney has commiſſioned her. At this moment there is another in dock, juſt ready to ſet ſail; and ſome merchants, who expect their veſſels, eſcaped from the pirates of the iſlands, expreſſed yeſterday their fears; ſaying, This privateer goes out next week, and perhaps will capture my ſhip, which I poſitively expect at the ſame time.—Theſe are realities: but which, however, will not ſtrike ſo forcibly as ſome puffed-up phraſes of a wretched Gazetteer, whoſe only aim is to rouſe the minds of the people with impoiſoned vapours, which tend to their miſery.

" Americans, you lately enjoyed the eſteem of foreign nations! Take care leſt you loſe, for ever, ſo precious, ſo honourable a ſituation. You have not a moment to loſe in your endeavours to avoid ſo ſhameful a reproach as that of no longer deſerving it."

French Impudence, Ambition, and Perfidy.—Mr. PORCUPINE, If any thing vain or impudent from the pen of a Frenchman could ſurpriſe, I ſhould have been aſtoniſhed yeſterday at reading " An Account" in the United States Gazette, " of the naval Powers of Europe;" written by a French citizen, who calls himſelf one of the Bureau of Commerce at Paris. You know theſe gentry have a wonderful talent at diſpoſing of all things on this earth to their own liking.

In eſtimating the maritime force of France, Spain, and Holland, he repreſents the ſtrengh of their reſpective fleets, as it appeared on their navy liſts, at the commencement of the French revolution; he makes no abatement whatever for what Jack Engliſh has had the good fortune to deſtroy and take from them ſince that period. We are ſenſible that theſe nations cannot at the preſent time equip for ſea one half

half the ſhips he mentions; and that, united with Denmark and Sweden, they are not able to oppoſe Great Britain alone, ſuppoſe ſhe had not a ſingle ally.

But what particularly engaged my notice, was the ſuperlative modeſty of this Frenchman. He propoſes a confederacy of theſe States, "ſomething like the armed neutrality of 1781," for the purpoſe of deſtroying what he calls the "coloſſal power of England on the ocean;" and this he endeavours to prove would be the "intereſt of every naval power of the ſecond order," and the "only means of emancipating the ocean from Britiſh tyranny."

How ſtupid muſt that man be, or how eaſily duped muſt he think all others, that could ſeriouſly bring forward ſuch a propoſition to the nations of Europe; at the very time, when the enormous ambition of France juſtly excites an univerſal alarm by her rapid and extenſive conqueſts, and her humiliating requiſitions from the conquered! One would imagine this crazy Frenchman thought that his republic had a divine right of acting the devil all over Europe, and that tyranny, plunder, fraud, and oppreſſion, were no crimes in the ſans-culottes. I defy him and any other man to mention a ſingle ſtate, within the reach of their arms, and they have extended wide, the liberty-loving deſpot of Pruſſia excepted, that has not had the ſtrongeſt reaſons to curſe and dread the power of France.

I will not ſay any thing of the United States of America: every day's intelligence is a new leſſon on her breach of faith, her piracies, and inſults; and ſeems to point, as with the finger of Providence, to the wiſdom and the neceſſity of ſwearing againſt her an everlaſting hatred.—If I had a ſon, I would take him, as Hamilcar did Hannibal, and make him ſwear at the altar of God an irreconcilable enmity to this faithleſs and ambitious race. Y.

MONDAY, 1st MAY.

Paying for being ſhot at; or, a remarkable Inſtance of republican Juſtice.—From New-York we hear that the ſloop John, Enoch Lee maſter, arrived on Thurſday from Curaçoa in thirty days, informs, that on his outward-bound paſſage he was taken by a French privateer called the Coquan, out of Guadaloupe, between St. Kitt's and St. Bartholomew's, carried into St. Martin's, and detained two days to ſearch for Engliſh property; but finding none, after breaking open all letters, cheſts, and veſſel's hold, and obliging him *to pay for ſhot the privateer fired at him*, they permitted him to depart. He likewiſe informs that there were four ſail of American veſſels there that were brought in as prizes and condemned. While in Curaçoa, the French privateers brought in four others, and it was expected that they alſo would be condemned, their papers being ſent to St. Domingo for trial.

Hanging for Self-defence.—The Boſton Mercury ſays that the brig General Warren unfortunately fell into the clutches of the "ferocious" French. She was captured and carried into St. Euſtatia. The Captain was retained on board the privateer, and conducted to Guadaloupe. Soon after her arrival at Statia, information came down that ſhe had been condemned, and alſo an order for her ſale, together with her cargo. Common adventures were ſeized, and diſpoſed of with the reſt of the property. The veſſel was purchaſed by the Captain.

The William, Strong, of Portland, being taken by a French privateer, two officers and ſix men were put on board to conduct her into port. The Americans finding a favourable opportunity for the recovery of their property, roſe upon the veſſel, and in the enſuing ſtruggle killed the two French officers.

The

The next day ſhe was again taken by another French privateer, and carried into Porto Rico. *It was ſuppoſed the Americans would be hanged* *.

French Spies in London.—London, February 28. Friday Godie, one of the Prince of Wales's cooks, was brought up from Critchel, and underwent an examination at Carlton-houſe, on the charge of having held ſecret correſpondence with the French; when the charge appeared to be founded. He was ſent down in a poſt chaiſe to Yarmouth, to be conveyed to Hamburgh, and from thence ſent in a neutral veſſel to France.

Tauraude, the paſtry-cook, a German by birth, is put on board the Sandwich man of war, lying at the Nore, in order to ſerve as a ſeaman.

It is ſaid to be the intention of his Royal Highneſs to diſcharge all the French perſons employed in his ſervice.

Laſt Saturday, ſeventeen French Jacobins were ordered by Government to quit the kingdom, who have lately deſerved this puniſhment by their conduct and ſpeeches. Among them is a very dangerous fellow, who was one of the moſt zealous promoters of the pillage of the hotel of Caſtries.

Remarks.—Each of theſe miſcreants ſhould have been hanged at once. The Engliſh Government continue to play the ſame ſilly game that they have been playing all the war: the machinations and villanies of the devil they oppoſe, or rather they aſſiſt, with their ſtupid adherence to long-eſtabliſhed cuſtom. In the preſent inſtance, however, they have gone beyond their uſual lenity. Spies are, by the law of

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* What excites the moſt indignation is, that this *ſuppoſition* is treated as if it were nothing extraordinary. The poor humiliated nation looks on without daring to expreſs its anger, if, indeed, it feel any.

nations,

nations, punishable with death; and whatever respect and deference might be thought due to the Prince, no supposed partiality of his for a rascally pastry-cook ought to have been suffered to give encouragement to the most dangerous of all enemies. Until more rigorous measures are taken, until the French are met upon their own ground, combatted in their own summary and destructive way, England will continue to be harassed with alarms, plots, and conspiracies.

Jean de Brie and the Regicide Legion.—Milan, February 12.—The following are the particulars which appear in the last letters from Turin, relative to the conspiracy formed against the King of Sardinia.

The conspirators were numerous, and were dispersed in every quarter of the capital, in order to seize the most important post, in the moment of the explosion, to deceive the people as to the real cause of it, and to influence the multitude to their own purposes; and they had emissaries throughout Piedmont to give a similar impulse there.

Their leaders, who were charged with carrying into effect the great attempt, resorted to the chapel where the King was accustomed to hear mass; they were, on a signal agreed upon, to sacrifice some inferior victims, to seize the person of the King, and to make him on the spot sign an order to deliver up to the conspirators the citadel of Turin and some other places.

Fortunately the chief of the conspiracy, who was to have given the signal, failed to be at the rendezvous at the appointed time; and Government, apprized of the conspiracy, took its measures to overturn it.

The leader, we will not say of the conspiracy, for perhaps that important person is yet unknown, but the conductor of the executive part of it, was named Trombetta. He has long been notorious for professing

ſeſſing ultra-revolutionary principles, which rendered him a ſuſpected perſon in Piedmont.

We are aſſured that the Executive Directory of France informed the Sardinian Ambaſſador, that this Trombetta gave himſelf out to be the agent of the French Republic, immediately applied to the Miniſters to know if they had any individual of that name in their ſervice, and they received an aſſurance that his name was utterly unknown to them.

Trombetta, or thoſe who had given him the falſe title of an Agent of the Republic, are evidently enemies to the good underſtanding which ſubſiſts between the Republic and the King of Sardinia. The Executive Directory, we are credibly informed, have ſignified to Count Balbe the Sardinian Ambaſſador, how much *they are penetrated with indignation and horror* at the news of this conſpiracy.

Remarks.—What! the murderers of the King of France and the Queen of France penetrated with *indignation and horror* at the news of a conſpiracy againſt the "Deſpot of Sardinia!" The buſt of *Brutus*, one of the aſſaſſins of his beſt friend Cæſar, and that of *Ankerſtrom* the aſſaſſin of the King of Sweden, now grace the halls of theſe uſurpers: it is well known that they celebrate the anniverſary of the aſſaſſination of Louis XVI. and that they obliged the whole nation to repeat annually their oath of *mortal hatred to royalty*; and yet they have the abominable impudence to pretend to be ſhocked at a conſpiracy againſt the poor ſilly quondam King of the Savoyards!

It will perhaps be ſaid, that the *five Kings* might really be alarmed for the ſafety of their brother monarch; if this be the caſe, they are greatly reformed ſince they have been on the throne. One of them, *Jean de Brie*, was the very man (or rather monſter) who firſt propoſed to raiſe a corps of *twelve thouſand regicides* for the purpoſe of murdering the

the ſeveral princes of Europe; and another of them, *La Croix*, was Preſident of the Aſſembly at that time.

To leave no doubt on the reader's mind reſpecting this fact, I here add an extract from a Paris paper called the *Thermometre du Jour*, dated 28th Auguſt, 1792.

National Aſſembly. Preſidency of M. La Croix.

M. Jean de Brie, at the cloſe of an energetic ſpeech worthy of a Brutus or a Scævola, propoſed to raiſe a Theban legion, to be called the legion of twelve hundred, whoſe ſole buſineſs ſhould be *to ſeek to effect the death of hoſtile generals in chief, and that of kings.* The determined men compoſing this legion of tyrannicides were to be maintained all their lifetime at the expenſe of the ſtate, and the penſion of two thouſand livres (about a hundred pounds ſterling a year) to be granted them, was propoſed to be continued to their families *to the third generation.*

After this I leave the reader to judge of the *horror* theſe fellows muſt feel at a conſpiracy againſt the life of a king.

TUESDAY, 2d MAY.

Tories unjuſtly reproached.—MR. PORCUPINE, I find that poor John Bull and his friends the *quondam* Tories are ſtill the butt of ſarcaſm and ill-nature; but what ſome years ago was the general *ton*, has of late been confined principally to the Jacobinic Gazettes; which are equally employed in defaming the conſtitution and government of the United States. To inſult a nation that is now warring againſt that devouring monſter the Republic of France, and to vilify that claſs of citizens who have always been diſtinguiſhed by their attachment to ſubordination and order, is quite natural to ſuch papers as the Aurora and Argus; and to them I ſhould be glad

glad to ſee the ill-natured taſk aſſigned; ſlander from them is the ſtamp of merit. But the Editor of a paper, who wiſhes to contribute to the ſupport of law and government, which are now every where attacked by the fiends of anarchy, contradicts his own principles when he gives publicity to ſuch effuſions. Impartiality has been the profeſſion of moſt, and perhaps the intention of ſome Gazetteers; in common caſes it is right, but there are particular circumſtances in which it is improper.

I have been led into theſe thoughts by peruſing a late publication in the Gazette of the United States, which the writer calls an "Intereſting Parallel," or a comparative ſtatement of the conduct of Great Britain in 1774, and of France in 1796, towards this country. In the name of common ſenſe and good manners, what analogy is there in the two caſes, or what reſemblance in the two governments? At the former period we were Britiſh Colonies, bound to the parent ſtate by the ties of gratitude and the obligations of moral and political juſtice. We had never denied the relation, and only diſputed about the *quantum of obedience*. From her we derived our exiſtence, our knowledge of liberty, as well as our ſpirit to defend it; we had progreſſed from infancy to manhood, from imbecility to ſtrength, under her foſtering care and protection. This created a conſiderable obligation; and although the claims ſhe ſet up were inadmiſſible, we owed her much—every well-informed American will ſtill acknowledge it; but what do we owe the preſent Government of France? Nothing. Has it the ſmalleſt claim even to our reſpect and good will? No. By a ſeries of crimes unequalled in the annals of the world, it merits univerſal deteſtation, and particularly from the United States of America, which it has robbed and inſulted without even the ſhadow of a provocation.

Our

Our ſons will bluſh that their fathers even called ſuch an abandoned and faithleſs people allies.

It would degrade the regency of Tunis or Algiers to be put on a level with the French Republic; they are neither ſo bloody-minded nor ſo perfidious. It is therefore indecent, as well as unjuſt and impolitic, to compare the moſt reſpectable nation and freeſt government in Europe, with ſuch a band of robbers and aſſaſſins. With the bloody daggers in their hands with which they murdered their too benevolent King, our great ally, the rebels firſt demanded the debt we owed *him*, which they received to the laſt ſous; and then they ſet about plundering and cajoling us alternately for four years, in order to manifeſt their ingratitude or contempt, I don't know which. When we ſent an ambaſſador to complain of their inſults and aggreſſions, they ſpurned him from their preſence with indignity, and threatened him with a *corps de garde*, if he did not leave their territory without a hearing.

Should the five Beys and their Mamelukes perſiſt in this atrocious ſyſtem, or refuſe to make compenſation for their piracies, we muſt either reſolve inſtantly to do ourſelves juſtice by an appeal to arms, or give our honour and independence to the winds. In caſe of a war, I leave any man to judge whether we could promiſe ourſelves ſucceſs without the aid of a powerful naval ally; and whether, when we have ſo much at ſtake, it is prudent wantonly to abuſe the only nation on earth which has the power and inclination to aſſiſt us. For although it is the intereſt of this nation to ſupport the independence of America againſt all invaders, it is poſſible ſhe may not reſpect it properly, when ſhe ſees that we ceaſe to value it ourſelves.

Should France be foiled in the preſent arduous conteſt before ſhe diſcharge her debt to America, we muſt pocket the loſs; but ſhould ſhe be victorious,

rious, (which God forbid!) the ſame ambition that has impelled her to deſolate Europe for an extenſion of territory, will lead her acroſs the Atlantic. The millions ſhe has already plundered are not ſufficient to pay the *mighty debt we owe her*; and I am really afraid the liberty *ſhe gave*, ſhe will think ſhe has a right to reſume; or, to uſe one of her own bold figures, to "reduce us to our ancient *nothingneſs*." The democrats have often affected a mighty concern about liberty and the rights of man, in caſe the allied powers ſhould deſtroy the Republic of France: Kings, they ſaid, would not ſuffer an honeſt republican to breathe. But I would now aſk them, or rather any rational being who is not a democrat, what is to become of the rights and independence of nations, their privilege of governing themſelves, ſhould this Republic one and indiviſible prevail.

But I am ſtill more diſpleaſed, if poſſible, with the writer's injudicious attempt to place that claſs of citizens who during the American war were diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Tories*, on a level with the frenchified Jacobins. The former claſs compriſes many of the moſt reſpectable characters in the United States; men who, at this time, are among the moſt zealous advocates for our happy conſtitution and government. If they erred during the conflict of independence, it was from an exceſs of attachment to the peace and proſperity they enjoyed under the ancient regimen, and an averſion to the dangers of a revolution. They are now equally ſatisfied with their preſent ſtate, and as ſincerely deprecate a change. Not ſo with the turbulent democrats; they are never content but when the reins of government are relaxed, and a door is open for buſtle and confuſion. Order is their bane, and law their terror. Theſe two claſſes are as diverſe as light and darkneſs; and, although it is impoſſible by any abuſe whatever to unite them in projects inimical to

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the State, it is poſſible *by a ſeries of undeſerved inſults* to diſguſt, and to render men paſſive ſpectators, who would otherwiſe be powerful, alert, and zealous friends.

Mirabeau's Slander againſt the Engliſh, circulated by Bradford.—Among the numberleſs efforts that have been made by the Americans in the pay of France, and by the renegado traitors from Great Britain and Ireland, to degrade the character of Engliſhmen in the eyes of their deſcendants, the following malicious piece, taken from a paper that *calls itſelf* the "Merchants' Daily Advertiſer," is, I think, one of the moſt ſcandalous. This paper is noted for *extracts of letters*; accordingly the preſent moſt vile effuſion is ſaid to be an "Extract of a Letter from the *famous* Mirabeau, to his friend Champfort the poet."

London, Nov. 10, 1794.

"No, my friend, I am not at all an enthuſiaſt of "England; I am now acquainted well enough with "that iſland to ſay, that if her conſtitution is the "beſt known in the world, its adminiſtration is "the worſt that exiſts; if an Engliſhman is the "beſt, freeſt man in ſociety, *the Engliſh nation is the "moſt enſlaved on earth.* I believe ſtill further, I "believe that, ſpeaking individually, we are far "ſuperior to them, if we admit with moſt writers, "that men owe a great deal to the influence of cli-"mate, and even with the Engliſh writers, that "the ſoil which produces wine and immenſe "variety of other delightful productions, is ſuperior "to that which gives to its dull inhabitants *only "coarſe beer and pit-coal.* Men therefore muſt be "more or leſs affected by the influence of the cli-"mate, in their phyſical, as well as in their moral "conſtitution. I ſhall not ſay, like M. de Laura-"gais, that the Engliſh have no other ripe fruit than "roaſted

" roaſted apples, and nothing poliſhed but their " ſteels; yet I do not believe them poſſeſſed of any " thing that can juſtify their ferocious pride. But no- " thing demonſtrates more the advantages of liberty " than that the little of it which the Engliſh enjoy, " by one or two of their laws, has raiſed, to the firſt " rank, a nation ſo little favoured by nature. What " cannot good laws effect, if, however imperfect and " defective the Engliſh conſtitution is, it has been " able to ſave, and will yet ſave from deſtruction " *the moſt corrupted people on the earth?* What would " be the effect of a good conſtitution on any nation, " if a few laws have rendered ſo powerful and rich " a people *ignorant*, *ſuperſtitious*, *ſtubborn*, *avaricious*, " and *faithleſs?* What would be ours, if we enjoyed " a little more civil liberty? 'Tis wonderful, my " friend, for a man who thinks and reflects upon " the nature of things, but it is a problem for others. " We are perfectly ignorant of what concerns Eng- " land. This is not the time to give you a detail of " our prejudices in favour of that country; but *I* " *am making notes*, which will convince you that we " French people believe a great many things which " only exiſt in the eulogiums we have beſtowed on " them."

Remarks.—Now, admitting this not to be a fabrication of the brace of infamous villains who conduct the Merchants' Advertiſer; admitting it to be extracted from a letter written by Mirabeau, whom thoſe people call *famous*, and whom all honeſt men call *infamous*; admitting it to be the product of this half-rogue half-madman's brain; let us ſee what ſort of a man he was, and whether, *like the officious publiſhers* of his extract, there be no *particular circumſtances* of his life that will account for his hatred of the Engliſh *laws*.

Playfair, in his Hiſtory of Jacobiniſm, vol. i. p. 111, ſays, " Mirabeau, whoſe whole life had been

a hiſtory of crimes, of blunders, and of misfortunes, whoſe name was conſidered as a reproach, and whoſe company was ſhunned by every man who had money or reputation to preſerve, made himſelf conſpicuous the moment that the uſual order of ſociety began to be inverted. The ſon of a man of fortune and of letters, he had a good education; but very early in life ſhowed diſpoſitions which obliged his own father to ſolicit as a favour a lettre de cachet to put him in priſon. From one crime to another, and from debt to debt, he had paſſed the greater part of his time in different priſons. In England [now for the reaſon of his animoſity againſt the Engliſh laws and conſtitution], in England, where he came for a little while, *he got himſelf into a ſcrape with juſtice*, by which he got into Newgate, and narrowly eſcaped being ſent to *Botany Bay*, or to the *hulks at Woolwich*."

Such was the "famous" ſcoundrel whoſe ſlander againſt the Engliſh and their government is now ſubmitted to the peruſal, and intended to influence the opinion of Americans. May the country I love ever be an object of execration with the *tenants of Newgate*, whether *they write* letters, or whether *they publiſh them!*

WEDNESDAY, 3d MAY.

A new Mode of paying Debts.—A few days ago, a gentleman called on a perſon in Boſton for the payment of a note. The debtor replied, ſeemingly with as much joy and exultation as if he had paid the notes, "O! blaſt it," ſays he, "I am *ſhut up!*"

French Coloniſts at Charleſton defended.—SIR, In your Gazette of the 20th of March, is a letter ſigned *Americanus*, which in my opinion has been inſpired by ſo rancorous a diſpoſition, and ſo little regard

regard to truth in its author, that he has indiſcriminately paſſed ſentence on all the refugees from St. Domingo, without once reflecting that, with the ſame propriety, one would be authorized to judge of the people of the United States by Brigadier Barney's apoſtacy, by the conduct of ſome American captains, who, after the conflagration of Cape François, taking advantage of the unhappy ſituation of their paſſengers, have fairly betrayed them into the hands of the Bermuda and Providence privateers, for a ſhare of what theſe unfortunate people had ſaved of their properties, and the proceeding of many a merchant on this continent, who has ſent gunpowder, concealed in flour-barrels, to the mulattoes and negroes at St. Domingo, for purpoſes beſt known to himſelf.

Theſe, Mr. Porcupine, being near the truth, if not abſolute facts, don't you think that *Americanus*, before he ſat down to make ſuch an illiberal and groſs abuſe of the preſs, ought, chriſtian-like, to have firſt removed the beam from his own eye, leſt the ſin ſhould lie at his own door?

Americanus's Frying-pan is one of the thouſand tales ſpread on the cauſe of the conflagration in Charleſton in June laſt; and it may, by the ſame reaſon, be attributed to ſome ſchoolboys, who were in fact playing with ſquibs cloſe to the very ſtreet where the fire broke out; nay, I have heard ſeveral people ſwear that Mr. Pitt was the incendiary; and I believe, after all, that it was as accidental as the conflagration in May, which happened through the careleſſneſs of a black woman.

As for any other conflagrations ſince, the incendiaries have been convicted and puniſhed; and I defy *Americanus* to quote a ſingle inſtance of the French *coloniſts* having had any hand in ſuch horrid deeds.

That ſome of the people, indiſcriminately called

French, have been diſorderly throughout the United States, I don't deny; but at St. Domingo, as on this continent, the population was a mixture of all nations, and I even ſafely ſay, in this reſpect, that no true French coloniſt has ever given his benefactors any cauſe of complaint.

I ſhall add, that the St. Domingo refugees in this town were not among its citizens who hung the Britiſh King, his Miniſters, and others, in effigy; and that at Savannah they did not meddle, in the leaſt, with the burning of Mr. John Jay and one of the Senators in Congreſs of that State; on the contrary, Mr. Porcupine, they have always behaved in a decent and quiet manner, and proved themſelves to be the friends of a government, under whoſe protection they have enjoyed that tranquillity which they had ſo long looked for in vain, and which *Americanus*, without any provocation, ſeeks to trouble anew, by his ungenerous ſortie againſt them.

It was not, perhaps, enough for him, that theſe inoffenſive and induſtrious refugees were witneſſes of the murder of their neareſt and deareſt friends, themſelves driven from their homes by fire, ſword, and proſcriptions, perſecuted even in this land of neutrality by the agents of thoſe execrable villains, who, under the cloak of equality and humanity, have partly deſtroyed, partly invaded their properties, perſecuted both by friends and foes, and moſt iniquitouſly outlawed by the ſavage *Directory*, are now moſt of them reduced to want, miſery, and deſpair; but *Americanus* muſt ſtill, after ſuch a ſeries of unheard-of misfortunes, come forward to brand them with the infamous appellation of *cut-throats*.

This recalls to my mind the fable of the old lion at the point of death.

I am, yours, &c.

One of the St. Domingo Refugees.

Major

Major Groſe and Margarot—The following letter was addreſſed by Maurice Margarot to Major Groſe, immediately on the arrival of the former at Sidney Cove.

To Major GROSE.

May it pleaſe your Honour,

Brought a priſoner to this colony, in conſequence of a ſentence of tranſportation paſſed againſt me by the Lord Juſtice Clerk of the High Court of Juſticiary in Scotland, and approved by his Britannic Majeſty; I, with all reſpect to thoſe officers who here act in his name, claim the reſtoration of my freedom—freedom, the common birthright of Britons, and to which I feel myſelf entitled, inſomuch as I conceive my ſentence to be fulfilled on my arrival here—that ſentence being tranſportation, not ſlavery; the latter unknown to our laws, and directly contrary to the Britiſh conſtitution, as it was eſtabliſhed by the revolution of 1688, which placed the preſent family on the throne, for the immediate purpoſe of more effectually protecting Britiſh freedom. It would, therefore, not be doing juſtice to my countrymen, when cheerfully undergoing a long exile for their ſakes, were I ſilently to ſuffer in my own perſon ſo great a violation of their charters.

Unuſed to the more refined language of a courtier, I muſt entreat your Honour not to be offended at the plain manner in which I here expreſs myſelf; this caſe applies not to me alone, but to every Briton; for if the executive power can make one ſlave, it may make all ſo. Your Honour will then, I hope, perceive the abſolute neceſſity I am under of making ſuch my conſtitutional demand; and as Lieutenant Governor of this colony, you will, I truſt, officially and publicly reſtore to me my freedom.

Should it, notwithſtanding, prove otherwiſe, I muſt take the liberty, whatever perſonal danger may impend, to enter a formal proteſt againſt a refuſal, which I apprehend may be ſupported, but am certain cannot be juſtified by thoſe to whom the executive power has been committed.

With the greateſt reſpect, I remain

Your Honour's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

MAURICE MARGAROT.

Major Groſe's Anſwer.

MR. MARGAROT,

I have received your letter of the 29th inſtant, which I ſuppoſe is written for the purpoſe of diſcovering with what patience I ſhall bear any ſeditious remarks you may hereafter ſee fit to entertain me with.

I hope, Sir, for your own ſake, our correſpondence is to cloſe here: that inſtead of the *Preſident of ſix thouſand perſons, whom you boaſt to have harangued*, you will now conſider yourſelf as the *convict*, from whom humility is expected, and to whom very little ceremony will be uſed, if the leaſt propenſity to diſturb the peace of this place is ever diſcovered.

There is every inclination on my part to accommodate your unfortunate ſituation, as far as it conſiſtently can be done. But this I have ſome idea *does not anſwer your purpoſe* ſo exactly, as if you were able *to complain of fetters* and *ſevere treatment*; if this is at all your deſire, it is eaſy to be furniſhed with *materials for a very long letter*. For you may reſt aſſured, I have not the ſmalleſt doubt, neither ſhall I have the leaſt heſitation of forcing as much good

good order from you, as from any other priſoner in the place.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant, &c.
FRANCIS GROSE*.

O'Carey's Bull.—An evening paper of yeſterday, publiſhed by one Carey, an Iriſhman, aſks ſeveral queſtions concerning the conduct of Great Britain during the American war, and, amongſt the reſt: "Did *ſhe* not *violate* our *women?*"—Paddy is no natural philoſopher.

Cure for Sans-culotiſm.—Charleſton (S. C.), April 14.—FRENCH VICTORIES would, not long ſince, have cauſed joy in the hearts of Americans; they are now *ſources of ſorrow* to America as well as to Europe, groaning under the oppreſſion of her arms. The conteſt is no longer for *liberty*, but *plunder*.

This obſervation is juſt, but it comes too late: it is like devotion inſpired by the yellow fever. When the French were *plundering* other perſons, and other nations; when they were ſeizing on the property of their own nobility and clergy, and extending their robberies to Savoy, Brabant, and the United Netherlands, their actions met with the moſt unqualified

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* How it muſt grind the ſoul of the haughty and inſolent Citizen Margarot to be obliged to ſay "*Your Honour*" to an officer of King George! Mr. Groſe's anſwer muſt, one would think, have bereft the ſcoundrel of his ſenſes. Would to heaven that all the Britiſh and Iriſh *patriots*, that have unfortunately eſcaped to theſe States, had gone, with their beloved Preſident, to augment the population of Botany Bay!—When Sir Joſeph Banks named this place, he could hardly flatter himſelf that it would ever become the receptacle of ſuch eminent perſonages as Preſident Margarot and his ſubalterns. It will make a delightful republic in a few years.

applauſe ; but now we begin to have a juſt ſenſe of the baſeneſs and cruelty of their pillaging warfare. Men ſeldom think right till they begin to *feel.*

French Fraternity.—Yeſterday arrived the brig Maria Wilmans, Captain Gardner, twenty days from Guadaloupe. A gentleman who came paſſenger in the Maria Wilmans has handed the following information :

That he took paſſage in the brig Lady Walterſtorff, of Philadelphia, bound from Demarara to Philadelphia ; that on the 5th March ſaid brig was taken under the lee of Martinique, by a French privateer, and ſent into Baſſeterre, Guadaloupe, the captain, ſupercargo, and people, with himſelf, taken out, and kept on board the privateer thirteen days ; and when they arrived in Baſſeterre, they found the ſaid brig Lady Walterſtorff and cargo condemned, and moſt of the cargo taken out and ſold, without either captain or ſupercargo being preſent, or having any opportunity of making any claim: mate and people of ſaid brig immediately ſent to priſon ; and although the captain uſed all the endeavours he could to get them out, he could not obtain their enlargement, nor even permiſſion to ſee them before he left the iſland.

[*Here follow the names of eleven veſſels carried into Guadaloupe.*]

The mates and people of thoſe condemned veſſels are all *put in priſon*, and *ſent on board flags of truce to be exchanged with the Engliſh.* An inſtance of this happened while at Baſſeterre, of a number of Americans being ſent off in an Engliſh flag of truce, to Martinique, among whom were ſome of Captain Gutterſon's people, of the Lady Walterſtorff, and Captain Peck's of the Suſanna, and in two days after

after they were sent back again to Guadaloupe, *because the English would not receive them in exchange* *.

THURSDAY, 4th MAY.

Jefferson's Letter to Mazzei.—From the Paris Monitor of January 25.—Florence, January 1.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson, late Minister of the United States in France, and Secretary to the Department of Foreign Affairs, to a Citizen of Virginia.

This letter, literally translated, is addressed to M. Mazzei, author of Researches, Historical and Political, upon the United States of America, now resident in Tuscany.

"Our political situation is prodigiously changed since you left us. Instead of that noble love of liberty, and that republican government, which carried us through the dangers of the war, an Anglo-monarchio-aristocratic party has risen. Their avowed object is to impose on us the *substance*, as they have already given us the *form* of the British government. Nevertheless, the principal body of our citizens remain faithful to republican principles. All our proprietors of lands are friendly to those principles, as also the men of talents. We have against us (republicans), the *Executive Power*, the *Judiciary Power* (two out of three branches of our government), *all the officers of government, all who are*

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* "Our plan is *commerce*, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a free port. *Her trade will always be her protection.*" PAINE'S COMMON SENSE.

"Let Independence be our boast,
"Ever mindful *what it cost.*"

HOPKINSON'S SONG.

seeking

ſeeking offices, all timid men who prefer the calm of Deſpotiſm to the tempeſtuous ſea of Liberty, the Britiſh merchants, and the Americans who trade on Britiſh capitals, the ſpeculators, perſons intereſted in the Bank and public funds. [Eſtabliſhments invented with views of corruption, and to aſſimilate us to the Britiſh model in its corrupt parts.]

"I ſhould give you a fever if I ſhould name the apoſtates who have embraced theſe hereſies; men who were Solomons in council, and Sampſons in combat, but whoſe hair has been cut off by the whore of England. [In the original, *par le catin d'Angleterre*, probably alluding to the woman's cutting off the hair of Sampſon, and his loſs of ſtrength thereby.]

"They would wreſt from us that liberty which we have obtained by ſo much labour and peril; but we ſhall preſerve it. Our maſs of weight and riches is ſo powerful, that we have nothing to fear from any attempt againſt us by force. It is ſufficient that we guard ourſelves, and that *we break the Lilliputian ties* by which they have bound us, in the firſt ſlumbers which ſucceeded our labours. It ſuffices that we arreſt the progreſs of that ſyſtem of ingratitude and injuſtice towards France, from which they would alienate us, to bring us under Britiſh influence, &c.

(Signed) "THOMAS JEFFERSON*."

Thus

* This letter is mentioned to be addreſſed to a *Citizen of Virginia*. To underſtand this, it is neceſſary to know that Mr. Mazzei came from Italy to Virginia before the American revolution, purchaſed land, and ſettled at or near Montecello (Mr. Jefferſon's reſidence), where he planted a vineyard. Mr. Jefferſon was his intimate friend, during whoſe adminiſtration, as Governor of Virginia, Mazzei was ſent by the State of Virginia on a miſſion to the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, but was taken by the Britiſh and carried into New-York, where he found no difficulty of accommodating his ſentiments to his company.

While

Thus far the letter; to which are ſubjoined, in the French paper, the following remarks:

"This intereſting letter from one of the moſt virtuous and enlightened citizens of the United States, explains the conduct of the Americans in regard to France. It is certain, that, of all the neutral and friendly powers, there is none from which France had a right to expect more intereſt and ſuccours, than from the United States. *She is their true mother-country, ſince ſhe has ſecured to them their liberty and independence.* Ungrateful children, inſtead of abandoning her, *they ought to have armed in her defence.* But if imperious circumſtances had prevented them from openly declaring for the Republic of France, they ought at leaſt to have made demonſtrations, and excited apprehenſions in England, that at ſome moment or other they ſhould declare themſelves. This fear alone would have been ſufficient to force the cabinet of London to make peace. It is clear that a war with the United States would ſtrike a terrible blow at the commerce of the Eng-

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While Mazzei was a priſoner in New-York, the Britiſh General Phillips and the Heſſian General Riedeſel, who as priſoners of war had been quartered near Montecello, obtained leave to go to New-York, when the ſituation of his friend Mazzei was particularly recommended by Mr. Jefferſon to General Phillips, and Mazzei was releaſed. While at New-York he dined with both theſe generals. With Riedeſel Mazzei was for abſolute monarchy; with Phillips for a mixed monarchy, as in Virginia he had been a choice rebublican.

Since he returned to his native country Italy, he has continued to correſpond with his Virginia friends. And as the French Republic have marched their troops into Tuſcany, and acquired an aſcendancy and control in that as in every other neutral ſtate within their reach, Mr. Mazzei's republican feelings have been excited anew; and in a fit of fraternization, and to promote the kind views of our dear ſiſter republic towards the United States, and probably alſo from the vanity of ſhowing his countrymen, France, and Europe, that he was the correſpondent of the *great luminary* of the weſtern world, he has now publiſhed his friend Mr. Jefferſon's letter.

liſh,

lish, would give them uneasiness for the preservation of their possessions on the American continent, and deprive them of the means of conquering the French and Dutch colonies.

"Equally ungrateful and impolitic, the Congress hastens to encourage the English, that they might pursue in tranquillity their war of extermination against France, and to invade the colonies and the commerce of England *. They sent to London a minister, Mr. Jay, known by his attachment to England, and his personal relations to Lord Grenville, and he concluded, suddenly, a treaty of commerce, which united them with Great Britain more than a treaty of alliance.

"Such a treaty, under all the peculiar circumstances, and by the consequences it must produce, is *an act of hostility against France.* The French government, in short, has testified the resentment of the French nation, by breaking off communication with an *ungrateful and faithless ally*, until she shall return to a more just and benevolent conduct. Justice and sound policy equally approve this measure of the French government. There is no doubt it will give rise, in the United States, to discussions which may afford a *triumph to the party of good republicans, the friends of France.*"

"Some writers, in disapprobation of this wise and necessary measure of the Directory, maintain that in the United States the French have for partisans only certain demagogues who aim to overthrow the existing government. But their impudent falsehoods convince no one, and prove only what is too evident, that they use the liberty of the press to serve the enemies of France."

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* There seems to be a mistake in the original, in this passage, or we mistake the construction. *Translator.*

Rep.

Rev. Mr. Abercrombie's Letter to the O'Careys.—What I am now going to lay before my readers will confirm the truth of all I have ever ſaid reſpecting the IMPARTIALITY of our ſans-culotte newſpapers; and will furniſh an ample proof of the deteſtable diſpoſition of the editors.

On the 28th ultimo, the following paragraph appeared in a paper called the "*Daily Advertiſer*," publiſhed by a fellow of the name of *Carey*, an imported patriot from Ireland:

"An epiſcopal prieſt in this city, well known "from his ſudden metamorphoſis into one of the "clerical order, after having been diſappointed in a "*caſhierſhip*, it is ſaid has turned one of Peter Porcu-"pine's *news boys*. He has been employed in run-"ning about among his neighbours and pariſhio-"ners, ſoliciting ſubſcriptions for Porcupine's Ga-"zette! What an employment for a *divine!* Whe-"ther he receives a *ſubſidy* from the Editor, or from "the Editor's patron, his own conſcience, if he has "any, will ſufficiently explain. A diſciple of the "Meſſiah being thus employed verifies the adage, "*tempora mutantur!*"

This baſe attack has brought forth a reply from the clergyman who was the object of it, and which reply was (as the reader will ſee preſently) *refuſed a place* in the paper which contained the ſlander.

To the Printers of the Daily Advertiſer.

It is with great reluctance that I again addreſs the public through the channel of a newſpaper; but the unmerited calumny contained in your paper of Friday laſt extorts a reply.

The author firſt reproaches me with being "ſuddenly metamorphoſed into one of the clerical order, after having been diſappointed in a caſhierſhip."

That I was one of the candidates for the caſhierſhip of the Pennſylvania Bank previous to my obtain-

ing orders in the year 1793, is true, and a circumſtance I never wiſhed to conceal. My motive for the application will, I truſt, not only juſtify it to every ingenuous mind, but exculpate me from the imputation of inſincerity in the adoption of the clerical character, or of being compelled to aſſume it by unavoidable neceſſity.

The early religious impreſſions which my mind happily received from the precepts and example of an affectionate and pious mother, aided by her earneſt wiſhes that I ſhould dedicate myſelf to the church, naturally induced in me a predilection for that profeſſion from a ſtate of childhood. With that view I was educated, and after having graduated at the College in this city, and arrived at the age of admiſſion into holy orders, I ſhould have applied for them had the epiſcopal authority exiſted in this country, or could I have obtained permiſſion to go to England for that purpoſe, which I ſolicited from the Executive Council. All hope therefore of being gratified by a regular admiſſion into the clerical order, agreeable to the principles of the epiſcopal church, being thus extinguiſhed, and not being able to foreſee how long the war between Great Britain and this country would be continued, I was ſubject to the painful neceſſity of directing my attention to ſome other employment. The mercantile profeſſion appeared the moſt eligible, and I accordingly engaged in it. But being *impoſed*, its exerciſe became daily more irkſome, though conſiderably relieved by the indulgence and activity of a valuable and intimate friend with whom I was aſſociated. At the expiration of twelve years I determined to withdraw from an occupation which I could no longer purſue with the leaſt degree of comfort, and exchange it for one which might be more tolerable, although any one but the clerical, however great its emolument, would have been a painful drudgery. The caſhierſhip of the

Pennſylvania Bank being then vacant, I offered myſelf as a candidate, and was (luckily on my own account) unſucceſsful. A ſimilar fate attended ſoon after my application for the ſame appointment in the Bank of the United States, and for the treaſuryſhip of the Mint. Having made theſe exertions, which duty ſeemed to require for the ſupport of a large and increaſing family, and being diſappointed in them all, I thought myſelf at liberty, and indeed directed by Providence to engage in the exerciſe of that profeſſion, which an uninterrupted and ardent deſire from infancy had in a peculiar manner attached me to; although the ſlender proviſion which it offered appeared, upon principles of human prudence, decidedly to prohibit ſuch a ſtep. Relying, however, upon the ſincerity of my intention, and the protection of Heaven, I made known my deſire to the biſhop and clergy of our church, and was received by them in the moſt friendly and affectionate manner.

The following extract from the Biſhop's ſermon at my ordination, which he kindly permitted me to tranſcribe at the time, will confirm the truth of the foregoing narration, and, I truſt, ſhield me from the obloquy contained in the Daily Advertiſer.

"In admitting to ordination it has been matter of ſpecial care with us not haſtily to give encouragement to the paſſing from ſecular employments to the miniſtry. In the preſent inſtance we have been relieved by our knowledge of the candidate's being educated with a view of this object, of the unſurmountable impediments which occurred at the time of his reaching the age for orders, and of the predilection he hath ever ſince entertained for a profeſſion, the proſpect of which he had reluctantly relinquiſhed. Theſe circumſtances, with the declaration which the ſolemn occaſion requires of him, and added

to

to all, his paſt life and converſation, make us rely on the rectitude of his intentions."

As to the charge of "having been employed in running about among my neighbours and pariſhioners ſoliciting ſubſcriptions for Porcupine's Gazette," I can only ſay that it is an abſolute falſehood, that I never have ſolicited a ſubſcription from any individual, and, as far as I can remember, have never propoſed to any perſon to ſubſcribe to Mr. Cobbett's paper, although, had I done ſo, it would have been an inſufficient ground for the accuſation of having made it my employment, much more for that of my "receiving a ſubſidy from the author, or the author's patron;" which baſe inſinuation is too contemptibly malicious to merit a reply, or even a contradiction.

Undiſturbed by ſuch feeble though venomous aſſailants, I ſhall, in all matters of an indifferent nature, continue to do as I pleaſe, nor ſhall the ſcurrility of ſuch pretended patriots ever in the ſmalleſt degree influence my conduct. They may tell the world as often as they think proper, that I was once a merchant, and that I "ſolicited a caſhierſhip;" but theſe are things of which I ſhall never be aſhamed; and they whoſe friendſhip I value will never eſteem me the leſs, becauſe ſuch characters are, on theſe grounds, my enemies. And as I do not cenſure thoſe who chooſe to read Markland and Carey's paper, or who even ſolicit ſubſcriptions for the ſupport of it, ſo I hope thoſe gentlemen and their paragraph-writers * will indulge me in the privilege which I think myſelf entitled to, of reading what

* An application was made to me to ſubſcribe to the Daily Advertiſer, which I refuſed to do, being already a ſubſcriber to two other papers; and in a few days after, the paragraph now under conſideration appeared in the ſaid paper.

newſpapers I pleaſe, and even of recommending them, if I am ſo inclined, to the peruſal of my friends.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE,
One of the aſſiſtant Miniſters of Chriſt
May 1, 1797. Church and St. Peter's.

MR. FENNO,

The above was intended for Carey and Markland's paper only, and offered to them; but as Mr. Carey refuſed to publiſh it unleſs I would ſuppreſs the note, I am under the neceſſity of handing it to another printer. J. A.

Theſe, reader, are the people that talk of their moderation and impartiality! Here is a gentleman, a clergyman, a man of talents, of untainted reputation and undoubted piety, an ornament to the church, and an honour to his country; againſt this gentleman a newſmonger ſuffers his paper to become the vehicle of the moſt foul and moſt atrocious ſlander; and when the injured party comes to defend himſelf by a ſimple and modeſt narrative, in which not one untruth or violent expreſſion is to be found; when he comes with this paragraph of ſelf-defence, he is told that it is inadmiſſible, unleſs he will expunge a circumſtance, the moſt material of his relation, as it at once accounts for the real motive of the infamous publication to which he replies!—Talk about the liberty of the preſs indeed! Where is it? I would be glad to know.—I defy any one to produce me an inſtance of ſuch glaring, ſuch unjuſt partiality in the conduct of any printer not of the degraded ſans-culotte tribe.

It never was my intention to take notice of any thing contained in this poor crawling paper, which came into the world with death written on its front; I will, however, to-morrow, juſt give the public the hiſtory of the wretched publication; promiſing

at the ſame time never to anſwer any thing it ſhall in future contain againſt me. I know the object of the poor editors well enough, and will therefore take good care to defeat it. I hate every thing that ſavours of equality, and ſhall carefully avoid introducing into the parlour what is deſtined by nature to reſide in the garret and the cellar.

FRIDAY, 5th MAY.

O'Carey's Paper.—I yeſterday promiſed to give ſome account of the *impartial* newſpaper, which has rendered itſelf infamous by giving publicity to ſlander, and refuſing to publiſh the injured party's reply; but, previous to this, it may not be improper to trace the baſe inſinuations againſt the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie back to their ſource.

So long ago as the month of April, 1794, this gentleman had the honour to be abuſed by the democratic or French faction. In a ſermon, preached on Eaſter-day, he took an opportunity of cautioning his audience againſt the danger of adopting the horrid tenets of the French atheiſts. This was called an *unprovoked attack* on a *great and magnanimous people.*

From an extract of the ſermon, which was afterwards publiſhed in the papers, it appeared that the French were alluded to in no part of it, except in the following elegant paſſage: "Let us put "on the whole armour of God, and reſolutely ſtand "as Chriſtian ſoldiers in the breach which the in"ſolence of deiſm, and the inſidious deluſions of a "falſe philoſophy, have lately made in the walls of "the ſanctuary. Let us vigilantly guard againſt "the introduction of that ſhocking tenet, which is "now, alas! the faſhionable, though fatal doc"trine in a nation, who once gloried in the name "of Chriſtians, but who, having extinguiſhed the "light

" light of the bleſſed Goſpel, in mercy given to con-
" duct them to eternal bliſs, now grope in the
" dark, and madly conceive that the actions of
" the preſent life ſhall at the cloſe be forgotten in
" everlaſting ſleep."

This ſeaſonable exhortation was not, it ſeems, allowable in a land of liberty. It brought repeated attacks on the preacher, and, among the reſt, one concluding with theſe remarkable words: " Ec-
" cleſiaſtics, beware! The feelings of Americans are
" *irritable*, and they will not hear their *French bre-*
" *thren* traduced with *impunity!*"

This ſo exactly reſembles the language of the French cut-throats, at the time they were preparing to murder their prieſts, that I am almoſt aſtoniſhed Mr. Abercrombie ſhould have lived to ſee himſelf abuſed in the *impartial* Daily Advertiſer.

When I came to write the *Hiſtory of the American Jacobins*, the inſolent invaſion of the liberty of the pulpit naturally preſented itſelf; and it was accordingly noticed in the following manner:

" As I have more than once obſerved, that the democrats aped the regenerated French in all their follies, and in all their crimes, as far as they were able, it will be underſtood, that they made a boaſt of being atheiſts or deiſts, as the Convention changed its creed. When the faction of Danton ſeemed to preponderate, and members exclaimed againſt the 'ariſtocracy of Heaven;' when the infamous Du-pont exclaimed, 'Oh! ſhame, legiſlators of the univerſe! you have hurled down the thrones of kings, and you yet ſuffer the altar of God to remain!' The democrats made an open profeſſion of atheiſm. But when *Robeſpierre* obtained the aſcendency, and ordered the Convention *to decree* that there was a *Supreme Being (Etre Supreme)*; then did our good ſans-culottes burn incenſe on the altars of deiſm, with as much devotion as the ragged

groups of *St. Marceau*, and the whores and bullies of the *Palais de l'Egalité.*"

It has been often obſerved, that, however widely atheiſm and deiſm may differ in theory, in practice, that is, in their effects, they are nearly the ſame: ſo it happens now; for whether they profeſſed the opinions of Danton or thoſe of his bloody ſucceſſor, they ſtill teſtified the ſame hatred of the Chriſtian religion, and perſecuted with every inſult they durſt offer, all thoſe who had courage enough to ſtand forward in its defence.

The firſt aſſault of this kind was on the Reverend Mr. Abercrombie, of the epiſcopal church, Philadelphia. This gentleman had preached a ſermon, warning his congregation againſt the contagion of French atheiſm and deiſm. For this inſtance of becoming zeal in the diſcharge of the moſt imperious of all duties, he was attacked in the public papers; accuſed of *bigotry*, of being *an enemy to the cauſe of liberty* and of the *French people.* There was not a worthy man in the city, who did not feel an indignation againſt the authors of this unprovoked calumny, and who did not regret, that the injured clergyman ſhould ſee the neceſſity of anſwering it. Dreadful times indeed are thoſe, when the ſervants of the Lord are brought to the bar of the public, for daring to obey the commands of their Maſter! for daring to defend him againſt thoſe who brand him with the name of cheat and impoſtor *! At the ſame time that we are recording the violences of the clubs againſt Chriſtian inſtitutions, truth requires that we ſhould confeſs, that but too many of

* About the ſame time that this inſult was offered to Mr. Abercrombie, a paragraph appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette, publiſhed by one Brown, containing a liſt of eminent men who had ariſen on the "democratic floor," and concluding with "*Marat, St. Paul, and Jeſus Chriſt.*"

the

the clergy appeared either contaminated with French principles, or cowardly enough not to attempt an oppoſition to their progreſs. All that can be ſaid in defence of ſuch men is, that they feared to offend their congregations, on whom they were totally dependant for ſupport. This is ſurely a very weak defence; but I am afraid it is one that muſt often be made, where the paſtor is removable at the pleaſure of his flock.

But there were others who were not merely paſſive; who were not aſhamed to mingle in the bacchanalian orgies of the civic feſtivals held to celebrate the ſucceſſes of atheiſts over the religion of which they profeſſed to be believers, and of which they were teachers. Among theſe the *Rev. Citizen Frentiſs*, of Reading, Maſſachuſetts, and the *Rev. Citizen Doctor, Mr. Knight*, of New-York, claim the ſcandalous pre-eminence.

It was Mr. Abercrombie's manly oppoſition to the truly infernal tenets of the French that firſt brought on him the abuſe of *Oſwald and Bache*, and the other hirelings of France; and it is his ſteady perſeverance in that oppoſition that has now procured him the honour of being ſlandered in the *beggarly* Advertiſer, which was preferred to the faded and fallen Aurora, as not having a character for falſehood ſo completely eſtabliſhed.

So much for the motives of the writer of the paragraph. The printers knew well the falſehood and malicious intent of it; but were induced to give it a place, as clearly appears from Mr. Abercrombie's note, *out of revenge for his refuſing to ſubſcribe to their paper!* Had they admitted it in adherence to their *promiſed impartiality*, they would certainly have admitted the reply. This is truly a decent way of raiſing contributions on the public: "Here, ſub-"ſcribe to my paper, or I'll traduce your character." Is this *liberty of the preſs?*

This paper has exhibited a complete ſpecimen of *patriotic* meanneſs from its abortive entrance into the world to the preſent time. It was not to appear, till ſeveral weeks later than it really did appear; but the death of Brown, that awful event that for ſeveral days ſpread a gloom over the city, ſerved only as a ſtimulus to the induſtry of Carey and Markland, who ſeized what they imagined to be the lucky moment for picking up the ſubſcribers of the Philadelphia Gazette. This did not, however, ſucceed. Their papers were thrown into the people's houſes in vain; in vain did they place their children at the corners of the ſtreets to diſtribute their quack-like propoſals, and in vain does their mendicant collector now go from houſe to houſe with their God-bleſs-your-honour petition.

Had a perſon been accuſed of having ſolicited ſubſcriptions for a poor half-ſtarved paper like this, indeed, ſome credit might have been given to the tale; but who will believe that my Gazette, which has as many thouſands of ſubſcribers as O'Carey's has hundreds, ſtood in need of a ſolicitor? I never yet aſked for a ſubſcription, even in my own ſhop: the O'Careys, on the contrary, are guilty of every meanneſs that intereſted ſervility can invent. The other evening they aſſerted that I muſt be paid by Britain, becauſe my Gazette and Cenſor were ſo *cheap*; when, no longer ago than yeſterday, their mumper, in order to prevail on a perſon to quit my paper for theirs, told him that theirs was *much cheaper!*

This Daily Advertiſer, without advertiſements, has once changed its abode already, and, if I am not much miſtaken, it will ere long make its final exit. It is got under the hands of the famous *Doctor Morpheus*, whoſe medicaments have reduced the poor Aurora to her laſt gaſp, and who will diſpatch his preſent almſhouſe patient in the courſe of a moon at fartheſt.

Jefferſon

Jefferſon choſen by the French for Preſident.—The letter, publiſhed yeſterday from the Minerva, and imputed to Mr. Jefferſon, has given riſe to a difference of opinion among the democratic printers. The conductors of the partnerſhip newſpaper in Front Street ſwear bitterly that it is abſolutely impoſſible Mr. Jefferſon ſhould write the letter, while Bache, as if by way of a death-bed repentance, candidly confeſſes that he does not doubt of its authenticity. The upright conductors of the Merchants' paper ſay, that there is not the leaſt earthly reſemblance between the Federal Government and that of Great Britain; but Bache declares, with his friend Tom Paine, that they are alike both in form and ſubſtance.

How theſe differences are to be reconciled I know not. I think the merchants in partnerſhip with Bradford would do well to appoint a committee (agreeably to the articles) to wait on Bache, and get matters adjuſted. The papers muſt act in concert, or all is ruined.

But, whatever may be the opinions of Bache and the conductors, reſpecting Mr. Jefferſon's principles, it appears that the French are unanimous on the ſubject. The following extract from the Nouveau Journal des Journaux, of the 27th January laſt, ſpeaks the general ſentiment of the French nation:

"On écrit de Philadelphie que M. Adams ſera "probablement nommé Préſident des Etats-Unis. "Le bonheur des Etats-Unis et les intérêts de la "République Françaiſe trouveroient dans M. Jef- "ferſon un agent plus zélé; c'eſt un ſage, un phi- "loſophe à qui les maximes du Gouvernement An- "glais ne ſauroient convenir."

Tranſlation.—We hear from Philadelphia, that it is very probable that Mr. Adams will be elected Preſident of the United States. The happineſs of the United States, and the intereſts of the Republic, would find a more zealous agent in Mr. Jefferſon.

He is a ſage, a philoſopher, who could not be brought to adopt the maxims of the Engliſh Government.

Adet and the Almanac-makers.—The complaint of the French Miniſter, Adet, to the Executive of the United States, againſt an almanac-printer, for inſerting his name in a manner he did not like, is not ſo unprecedented as it is ridiculous. In Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. we find, that the French once exhibited a complaint againſt the Dutch, on account of a medal which was ſtruck in Holland, ſimply expreſſing the glorious deeds of that republic, without containing any kind of reflection againſt France, or any other nation; and that, notwithſtanding the States General ordered the medal to be broken, in order to appeaſe the French, yet they affected to conſider it a juſt cauſe of war, and with an immenſe army overran Holland, and reduced the Dutch to the brink of deſtruction. Thus being predetermined to wage war, it was indifferent what was the pretext: the printing of an almanac, or the impreſſion of a medal, may be made to excite reſentment, and produce chaſtiſement!

SATURDAY, 6th MAY.

Talleyrand a Spy.—The following is taken from the Boſton Mercury, and is ſaid to be derived from an authentic ſource—"The Biſhop of Autun, who "reſided ſome time in this country, under the name "of Talleyrand Perigord, has informed the Direc- "tory of France, that they need not regard the "United States any more than the State of Genoa, "or Geneva; as our diviſions have weakened us "down to nothing in point of ſtrength and exertion "as a nation; and that there would probably ſoon "be a revolution here, which would tend to throw

"us

" us entirely into the French ſcale; as the partiſans " of France were increaſing, and would ſoon turn " out of the Government all the Waſhingtonian " party, all of whom were in the Britiſh pay.

" In this information he was joined by almoſt all " the Americans who were before in France, or have " ſince gone to that country.

" In the mean time, the French party on this ſide " of the Atlantic are continually exciting the " French Government to acts of hoſtility againſt the " United States; and are ſo deſperately determined " to deſtroy the Britiſh treaty, as to be willing, for " the accompliſhment of that purpoſe, to riſk our " independence, and even our national exiſtence."

That the apoſtate Talleyrand was a ſpy in this country is evident from his being afterwards received with open arms by the very men who had proſcribed him. But I have a word or two to ſay about this atheiſtical biſhop. Firſt he ſet up as a *merchant and dealer*, at New-York, till he had acquired what knowledge he thought was to be come at among perſons engaged in mercantile affairs; then he aſſumed the character of *a gentleman*, at the ſame time removing to Philadelphia, where he got acceſs to perſons of the firſt rank, all thoſe who were connected with, or in the confidence of, the Government. Some months after his arrival in this city, he left a meſſage with a friend of his, requeſting me to meet him at that friend's houſe. Several days paſſed away before the meeting took place: I had no buſineſs to call me that way, and therefore I did not go. At laſt this modern Judas and I got ſeated by the ſame fire-ſide. I expected that he wanted to expoſtulate with me on the ſevere treatment he had met with at my hands: I had called him an apoſtate, a hypocrite, and every other name of which he was deſerving; I therefore leave the reader to imagine my aſtoniſhment, when I heard him begin with complimenting

plimenting me on my *wit* and *learning*. He praiſed ſeveral of my pamphlets, the New Year's Gift in particular, and ſtill ſpoke of them as mine. I did not acknowledge myſelf the author, of courſe; but yet he would inſiſt that I was; or, at any rate, they reflected, he ſaid, *infinite honour* on the author, let him be who he might. Having carried this ſpecies of flattery as far as he judged it ſafe, he aſked me, with a vaſt deal of apparent ſerioufneſs, whether I had received my education at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge!* Hitherto I had kept my countenance pretty well; but this abominable ſtretch of hypocriſy, and the placid mien and ſilver accent with which it was pronounced, would have forced a laugh from a Quaker in the midſt of meeting. I don't recollect what reply I made him; but this I recollect well, I gave him to underſtand that I was no trout, and conſequently was not to be caught by tickling.

This information led him to ſomething more ſolid. He began to talk about *buſineſs*. I was no *flour-merchant*, but I taught Engliſh; and, as luck would have it, this was the very commodity that Biſhop Perigord wanted. If I had taught Thornton's or Webſter's language, or ſold ſand or aſhes, or pepper-pot, it would have been juſt the ſame to him. He knew the Engliſh language as well as I did; but he wanted to have dealings with me in ſome way or other.

I knew, that, notwithſtanding his being *proſcribed* at Paris, he was extremely intimate with Adet; and this circumſtance led me to ſuſpect his real buſineſs in the United States: I therefore did not care to take him as a ſcholar. I told him, that, being engaged in a tranſlation for the preſs, I could not poſſibly quit home. This difficulty the lame fiend hopped over in a moment. He would very gladly come to my houſe. I cannot ſay but it would have been a great ſatisfaction to me to have ſeen the *ci-devant*

devant Biſhop of Autun, the guardian of the holy oil that anointed the heads of the deſcendants of St. Louis, come trudging through the dirt to receive a leſſon from me; but, on the other hand, I did not want a French ſpy to take a ſurvey either of my deſk or my houſe. My price for teaching was *six* dollars a month; he offered me *twenty*; but I refuſed; and before I left him, I gave him clearly to underſtand that I was not to be purchaſed.

I verily believe that, had I had any *flour* or *precious confeſſions* * for ſale, I might have diſpoſed of them to good account; and even my pamphlets, though Bradford calls them *dirty water*, I think I could have ſold to Biſhop Judas for more than *one ſhilling and ſeven-pence halfpenny* apiece.

There is no doubt of there being at this moment hundreds of honeſt miſſionaries among us, whoſe ſole buſineſs is that of ſpies. They are flying about the country in every direction; not a corner of it will they leave unexplored. They are now much better acquainted with the ſentiments of the people of the Union, and know more exactly thoſe who are to be counted upon in caſe of a war, than either the Federal Government or State Governments.

Letombe to Mr. Fenno. — Conſulat Général pres les Etats-Unis. Philadelphie, le 15 Floréal, an 5e de la Republique Françaiſe, une et indiviſible (4 Mai, 1797, V. S.).

MONSIEUR,

J'ai lu dans votre papier d'hier le paragraphe ſuivant:—" Orders are iſſued by General Rigaud, ſaid to be in conſequence of advice from Mr. Adet, ſuſpending all ancient debts due to Americans; and there is no probability of reverſion."

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* See the New Year's Gift.

Jamais

Jamais le Citoyen Adet n'a donné de pareils ordres au General Rigaud ou a tout autre. Le fait qu'on impute à cet ancien Miniſtre Plenipotentiaire eſt faux, et vous devez à la vérité et à vous même, Monſieur, de la démentier dans votre Gazette.

Je vous prie, Monſieur, d'agréer mes ſalutations.

Le Conſeil Général de la Republique Françaiſe pres les Etats-Unis,

Mr. JOHN FENNO, LETOMBE *.

Cheſnut Street.

Weights

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* The devil himſelf cannot ſurpaſs theſe Frenchmen in impudence; their ancient miniſter plenipotentiary, Peter Anthony, threatened the United States with the vengeance of the *terrible Republic*, becauſe ſome of our almanac-makers did not give France *la précédence* of Great Britain, in the arrangement of the miniſters, conſuls, &c. The Conſul at Boſton threatened the editor of the Centinel with a proſecution, for publiſhing the ſavage Hoche's addreſs to his hungry, ſhirtleſs legions, to animate them with the proſpect of the roaſt beef and guineas of Old England; and their Conſul-general now calls on Mr. Fenno to contradict a paragraph of news inſerted in the Gazette of the United States, which had paſſed through two papers, before it appeared in his.

This diplomatic citizen ſeems to think that the reputation of his maſters is inſulted by the paragraph in queſtion, when I will engage that nine Americans out of ten, that read the papers, believe it is ſubſtantially true. Indeed, ſo fully are the creditors perſuaded of it, that few of them expect ever to receive ſixpence in the pound, of either ancient or modern debts. Whether Peter Anthony ever gave orders to the copper-faced general or not to ſuſpend payment, is quite immaterial: nobody doubts, however, that he has received ſuch orders, becauſe we all believe and know, that the *regenerated* government is quite capable of ſuch a trick. A highwayman, in the very act of robbing a traveller, might with as good a grace give himſelf airs, and bluſter about his honeſty, as this pillaging, plundering republic. Indeed I think the compariſon is rather unfair againſt the knight of the roads; for there have been many of that claſs, who, after a lucky expedition, have paid ſome of their debts with honour; but this monſter of a republic ſeeks to ſponge off all hers, both new and old, by thruſting her creditors into chains and dungeons.

But what provokes me moſt in this application is, its unparalleled audacity. At a time when nothing but a degree of patience, that borders on puſillanimity, enſures any officer of the Republic

a ſafe

Weights and Meaſures of the Sans-culottes.—The equalization of weights and meaſures being accompliſhed throughout the territory of the French Republic, the claſſification of terms has been adopted as follows:

In meaſures of length.

10	metres make	one decametre.
100		one hectometre.
1000		one kilotire.
10,000		one myriametre.

In land meaſure.

10	acres make	one decare.
100		one hectare.
1000		one kiltare.
10,000		one myriate.

In meaſures of capacity.

10	litres make	one decalitre.
100		one hectolitre.
1000		one kilotire.
10,000		one myrialitre.

In weights.

10	grammes make	one decagramme.
100		one hectogramme.
1000		one kilogramme.
10,000		one myriagramme.

The metre is, in Engliſh meaſure, 3 feet 3 inches 1708 line. The acre is 10,000 ſquare metres, 107,623,043 Engliſh ſquare feet.

The litre is equal to 1766 pints Wincheſter meaſure, or 2081 wine meaſure.

The gramme is 2lbs. 8 ozs. 5274 drachms avoirdupois.

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a ſafe reſidence in our country, to offer ſuch a hectoring attack on the freedom of the preſs! What! when we are plundered, cheated, kicked, and ſpit upon, ſhall an inſolent officer come forward with an inſtrument in his hand, and a *s'il vous plait*, citizens, be ſo complaiſant as to let me gag you?

Regicide

Regicide Feſtival.—Great alterations are expected to be produced by the elections. The different parties are ſtraining every nerve to ſecure a triumph; they work day and night; write, print, talk, cry, ſwear, and lie; act the atheiſt, the ſaint, the moderate, and the jacobin: and all this, oh wretched France! is *purely for thy good.*

If the public opinion of the day may be looked upon as the thermometer of the primary aſſemblies, their choice will not be very favourable to the preſent government, and ſtill leſs ſo to the *governors*; but it is preſumed, and not without reaſon, that theſe latter intend artfully to create ſome menacing tumult, in order to have a pretext for ſtrengthening their own hands, and diminiſhing the liberty of the preſs.

On the morning of the 21ſt January, the day when the people were ſummoned to ſwear "*hatred to royalty*," there appeared an excellent epigram in a paper called the Quotidienne, ſaying, *that the people were ſo laviſh in their hatred of the Directory and Repreſentatives, that they had none left for royalty.*

The fans now moſt in faſhion are ornamented with *five* candles, or ſometimes five flambeaux, with this inſcription: "*L'economie exige que vous en eteignez quatre*"—"Economy requires you to *put out four* of them."

This is a ſafe way of publicly declaring that *one king* is better than *five.*

MONDAY, 8th MAY.

Adet decamps.—Citizen Adet has made his exit from the American ſtage. He went off very quietly, and is ſaid to have ſhed tears at being forced to leave his faction at the laſt gaſp.

If the Britiſh cruiſers are not all aſleep, we ſhall probably have another bale of *precious confeſſions.*

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, 9th MAY.

An Election Scene.—After being an eye-witneſs to a ſcene which was exhibited in this village yeſterday, I can neither doubt the influence of *Fauchet's mint*, nor that even Americans (though I hope their number may be few) are ſuſceptible of corruption.

When the poll was opened in the *village* of *Troy*, a number of the ſupporters of David Hopkins, with the *French* or tri-coloured cockade on their hats, formed themſelves into a body, with Dr. Samuel Gale at their head, and marched from or near Aſhley's tavern to where the poll was held.

A report was circulated in the morning, that theſe cockaded ſons of *equality* had made a declaration (or rather *bound themſelves under a curſe)* that any elector who voted againſt their favourite candidate ſhould be knocked down: it was alſo reported, that theſe *French* Americans had denounced ſome particular characters who were obnoxious to them—but whether it was owing to the inſufficiency of their numbers, or that they were checked by the more reſpectable citizens, together with the magiſtrates, who abhorred their conduct, fortunately, except ſcurrility and abuſe, no violence was offered.

The moſt clamorous among the cockade club were the aforeſaid Doctor Samuel Gale, a Laurence Dorſet, and a certain John Stillwell—Thoſe leſs noiſy were, Samuel Gale, jun. Anthony Goodſpeed, an Engliſhman, whoſe name is Lynſing, and a fellow by the name of Bennom, with ſeveral others of *ſtill* leſs note.

The *projectors* of this *Jacobin club* did not appear among the actors of this ſeditious drama; but although they kept behind the ſcene, they are well known, and will be properly attended to in due time.

Americans! ſee to your rights, be watchful, be

vigilant; for there is a *neſt of traitors* in the boſom of our country; but publiſh it not in the *Argus*, let it never appear in the *Aurora* of *Citizen Bache*, leſt the enemies of America rejoice. *Albany Gazette.*

French Cruelty and Spaniſh Perfidy.—Captain Jones, arrived here on Saturday, from Porto Rico, brought home ſeveral of his unfortunate countrymen who had been taken by the French, and robbed of every thing they poſſeſſed. From the collected information of Captain Jones and his paſſengers, it appears, that the ſhip William, Captain Strong, of Portland, on his homeward-bound paſſage from Grenada, was captured by a *French privateer* with *a Spaniſh crew*, and the captain and all the crew taken on board the privateer, except the mate, and one ſeaman, returning two officers and ſeven Spaniſh ſailors to take charge of the ſhip; ſhortly after the privateer had left the ſhip, the Spaniards on board menaced the two Americans, who, not fond of brooking the inſult, and irritated by their cowardly behaviour, repelled their inſult by ſevere reproaches. The affair becoming ſerious, the mate ordered the boy, an American, who belonged to the privateer, to take the helm, and himſelf and company armed themſelves as well as they could, the mate with an axe. The two officers then interfered, and the bloody affray began—one of the officers was killed by the mate with his axe, and the other ſeverely wounded and hurt, with moſt of the Spaniſh ſailors. The affray continued for the ſpace of four hours, when the crew agreed to give up the ſhip to the two Americans, provided they would grant them the long-boat, and proviſions ſufficient to proceed to the neareſt French port: this was agreed to; but before they had got ready to embark, *another French privateer* hove in ſight, took poſſeſſion of the ſhip, and carried her into *Porto Rico*, where the two Americans were impriſoned,

and put in irons, to be ſent *like malefactors* to St. Domingo; where it is ſuppoſed they *will ſuffer* death, not for an outrage of the laws of humanity, but *for bravely defending themſelves againſt aſſaſſins*, greatly ſuperior in point of numbers and weapons.

Captain Jones would have found means to have reſcued theſe unfortunate men, had he been able to have remained a night longer in port; but ſeveral Britiſh ſhips of war appearing off the coaſt, he was apprehenſive of an embargo being immediately laid, and put to ſea.

Such, Americans, is the treatment your countrymen receive from the *generous* French and the *magnanimous* Spaniards!

WEDNESDAY, 10th MAY.

A Report on the Law of Divorces in France.——— Favard.—You have directed a ſpecial commiſſion to examine the expediency of ſuſpending, until after the diſcuſſion of the civil code, every demand in divorce, founded on the ſimple allegation of temper and character.

"It is a rule," ſays Monteſquieu, "derived from nature, that the more the number of marriages is diminiſhed, the more are thoſe which exiſt corrupted; the fewer people marry, the leſs fidelity in the married ſtate; as, when there are the moſt thieves, there are moſt thefts."

The union contracted by two married perſons ought not to depend on the caprice or libertiniſm of one of them. The civil connexion is of too ſacred a character to be ſported with at pleaſure. If, unhappily, circumſtances exiſt which render a ſeparation neceſſary, there is ſtrong reaſon for authorizing a divorce.

You know that the Conſtituent Aſſembly, which

was compoſed of learned men, durſt not approach the queſtion of divorce.

The Legiſlative Aſſembly authorized a law of September 20, 1792, which at the ſame time determined the cauſes, the mode, and the effects. But at what time was this important act paſſed? On the verge of their diſſolution, and in the evening ſitting. The law was adopted, without giving to the diſcuſſion all the extent and reflection which it demanded; and, in one word, if that is not improper, it is an act paſſed *in extremis*, of which the National Convention ſeems to have been only the faithful executor.

Among the ſingular diſpoſitions of this law, I will content myſelf with reporting that relative to the particular point now under conſideration, which is, article 3.—"That one of the married parties may obtain ſentence of divorce, upon the ſimple allegation of incompatibility of temper or character."

Thus a huſband diſſatisfied with his wife, or a wife with her huſband, calls together the parents or friends, who preſent themſelves before a municipal officer. The applicant for a divorce ſays only, that his humour is incompatible with that of his partner. The tribunal has not even the right to make him render an account of the reaſons of that incompatibility: it is charged againſt the party, and that is ſufficient. If the applicant perſiſts in his declaration to each of the three articles ſpecified in the law, the tribunal prepares a proceſs verbal of non-conciliation, and the public officer pronounces the divorce, on the ſole repreſentation of three proceſs verbals of non-conciliation.

Here, in two words, are all the formalities obſerved for four years paſt, by married people, who ſeek divorce; and you know the ſcandalous abuſe which has been made of this mode of divorce.

All

All good men are agreed, that if divorce can be maintained at all on the ground of difference of temper, at leaſt this mode requires great modifications, ſince the cauſe is often rather imaginary than real, and the practice has hitherto produced nothing but very ill effects.

I will not enumerate the incalculable evils it has produced; I will not relate to you that more than twenty thouſand married perſons owe to that law their diſunion, and that they now bewail its exiſtence. You would burn with indignation, if I ſhould preſent to you a faithful picture of the victims which libertiniſm and luſt have amaſſed together in France, under the operation of a law which had for its object to render marriage more happy and reſpectable, by rendering the parties more free.

Here is a young woman, whoſe beauty and virtue have attracted and excited the deſires of a libertine, who has ſought a connexion, which he breaks the moment his paſſion has abated, and who thus conſigns to the humiliation of being abandoned, a perſon of whom he was not worthy.

There you will ſee a huſband for a long time happy, now weeping over the loſs of a wife who was dear to him, who is no longer any thing to him, and whoſe children are no longer objects of her cares. To what is this misfortune to be aſcribed? To the intrigues of ſome other man, without morals, who has ſeduced her, and to the facility of breaking a connexion, which the parties formed for life.

Further, it is luſt which breaks this connexion—generally fickleneſs.

Citizen Legiſlators, be not deceived. You have not a moment to loſe, if you wiſh to put a ſtop to this deteſtable abuſe which is made of divorce for difference of humours. It is repeated to you conſtantly in the maſs of petitions which are addreſſed

to you, "That we ſee every where married perſons who, forgetful of their duty and their honour, trample under foot all decency, violate all laws and the moſt ſacred obligations, abandon their families without remorſe to gratify their ſhameleſs paſſions—in ſhort, that it is time to lay ſome reſtraint on this ſpecies of depravation."

I might add, that libertiniſm is not the only vice which has abuſed this law of divorce; ambition has more than at one time, or in one manner, made uſe of it to evade the effect of another law—I mean that on ſucceſſion. It may be well to cite an example that is within the knowledge of one of the members of your commiſſion.

A young woman married, with the aſſurance of receiving the eſtate of a grand-aunt. The law of the 17th Nivoſe intervened, and deprived her of the proſpect. The parties obtained a divorce by colluſion—the project was executed—the huſband then married the grand-aunt, aged 82 years, who gave him all her eſtate by contract of marriage, as the law permitted her to do. The old woman ſoon died, and the young widower again married his former wife*.

What muſt we think of the law of divorce, which thus cauſes a ſhameful traffic to elude other laws? Is it not to demoralize marriage thus to ſport with it? What father but muſt tremble when he gives his daughter to marriage?

All theſe conſiderations have made a deep impreſſion on your committee, who unanimouſly adviſe a ſuſpenſion of the law of divorce for incompatibility of temper.

[The reporter then diſcuſſes the point, whether the ſuſpenſion ſhould have a retroactive operation, or

* No ſpeculating tricks can go before that.

only

only a future one: he urges an immediate decision, and in the course of his observations cites from a memorial of a woman on the subject, the following passage: "Whatever may be the consequence," she writes, "the day in which the law against divorce shall replace that monster my husband in my bed, shall be the last of his days—I will poniard him. But the moment I do this, my father, my mother, who dwells with me, and myself, will bear to our bosoms a subtle poison, which shall baffle every effort of relief." [The Council *frowned* with horror.]

She must indeed be a monster, who can write what I *cannot read without horror*.—Monsters are rare, but it is not rare to observe, that passions once unchained never can be reduced to bounds.

Circular Orders from Government against arming, to the Collectors of the Revenue.

Treasury Department, April 8th, 1797.

SIR,

The depredations to which the commerce of the United States is at present exposed, have given rise to a question, which being of general concern, is, therefore, made the subject of a circular communication.

The question is, Whether it be lawful to arm the merchant-vessels of the United States, for their protection and defence, while engaged in regular commerce?

It is answered, that no doubt is entertained, that defence, by means of military force, against mere pirates and sea-rovers, is lawful. The arming of vessels *bona fide* engaged in trade to the East Indies, is, therefore, on account of the danger from pirates, to be permitted as heretofore; but as the arming of vessels destined for European and West India commerce, raises a presumption that it is done with hos-

tile intentions againſt ſome one of the belligerent nations, and may cover colluſive practices inconſiſtent with the act of Congreſs of June, 1794, unleſs guarded by proviſions more effectual than have been hitherto eſtabliſhed; it is directed that the ſailing of armed veſſels, not *bona fide* deſtined to the Eaſt Indies, be reſtrained, until otherwiſe ordained by Congreſs.

Information has been received that ſome veſſels are arming by ſtrangers for the purpoſe of capturing the veſſels of the United States. The utmoſt vigilance on the part of the collectors to prevent the progreſs of this evil is enjoined; where there is reaſonable ground to believe that veſſels are equipped for the purpoſe of being employed againſt the commerce of this country, they are to be arreſted, and the circumſtances ſtated to this department.

I am, very reſpectfully, Sir,
Your obedient ſervant,
OLIVER WOLCOTT, Jun.

Gambling-houſes.—Richmond, April 29. Thurſday night laſt, the magiſtrates, together with the ſerjeant and conſtables of the city, divided themſelves into different parties, and went to ſeveral gambling-houſes, and ſeized upon the implements with which they were then playing. The proprietors of the tables were indulged till yeſterday, to get ſecurity for their appearance at the next court; and the tables, together with a great variety of implements, were taken by the conſtables yeſterday morning to the market-houſe, and burnt, in the preſence of a very numerous aſſemblage.

[This is a very good match to the article under the London head. Wherever the French go, there will vice and immorality prevail. Neither England nor America knew any thing about the ſwindling game of Faro, till ſince the emigrants from France.

Their accurſed revolution has done more towards corrupting the world than any other event ever did.]

Dreadful Inſtance of Party-ſpirit.—Fayetteville, April 29. Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Pittſborough, Chatham county, to a gentleman in this town, dated the 20th of April, 1797. "The mere talk of a war with France has already ſhown its baneful efficacy. Two brothers, by the names of Thomas and Richard Riddle (ſtimulated by the effects of liquor), turned out the other night in ſingle combat, the former eſpouſing the cauſe of the French, the latter on behalf of the Americans. The former, the moſt inebriated, ſtabbed the latter with his knife in various places, two of which were very deep: he was immediately apprehended and put in gaol. On the following day, finding that there was no reaſon to be apprehenſive of the wounds being dangerous, the priſoner was releaſed. As ſoon as his frenzy abated, and having conſidered of the unnatural action which he had committed, he immediately forwarded money to his brother to pay the ſurgeon, his wife to attend him, and afforded him every aſſiſtance in his power.

[We have heard of republicans whoſe zeal for their country led them to puniſh with death, the diſaffection of their neareſt relatives; but it was reſerved for theſe degenerate times, the ENLIGHTENED eighteenth century, the age of reaſon, of liberty, and equality; it was reſerved for this bleſſed age to produce a monſter, baſe and bloody enough to ſtab his brother, becauſe he preferred his own country to that of its enemy.]

Remarkable Occurrences.—A late newſpaper article mentioned that the Georgian legiſlature had ordered certain mortgages and titles to lands under their own

grants to be burned, which they discovered had escaped a former legislative bonfire.

About the same time a man was killed in Georgia by a negro. The murderer being pursued, was overtaken, and immediately burnt alive by those who apprehended him.

Not ten days ago we read, that Captain Cowell of Boston had turned privateersman under a French commission, and made prize of a Boston vessel.

These circumstances have been mentioned in the newspapers without one word of comment.

A stranger to America, reading these articles, and remarking this silence, would have a strange opinion of the *justice*, *humanity*, and *patriotism* of Americans.

A Lexington paper, of March 25, relates the following unhappy affair, which took place on the Saturday evening before, in Lincoln county (Kentucky), near the court-house. Two neighbours, the one of the name of Cutton, the other Hackney, had some difference about a small sum of money owing from one to the other. Hackney picked up a sharp-pointed shoe-knife and stabbed Cutton in the breast, who died in a few seconds. Hackney was taken up and committed to gaol, ironed, and strictly guarded.

The same paper says, "On Tuesday night last, the Indians killed a man at Collins's on the Wilderness road. There were but two men at Collins's, one a brother of Captain Collins, the other a man hired to clear land. Collins being at a house about a mile from home, on his return, when he had got within a few steps of the house, heard the Indians (two in number) cock their guns, but supposed it to be the hired man intending to frighten him: the Indians immediately fired; but he, still supposing it to be the hired man, rushed up and threw the tail of his great-coat in their faces; by this time he discovered them to be Indians; he sprang into the house, and fastened the

the door. The Indians immediately fell to work with their tomahawks, and ſoon cut down the door, on which Collins ran out between the two Indians. He received a ſtroke on one ſhoulder with a tomahawk, which however did him no injury; but after a cloſe chaſe of about two hundred yards, made his eſcape by taking to the woods, where he lay all night, and returned next morning to the houſe from whence he came the over-night, and got four men (two of whom were travellers) and returned home, where they found the hired man killed, and mangled in a moſt horrid manner, and their guns carried off.

THURSDAY, 11th MAY.

Republican Candour.—From the Aurora of May 9.—The Captain of a ſchooner arrived in this port from Norfolk, which he left on Tueſday laſt, informs that Captain Barney's frigates were ready for ſea when he ſailed, and would probably depart ſoon in the face of the Britiſh ſquadron, relying upon their faſt ſailing.

The ſame Captain confirms the intelligence contained in an extract of a letter from Norfolk, which lately appeared in the Aurora, reſpecting the ſhelter given by one of the Britiſh veſſels of war to three deſerters from the fort. The Engliſh commander is ſaid to have refuſed giving up the men, on the ground, that, as they were Iriſhmen by birth, he had the beſt right to them.

To what lengths the Britiſh mean to go in their career of inſult and injury is difficult to determine; we hope this laſt inſtance of aggreſſion is their *ne plus ultra.* To this they have come by regular ſteps. *Nemo fuit repente turpiſſimus.* They firſt impreſſed American citizens of Britiſh birth. This they found men in our councils to vindicate. They next,

as

as in the inſtance of the Squirrel, having impreſſed American citizens in the face of protections, brought them into our port, and there kept them in confinement. They then, as in the inſtance of the ſame veſſel, openly recruited in our territory by public advertiſment; and have lately at Norfolk avowedly received and protected American deſerters, and encouraged indeed their deſertion by the temptation of a large bounty. *Quouſque tandem?* We ſhall not be long ſubject to theſe indignities. We underſtand that Adminiſtration have taken deciſive ſteps to vindicate the American character, thus inſultingly trampled on in our very ports.

DIALOGUE.

A. Pray, citizen, ought deſerters to be reſtored?

Bache. No.

A. There are three Britiſh deſerters concealed in my ſhip. Their captain came to demand them. Shall they be given up to him?

B. No, to be ſure.

A. They are natives of the United States.

B. How dared the tyrant enliſt them?—Give them up!! I'd ſee his heart's blood ſtream firſt.

A. But I miſtake. It is three natural-born ſubjects of the King of Great Britain that have deſerted from the ſervice of America.

B. Oh ho! That alters the caſe.

A. They have taken refuge on board a Britiſh ſhip.

B. That is quite a different ſtory.

A. Ought the Captain of the ſhip to give them up?

B. Ought! he muſt, he ſhall.—This aggreſſion, it is to be hoped, is the *ne plus ultra* of inſult and injury. We ſhall not be long ſubject to theſe indignities.—Zounds and blood and thunder!!

A. Aye—and what do you ſay to the Captain of the

the Squirrel's offering a reward to his deſerters to encourage them to return to his ſervice?

B. Why, it is infamous; it is recruiting in a neutral country: it is contrary to juſtice; it is contrary to the law of nations; it is an inſult upon our ſovereignty; it calls for vengeance.

A. But, friend Bache, you forgot that you inſerted not long ago, repeated advertiſements from Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo the Spaniſh envoy, encouraging deſerters from the ſervice of his Catholic Majeſty to return to their allegiance.

B Oh ho! That is quite a different ſtory. There every thing was proper and regular and natural. Why, man the ſupplementary law paſſed by Congreſs for the puniſhment of certain crimes againſt the United States, contains a proviſo that entirely juſtifies the Chevalier Yrujo; but that does not apply to a Britiſh officer, you know. That is another ſtory: that is another ſtory. P. L.

Admiral Vandeput.—The merchants of the United States will unqueſtionably preſent an addreſs of thanks to Admiral Vandeput, for protecting their commerce from the depredations of Commodore Barney's ſquadron; which ſtill continue cannon-bound at Norfolk. Boston Centinel.

[The merchants of the United States, and the King of Great Britian too, would be much more obliged to the Admiral if he would go off on a cruiſe, ſcour the coaſt along, and leave one frigate, or two at moſt, to watch Barney. Every body that I converſe with ſeems aſtoniſhed at, and aſhamed of, the inactivity of this ſquadron. While the Carmagnoles are playing the devil all around us, nine or ten Britiſh men of war lie ſleeping in our roads. What is the uſe of bravery or diſcipline, if not employed? A favourite toaſt with General Howe's officers was "A glorious war, and a long one."—I hope the latter part of this toaſt is not again become faſhionable.] Friday,

FRIDAY, 12th MAY.

A curious Climax of Lies and Vanity.—Madrid, February 21.—News has been received of the Spaniſh fleet under Admiral Cordova, conſiſting of twenty-ſix ſail of the line, having met with the Engliſh ſquadron of nineteen ſail of the line off Cape St. Vincent. A battle was fought. When the advice-boat was ſent away at midnight, the battle, which commenced at eight in the morning, continued with obſtinacy, and every thing preſaged the defeat of the Engliſh. Six Engliſh merchantmen from the Eaſt Indies, very richly laden, and which were convoyed by the Britiſh ſquadron, have been taken into our power, and arrived at Cadiz. An Engliſh frigate, taken by another Spaniſh ſhip, is alſo arrived at Cadiz. Two ſhips belonging to the Philippine Company, which, without being acquainted with the declaration of war, had accompanied ſeveral Engliſh ſhips, having been informed of the war by American veſſels, ſeparated from the eſcort, and are arrived ſafely at Teneriffe. Their cargoes are valued at five millions of ducats.

[In this account the Dons ſhow ſome little regard to truth and modeſty: but two days afterwards the news fell into the hands of a Frenchman at Aranjuez, and he gives it the French dreſs, as follows.]

Aranjuez, February 23.—The Engliſh fleet of ſixteen ſail of the line, three of which are three deckers, and ſeveral frigates, commanded by Admiral Jervis, came up with the Spaniſh fleet near Cape St. Vincent: the latter attacked the former on the 16th Pluvioſe, with an audacity worthy of great praiſe. The Engliſh remained firm, and on both ſides a battle was fought with an obſtinacy to which the preſent age, perhaps, affords no parallel. From the 26th

both

both ſides fought inceſſantly; on the 30th, the day when the laſt advices were ſent away, they were ſtill fighting; at that period more than fifteen ſail on both ſides were diſabled, and it is ſaid two of the Engliſh ſhips were ſunk. The Spaniſh ſhip Trinité loſt 430 men, made water in all parts, and would have been taken by the Engliſh if they had not been ſo diſabled: a frigate took her in tow, and brought her back to Cadiz.

Paris, March 11.—The official part of the Redacteur contains the following article: "The current report of an Engliſh envoy having arrived at Paris is without foundation. The particulars which are related reſpecting this envoy are equally falſe, and no leſs circumſtance has occurred able to give the colour to this erroneous humour."

Among the non-official articles of the ſame journal we find the following paragraph: "The ferment produced in London by the Bank having ſtopped payment, has reached the utmoſt pitch. The ſtrength of the Oppoſition is increaſing in the ſame proportion as the difficulties augment which the Britiſh government has to encounter. The circumſtance, that all the Engliſh newſpapers, the laſt of which are of the 27th of February, arrive ſo late, offers an additional proof of ſerious commotions being on the point of breaking out in England, which ſeem to announce the approaching downfal of her government, which perhaps will ſoon only be mentioned as an inſtance of paſt and puniſhed arrogance."

The Marquis del Campo, ambaſſador from Spain to the French Republic, received yeſterday from Madrid a courier with the news of a deciſive victory obtained by the Spaniſh fleet over the Engliſh fleet: the circumſtantial detail will, no doubt, ſoon be publiſhed. It is, however, already certain, that *three ſhips of the line have been* TAKEN, *and three others*

SUNK. The reſt of *Admiral Jervis's ſquadron had fled*, and were *cloſely purſued to the coaſt of Portugal!*

The combat laſted for ſeveral days, and was ſupported on both ſides with an obſtinacy of which there are few examples in hiſtory. The prodigies performed by the Spaniſh marine recompenſe it for the unjuſt diſdain which had been heaped on it. The Engliſh, according to their cuſtom, endeavoured repeatedly to cut through the Spaniſh line: not being able to ſucceed, ſeveral of their ſhips were ſurrounded. *The glory of our allies* is the more precious to us, as it is not foreign to our nation itſelf. Men who have *long* done honour to the French marine, *aided the Spaniards in their triumph* The diſpatch from the cabinet of Madrid obſerves, as a very remarkable circumſtance, that the celebrated *Albert de Rions fought by the ſide of the young and brave Cordova*, and that ten or twelve French emigrant officers either commanded the Spaniſh ſhips or ſerved on board, and contributed much to the victory.

This *victory*, joined to the financial criſis to which England is at this moment brought, *muſt greatly accelerate a peace.* We are ſtill very *mal adroit*; and our diplomacy will be as badly directed as it has hitherto been, if peace ſhould not be made before two months, and that on the moſt honourable conditions.

Other advices ſtate, *that the whole Engliſh fleet* has been *driven on ſhore* near Cape St. Vincent.

[And thus the climax is topp'd.] "A *Frenchman*," ſaid Mr. Windham (who ſeems to be the only man in England that entertains juſt notions of the French), "a *Frenchman*," ſays he, "muſt change his nature before he can ſpeak truth." Every one will now, I believe, be convinced that Mr. Windham was right in his opinion of our *dear allies.*

After this, what dependance can there be put in any thing that comes through the vile channel of Paris?

ris? To believe them in future would argue us as ſtupid as their ſlaves, without the apology of their vanity.

SATURDAY, 13th MAY.

Bradford and Lloyd.—One of the moſt alarming of the innovations of the Britiſh, while we were under colonial government, was the plan propoſed by Governor Hutchinſon and Oliver, for the introduction of a claſs or diſtinction in Maſſachuſetts, under the denomination of *Eſquires,* who alone ſhould be eligible for civil functions; the diſcovery of that *plot*, in the celebrated correſpondence, developed the deſigns of *tyranny* more effectually than the ſtamp act.

In ſuch a republic as this, men ſhould by every fair means be legally *prevented from becoming exorbitantly rich.* In an aſſemblage of rich men, where there is a *natural ariſtocracy* which evermore has or makes a ſeparate intereſt from that of the people, perſons of this deſcription are apt to acquire a dangerous influence. It is a fact, that there is a *coach-maker* in a certain city of theſe States, who for ſome years paſt has been under the neceſſity of quitting his buſineſs, merely for profeſſing himſelf a ſtrict *republican,* and a friend to the *equal political rights of mankind!!!*

Remarks.—Maſter Lloyd's merchants muſt differ very much from merchants in general, if they would be pleaſed with a law to *prevent them from growing rich.* But Lloyd pays his court to the moſt numerous claſs of his ſubſcribers (or rather his partners), and it is pretty well known, that it is not compoſed of either *Eſquires* or *Merchants.*

As to the coach-maker, I ſhould ſuppoſe there muſt be ſome miſtake; for if he is ſo *ſtrict a republican,* and ſuch a ſtaunch friend to the *equal rights of mankind,*

mankind, it is more than probable that he left off a buſineſs, which conſiſts in making machines which are deſtined to the excluſive *convenience of ariſtocrats*; machines of abſolute *inequality*, ſince they place men above one another, and cauſe ſome to be carried, while others are obliged to walk; it is, I ſay, more than probable, that he left off this liberticide buſineſs from ſcruples of conſcience rather than from neceſſity; at leaſt, if I had been in his place, I would have ſaid ſo.

Beſides, if "*republican benevolence* ought to ex- "tend itſelf to what is *called (falſely*, I ſuppoſe) "the *brutal creation*," and if the comfort of this laſt-named claſs of citizens ought to become "an "object of *legiſlative concern*," is it not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that our conſcientious *coach-maker* gave up his buſineſs to others and himſelf to ſtarvation, rather than conſtruct heavy carriages for poor beaſts to draw about, and thus be inſtrumental in the ſlavery of his fellow-creatures?

Etiquette of Almanac-makers.—Letter from D. I. P. to his Friend in London.

My dear Friend, *February 13th*, 1797.

Among my other plans I have conceived the idea of printing a work upon an improved model, which ſhall unite all the excellencies of an *almanac* to the details of what is called a *Court Calendar* in your part of the world; and ſhall conſequently, beſides the public affairs in the different States of the Union, embrace a full and particular account of the ſovereigns of Europe, their ambaſſadors and miniſters, &c. &c.

But as I deſire to live quietly and peaceably with all men, and to give juſt cauſe of offence to none, and am alarmed by an application which I perceive has been made by the French Miniſter, Adet, to the

the Secretary of State here, complaining that the agents of Great Britain have, in certain almanacs of the United States, been placed before thoſe of France and Spain. He aſſerts that the *French Miniſters have always enjoyed the precedency to thoſe of England*, not in the United States only, but *throughout the world*, and inſiſts, that if almanacs are *corrected* under the eyes of Government here, as they are in other countries (and as I wiſh my work to be), *the publication* in queſtion *may be ſuppreſſed*.

Now, though Colonel Pickering is not likely to comply with arbitrary requeſts of this nature, his ſucceſſor may, and I may, ſeverely feel the conſequences.

I therefore wiſh to know how European almanac-makers, and European court correctors, manage this matter; what rule is eſtabliſhed among civilized nations, and how poor I am to place the great ones of the earth in rank and file, in ſuch order as to avoid the vengeance, not of France only, but of Spain, and Batavia, and Britain.

I apply to you, becauſe I know you muſt be maſter of the ſubject. You have travelled over all Europe; you have been employed in diplomatic buſineſs; you have paid attention to little matters as well as great. Do ſatisfy me, without delay, on this (to me) important queſtion: *Is there any acknowledged rank among nations?* And if there is, what is it?

I remain your ſincere friend,

And obliged ſervant,

D. I. P.

ANSWER.

DEAR P. *London, March 18th*, 1797.

Make yourſelf eaſy on the ſubject of etiquette. Diſputes concerning rank among the ambaſſadors of different powers, ſeem now to be by common conſent avoided; and the application you allude to (by

the French Miniſter to the Secretary of State), is ſo extremely abſurd, that it would on this ſide the water have rendered the man who made it ridiculous for life. I perſuade myſelf it will not be repeated even on yours.

With regard to your queſtion, "if there is any *acknowledged* rank among nations," I moſt poſitively anſwer it in the *negative*. There is *no* ſuch *acknowledged rank*, and it is in particular falſe, that the *firſt rank has ever been allowed* to France.

On the contrary, the Pope's Nuncio, and the Miniſter of the Emperor, have uniformly claimed a *priority* in place, and the Miniſters of Spain and England have always aſſerted *at leaſt an equality* in that reſpect. The *inſtructions*, indeed, that have been given to the Britiſh ambaſſadors for a hundred and fifty years paſt (as I am informed by my friend of the Paper-office), have expreſsly prohibited them from acquieſcing in any diſtinction that might be conferred on thoſe of France by a foreign court, unleſs ſuch diſtinctions were equally extended to themſelves.

Within the preſent century, a tacit admiſſion of equality appears to have taken place among the kings and ſtates of Europe.

Thus, when treaties have been concluded, two copies have, of courſe, been written, and the miniſter of each of the contracting parties has ſigned his name, *firſt* in one of theſe copies, and *laſt* in the other. This ceremonial has been obſerved, not only between the Kings of Great Britain and Spain, or of Great Britain and France, where a ſort of equality may be ſuppoſed to have exiſted, but between France and Pruſſia, France and Sweden, and other powers that uſed to be claſſed in the ſecond or third rank.

As to almanacs, I much doubt if, with the exception of the *Almanac de Paris*, Monſ. Adet could produce

duce a ſingle compilation of that kind, in any other part of the world, in which the firſt place amongſt ſovereigns has regularly been given to the King of France; I have ſeen none ſuch.

If any where, this partiality might naturally be looked for in Spain, where an almanac is publiſhed by the authority of the court, and where a branch of the Houſe of Bourbon ſits upon the throne. Yet in that court almanac, printed in Madrid, the miniſters of foreign princes are put down *according to the date of their arrival.* So that, at this moment, the reſident of the republic of Genoa muſt be near the top of the liſt, and the ambaſſador of France at the bottom of it.

In northern countries the almanacs generally regulate the place of princes, and their ambaſſadors, by the order of the alphabet, ſo that you will find them ranged nearly thus:

DENMARK
ENGLAND
FRANCE
NAPLES
POLAND
PORTUGAL
PRUSSIA
RUSSIA
SARDINIA
SPAIN
SWEDEN, &c.

And a ſcrupulous almanac-maker in America would, I think, do well to adopt this impartial method.

It falls hard, indeed, with the French, who, whether we are called *Engliſh* or *Britiſh*, muſt yield the *pas*.—But if they chooſe to alter the name of their country, as they have done the names of every thing elſe, and be pleaſed from henceforth to call it *An-*

thropophagia or *Cannibal-land*, they will acquire a juſt claim to precedence; I ſhould think it prudent in that caſe to grant it them.

(Signed) L. O. M.

To D. I. P. Philadelphia.

P. S.—A wag has juſt informed me, that Citizen Adet was bred an *apothecary*, and his averſion to being placed behind another perſon is, the dread of ſome *mauvaiſe plaiſanterie* on the ſubject.

MONDAY, 15th MAY.

Jacobin Induſtry.—In vain, ſays a correſpondent, will be our late federal labours, if by remiſſneſs and inattention the enemies to our public peace ſhould now ſuddenly ſurpriſe us. Every engine is at work to place in the legiſlature men of anti-American principles. From ſo great an evil, may the Almighty preſerve us! Let all good citizens, with one heart and one voice, declare, that *no Jacobin ſhall ſit among the rulers*; and it will be ſo, if they give an early and punctual attendance at Fanieul-hall, to-morrow.

French Fraternity.—Captain Appleton, of the ſchooner Cynthia, in writing to his wife, ſays, that he was taken by the French privateer Catharine, one Jolly commander, and carried into St. Martin's, where the veſſel and cargo were condemned; that he was treated in a cruel manner, and ſtripped of every thing but what he had upon his back, and that the crew on board were treated in the ſame way. He adds, that were it not for his wife and dear child, he would have preferred being taken by the *Algerines*. Mr. Simmons, the mate, who has returned, corroborates the above account; he ſays, that the whole crew were cruelly treated by the French, and that Captain

Captain Appleton was beaten and drove forward on board his own ſchooner.

[Even ſuch conduct as this do our Jacobins juſtify.]

TUESDAY, 16th MAY.

French Hatred of Great Britain.—We can inform the public, on good authority, that the French Government is purſuing its plan of controlling neutral nations, to annihilate the commerce of Great Britain. A peremptory demand has been made on the Government of Denmark, Hamburgh, and Bremen, to exclude Britiſh veſſels from their ports, which has been refuſed. In conſequence of this refuſal, the French Conſul has withdrawn from Hamburgh, and preparations for defence are making by thoſe neutral powers of the North.

We can alſo aſſure the public that already have the French attempted, through the agents of other nations in amity with the United States, to obtain an excluſion of Britiſh veſſels from our ports. Theſe facts lead to important and ſerious reflections.

Men who think of diverting the French from the inflexible purſuit of their preſent maxim of "*Delenda eſt Carthago*," Britiſh commerce muſt be annihilated, will find themſelves all in the wrong. No ſpecial Envoy from the United States, not even a Madiſon or a Jefferſon, can perſuade the French Government to abandon that favourite object; and if they cannot detach the United States from their commercial relations with Great Britain, or render our trade leſs uſeful to that nation, WAR will be our portion. There is no other alternative, and no man will heſitate a moment to ſay, that, ſooner than be compelled by France to abandon our commerce, we will prepare for *defence* *. [*Minerva.*]

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* It appears (1799) that this wretch knew preciſely the ſize of Federal politics.

WEDNESDAY, 17th MAY.

Land Forces of the United States, May 17, 1797.—The following is the diſtribution of the forces of the United States, at the different poſts:

Otſego, - - -	62 men
Niagara, - - -	124
Preſqueiſle, - -	124
Detroit, - -	248
Michillimackinac, -	124
Chicago, - -	124
Opie, - - -	62
Phiſcats, - -	124
Maſſac, - -	62
Fort Knox, - -	62
Fort Waſhington, -	62
Pittſburg and Franklin,	124
Fort Wayne, - -	180
Walnut Hills, - -	62
Natches, - - -	248
S. W. Territory, -	124
Georgia, - - -	370
	2286

Which reduces the ſtanding army of the United States to three regiments.

La Fayette's Impriſonment.—Mallet du Pan has written a letter from Berne, under the date of November 22, to the editor of the Eclair, which is publiſhed at length in the paper of December 4. In this letter, the writer cenſures the abuſe and reproaches caſt on the Emperor of Germany, for the ſevere uſage of La Fayette and his aſſociates. He declares this is a calumny. He ſays the Emperor is a mild and humane character, who, never ſince his reign, exerciſed one of the barbarous acts laid to his charge.

charge. He declares, "That La Fayette for a long time enjoyed at Olmutz the utmoſt extent of liberty ever indulged to any priſoner. His attempt to eſcape occaſioned his cloſer confinement in the citadel. He is better lodged, better fed, better treated in every reſpect, as well as his family, than you have ever been in the dungeons of Liberty and of the holy Revolution."

Curious Advertiſement.—Wanted, for a ſober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord, and can drive a pair of horſes. He muſt occaſionally wait at table, join in houſehold prayer, look after the horſes, and read a chapter in the Bible. He muſt, God willing, riſe at ſeven in the morning, and obey his maſter and miſtreſs in all lawful commands: if he can dreſs hair, ſing pſalms, and play at cribbage, the more agreeable.

N. B He muſt not be familiar with the maid-ſervants, leſt the fleſh ſhould rebel againſt the ſpirit, and he ſhould be induced to walk in the thorny paths of the wicked.

Wages fifteen guineas a year. [*Farmer's Muſeum.*]

Early Influence of France in the Councils of the United States.—The influence which the Government of France has endeavoured to maintain in this country, is too apparent to every honeſt and enlightened American to require elaborate proof. But the truth of the propoſition has been ſo often denied by the zealous partiſans of France, and the adroitneſs of the ſtateſmen of that nation in acquiring an aſcendency in the public opinion of foreign nations is ſo great, and ſo univerſally admitted, that it may not be amiſs to ſummon to our aid the proofs which have ſo often been adduced by writers on this ſubject, and which cannot be too deeply engraven on the mind of every true friend to his country. During the war

in which we were allies with France againſt Great Britain, a ſenſe of common intereſt, a belief that the aid of France was uſeful to us in a conteſt highly momentous to America, and, above all, a generous confidence peculiar to our national character, forbade us to harbour any ſuſpicions of a gallant nation, whoſe ſoldiers were fighting at our ſides. The citizens of America not immediately in adminiſtration had no opportunities of obſerving the artful Machiavelian policy of the King of France, and his favourite Miniſter, Vergennes, in attempting to gain a ſtrong footing in the ſupreme Legiſlature, and with our foreign Miniſters. In a war, in which an infant nation was ſtruggling againſt its parent ſtate, in which debility and inexperience were oppoſed to Herculean force and energetic councils, in a war, in which the fears and anxiety of the people were conſtantly on the ſtretch, it would have been the worſt policy to have expoſed the intrigues and artifices of our moſt powerful ally.

But it is a well-known fact, hitherto unconteſted, in its nature indiſputable, and one that I have always thought ſhould have been earlier made public, that the intrigues and influence of the French court in the Congreſs of the United States, and with a certain American Miniſter reſident in France, were ſo great and ſo palpable as to alarm the honeſt ſtateſmen of that day, and to oblige them to exert their utmoſt talents to counteract their effects. If it would be fair to call as witneſſes before the tribunal of the public, many who are ſtill at the helm, and who were perſonally acquainted with the facts, I could ſummon a hoſt whom the virulent democrat would not feel diſpoſed to diſcredit. I ſhould not confine myſelf to the venerable Samuel Adams, J. Adams, Dana, Jay, Gerry, and the northern delegation; but I would confront them with the Lees, Livingſtons, Madiſon, Jefferſon, and other enlight-

enlightened ſtateſmen from the ſouthern ſtates. But as ſuch a colliſion might recall ſome unpleaſant reflections, and as my object is to ſmooth aſperſions, rather than increaſe them, I willingly forbear. Public records are, by many perſons, eſteemed of higher authority than any evidence derived from oral teſtimony; to ſuch I would refer, as proofs of my aſſertions, the Journals of Congreſs, both public and private; in the courſe of which will be found multiplied examples of motions, votes, and reſolutions, always brought forward by the ſame characters, and invariably favouring the views and objects of France in contradiſtinction to thoſe of our own country: the moſt eminently diſgraceful of which I cannot refrain from mentioning, although it has been frequently adduced by able pens. I allude to a reſolution paſſed in Congreſs, directing our ambaſſadors to take no ſteps relative to peace without firſt conſulting and having the approbation of the Prime Miniſter of France. Happily for this country, the ſpirit and good ſenſe of our miniſters led them to diſregard a reſolution originating, as they well knew, in the ſecret intrigues and private influence of the French court, and breaking through the fetters at the riſk of their lives and fortunes, they obtained for their country an honourable peace, and for themſelves immortal fame. The treaty of amity and commerce, and the conſular convention with France, are public acts which carry on the face of them inconteſtable evidence, and have in their effects afforded the moſt painful proofs of the influence under which they were made. The former of theſe inſtruments was made under the auſpices of Franklin, Deane, and Lee, and the latter under thoſe of Mr. Jefferſon alone. By the firſt, France ſecured to herſelf our important and growing trade, and intended to retain the power of hampering and reſtraining it. She has cunningly reſerved to herſelf

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the right in all events of the fiſheries on the banks of Newfoundland; but in the event of her conquering that iſland, we were to be excluded, and our ſhips liable to confiſcation if they are found fiſhing there. When firſt made, this treaty contained two articles (No. XI. and XII.), which even the French partiſans had not the hardihood to defend, and which Congreſs indignantly reſcinded, as too humiliating for an independent nation.

By the conſular convention, France effected what was the darling wiſh of their politic miniſtry, the legal eſtabliſhment of privileged ſpies.

It will not be pretended that her trade at that time required ſo expenſive an eſtabliſhment.

Independent and unheard-of powers, judicial and executive, were given to conſuls, who had hitherto been viewed merely as commercial agents.

The Deſtruction of Great Britain, the great Object of French Politics.—The deſign of the French tyrants to diſorganize and give law to all the governments of Europe, is now ſo manifeſt, that he who ſtill doubts, muſt have read the public papers to very little account. Their conduct diſplays this wicked and ambitious character more and more clearly every year. Their hypocritical pretexts are all expoſed, and there is now but one opinion reſpecting them, in the minds of almoſt all men, on both ſides of the Atlantic. But this dominion over Europe cannot be effected, without firſt obtaining a predominant influence in the councils of America; ſo far at leaſt, as relates to Great Britain, whoſe power has ever been, and I hope ever will be, an inſurmountable barrier to their ambitious ſchemes. This power once reduced, farewell to the boaſted independence of theſe States, as well as the freedom of Europe.

Every real friend of humanity muſt contemplate thoſe

thoſe ſchemes, even at a diſtance, with abhorrence, and rejoice at their defeat; but when he ſees them ſwell and extend, to the ſubjugation of his own country, he muſt be either a fool, or ſomething worſe, if he does not feel indignation enough, to oppoſe them with all his might. However unconcerned a man may be, about the fate of the Britiſh empire, ſuppoſe he could even view its fall with the *ſang-froid* of a Jacobin; ſtill, if it involved his own ruin, intereſt alone would awaken his anxiety, and call forth ſome exertions to prevent it.

Such then is the preſent awful criſis of affairs. The conduct of France towards neutral nations, and the United States in particular, is all directed to this one point: To invade the rights and liberties of all the world, in order to ruin the commerce of Great Britain, and to procure the means of continuing a war of ſubjugation. Let the vile Jacobins attempt to qualify or extenuate French piracies as they pleaſe, for their own amuſement, or the deception of their maſters; their efforts can have no other effect on their fellow-citizens, than to produce more univerſal deteſtation, and the more ſpeedy vengeance of inſulted freemen. The public mind is made up: we ſee, with the clearneſs of a demonſtration, that, to accompliſh their atrocious purpoſe againſt Great Britain, the French are aiming a mortal ſtroke at our honour and our independence. Their nefarious plan is, to force us to violate a treaty we have recently contracted, and to render American faith a proverb of infamy: as they well know that, without this abominable regeneration, we ſhall not be fit ſubjects for their fraternal embraces.

As the friends of humanity and of peace, we have done much to avert a war; we have borne long; we have remonſtrated again and again; until at length our enemies have refuſed even to grant us a hearing. To ſtop our complaints, they have had the impu-

dence

dence to accuſe the United States of being the aggreſſors, and to ſay that they are only puniſhing us for our offences. This is the wolfiſh reaſoning they condeſcend to offer to a nation which they outraged by innumerable robberies and inſults, but which they look upon as a feeble unreſiſting prey.

Not ſatisfied with inſulting our underſtandings, with their own frivolous and fictitious allegations, they have now brought forward one of their ſatellites, the *magnanimous* Spaniard, to inſult us likewiſe. As they had forced every nation in Europe, as far as their arms extended, into a direct or indirect war with Great Britain, ſo have they now compelled his Catholic Majeſty to ſecond their deſigns againſt America. The obſequious King has told us, doubtleſs as he was commanded by his maſters, that we have offended him, alſo, by making a treaty with Great Britain. So that, unleſs we chooſe to ſend France a *carte blanche*, and employ ſome gracious envoy to deliver it, I much fear we ſhall have as many enemies as King George and his Miniſter Pitt, in a very ſhort time. The *once* high and mighty States of Holland will come forward next with their complaints; and they will be followed, in courſe, by the Duke of Tuſcany, the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, his Holineſs the Pope, and I don't know how many more. We ſhall either have to fight them all, or to beg their pardon, for ſome ſecret ſins, ſome unknown offences, which theſe raſcally Frenchmen will put into their mouths.

But before this hoſt of enemies attack us in a body, I think it will be beſt for us to reſolve what to do with the former two. There is no doubt that they are acting in concert, and have one and the ſame object in view; the infernal Britiſh treaty is ſtill the burden of their ſong. Are we willing to ſurrender our independence, and our right, as a ſovereign ſtate, of making treaties, when and with whom

whom we pleaſe? I believe that there is not a ſingle American, who has the ſmalleſt tincture of genuine ſpirit, but is rouſed even by the queſtion, and who will not immediately anſwer, No. Are we able to vindicate this right againſt the force of France and Spain united, without the aid of ſome powerful ally? No. Then, as we have enemies to deal with, who will not compromiſe, we have but one choice; which is, to conclude an alliance, or ſome ſpecial compact, with Great Britain, on the beſt terms we can; and I ſee no reaſon to doubt that it may be formed on terms equally honourable and advantageous to both countries.

This is the natural alliance of America, which muſt and will take place, if not at this, at ſome period not very diſtant, in ſpite of the perverſe or miſtaken oppoſition of all its enemies. "Men are irreſiſtibly led to aſſociate," ſays an eminent philoſopher, "by reſemblances, by conformities, by ſympathies. It is with nations as with individuals: nothing is ſo ſtrong a tie between nation and nation, as a correſpondence in laws, cuſtoms, manners, and habits in life: they have more than the force of treaties in themſelves: they are obligations written in the heart. The ſecret, unſeen, but irrefragable bond of habitual intercourſe, approximates men without their knowledge, and holds them together, even when their litigious and perverſe nature ſets them to equivocate, ſcuffle, and fight, about the terms of their written contracts." On this text our treaty with France affords the moſt inſtructive comment. Nothing could exhibit a more complete fiction of amity; the contract that was formed, was equally liberal, and at firſt pleaſing to both parties: but there was no moral reſemblance, to bind them together: they were perfectly heterogeneous, and it would have taken many generations of peace to eſtabliſh a tolerable harmony.

mony. During the ſound and honourable period of the alliance, there was little more than a grimace of friendſhip preſerved; but in its laſt and memorable ſtate, it has been nothing but a perpetual conflict of diſcordant parts; indignant nature has at length ariſen, and, to aſſert her violated rights, has ſnapped the band aſunder. Thus have we been ſnatched by the interpoſition of Providence from the embraces of a harlot, that have been fatal, without a ſingle exception, to all her paramours—and if, regardleſs of this leſſon of experience, we ſuffer ourſelves to be enſnared again, we ſhall merit all the evils we may ſuffer.

I know what the noiſy Jacobins will ſay; What! ſhall we form an alliance with a nation that waged a ſeven year's war againſt us; that burnt our towns, and ſlew our countrymen? Yes, if our preſent neceſſities require ſuch a league, although the peace was concluded but yeſterday. But the conteſt has been over theſe fourteen years; the ſeparation in government is now irrevocably fixed; and nothing but the malignant ſorcery of a Jacobin can call up ghoſts long ſince departed, to thrill our blood with fears, or prevent an union for common defence.

Although I have recommended for the diſeaſe of the ſtate, with the uſual confidence of an empiric, I ſhall be glad, nevertheleſs, to ſee the preſcriptions of any of my brother-quacks. Some of them, it is probable, inſtead of the exciſion-knife which I have propoſed, will preſcribe a milder treatment, perhaps another and a ſtronger doſe of humiliation, in the form of an envoy extraordinary; while others again, like bolder practitioners, may propoſe ſtarving the diſorder by means of an embargo. Neither would remove the cauſe of complaint: the latter might have ſome temporary effect, if it could be confined to the offending part only; but if by an embargo theſe gentlemen mean to ſtarve ourſelves

as well as our enemies, I will diſagree with them in toto. There are, I know, at leaſt two hundred thouſand of my fellow-citizens, for whoſe lives I have a great regard, that could not ſurvive ſuch a rude proceſs; and about two hundred thouſand more, whom it would infallibly bring to death's door: beſides an equal number, at leaſt, that, during the operation, would run ſtark ſtaring mad through every part of the Union. And ſhould the enemy, while all this is doing, ſlip in at a back door, and attack us, when a part of the inhabitants will be walking ghoſts, and another part crazy enough to join them, the Lord have mercy upon us!

THURSDAY, 18th MAY.

Backe's Bow Wow.—The public muſt have obſerved how artfully, how baſely, this ſpaniel has been fawning on the Preſident for ſome time paſt. He and his correſpondents pretended they had been deceived in *John Adams*; inſtead of an ariſtocrat, as they had ſuppoſed him to be, they found him "a "good practical republican, and recommended to "their readers to conſult *his conduct and not his* "*book*." They diſcovered too, that he had been groſſly ill uſed by the Adminiſtration of General Waſhington, who never admitted him to any of their ſecrets, and *who really wiſhed and endeavoured to prevent his being elected!* Now, after all this, who, that does not know Bache, would have imagined that he would tack about, all at once, and repreſent this very "practical republican" as the tool of a Britiſh faction? Who would have imagined, that there was a wretch in exiſtence capable of ſuch barefaced baſeneſs?

The following paragraph appeared in his paper of yeſterday morning:

"A correſpondent *would be glad to know whether* "*the*

" *the ſpeech delivered yeſterday was from the Repre-*
" *ſentative of the American people, or whether it was*
" *delivered by ſome alien in diſguiſe? Such was its*
" *temper, that it would licenſe a conjecture, that ſome*
" *foreign miniſter had intruded himſelf by ſome ſort of*
" *legerdemain, into the place of the Preſident of the*
" *United States.*"

This was by way of preparative: to-day morning the Aurora ſeems determined to ſhow, that ſhe has not loſt the malicious ſpirit, by which ſhe has ſo long been diſtinguiſhed, and that her old *correſpondents* have not forſaken her.

" *Correſpondent* 1*st.* The Britiſh have already thrown
" the gauntlet, and as they have given the ſignal
" of hoſtility, ſhame on the coward heart that re-
" fuſes to take it up! It was expected that they
" would have aſſumed a virtue if they had it not,
" and, in the preſent critical ſtate of public affairs,
" that they would have aimed at conciliation in-
" ſtead of irritation. But the fact is otherwiſe:
" they ſeem determined to meaſure ſwords, and it
" is to be hoped the republicans will ſhow the true
" temper of theirs and their ſkill in the management
" of them.

" The opening of Congreſs augurs ill. The firſt
" ſtep of certain members was to diſplace an officer
" of capacity, fidelity, and integrity, who has
" ſerved in that ſtation for eight years. Not a
" whiſper of miſconduct or incapacity has ever gone
" forth againſt him, and yet he has been ſuperſeded
" —and why? Becauſe he has acted like a freeman,
" according to his own conſcience and the dictates
" of his own underſtanding; becauſe he was not a
" tool of faction, but would think and act for him-
" ſelf. Is this the treatment a faithful ſervant of the
" public is to receive becauſe he has an opinion of
" his own?"

The firſt of theſe paragraphs we might have found

ſome difficulty in tracing to its ſource, but the ſecond proves them both to be a commencement to that ſeries of lucubrations which we may now, reaſonably hope for from the leiſure hours of the poor diſappointed "CALM OBSERVER." His debut is not amiſs; but I would have him be cautious how he talks about *not* being "*a tool of faction*," or I ſhall be obliged to aſk him *at whoſe houſe Adet and his friends uſed to meet*, and hold their conſultations for enſuring the election of Mr. Jefferſon.

"*Correſpondent 2d.* It is not to be wondered at "that the Britiſh Miniſter was ſo well pleaſed as to "have a conſtant ſmile on his countenance during "the delivery of the war-ſpeech by Mr. Adams. It "appeared to be an agreeable ſurpriſe to him, and "therefore he could not have been conſulted on the "occaſion."

I am not certain whether the Britiſh Miniſter ſmiled during the *war-ſpeech*, or not; but if he did not, I know the ſpeech had a different effect on him from what it had on me, and on every real friend to the independence of America. Few people, except the democrats, were baſe enough to conceive it poſſible that John Adams would crouch down at the feet of the Pariſian deſpots; yet many were *agreeably ſurpriſed* at the decided and reſolute tone of his ſpeech. It breathes what every good man wiſhed to hear, but what few had the courage to utter. No ſpeech delivered within the walls of Congreſs ever met with ſo warm and ſo univerſal approbation.

"*Correſpondent 3d.*—From the temper which a "great man ſhowed in his ſpeech on Tueſday to a "great aſſembly, we are unavoidably led to believe "that his men Timothy and Oliver have fed him "upon pepper-pot theſe three weeks paſt, in order to "bring his nerves to a proper Antigallican tone. "The effects which aromatics or high-ſeaſoned food

" produce upon a cold northern conſtitution every " quack can tell."

" A great man and *a great aſſembly!*"—Bleſs us! how cautious we have grown of late! It did not uſe to be thus during former ſeſſions of Congreſs. One may ſee that the faction is completely fallen by their mild manner of expreſſing themſelves: they are always boiſterous and inſolent in the hour of ſucceſs, or when they have a hope of ſucceſs before them; but the unrooſting of the "Calm Obſerver" ſeems to have diſheartened them; their lungs are grown weak all at once, and they talk as if their teeth were knocked out. They may talk and puff away about "*taking* up the gauntlet;" no gauntlet will they take up: the Preſident's ſpeech has already benumbed them, and I truſt the anſwer of Congreſs will freeze them as ſtiff as an icicle.

FRIDAY, 19th MAY.

Beckley.—As various reports will get abroad reſpecting the fracas that took place at my ſhop this morning between me and Beckley, late Clerk to the Houſe of Repreſentatives, I think proper to give the public a faithful account of it.

Beckley put a paper into my hands, containing ſomething about a defence of his conduct on a particular occaſion, while clerk. I read it. When I had done ſo, he told me he ſhould expect to ſee it in my paper this evening; to which I replied, that things of greater conſequence would engroſs the whole of the paper this day; that, therefore, it could not appear, and if it could, it ſhould not; but that, to-morrow, it could, and ſhould appear.

As no objection could be made to this, Beckley made none; but he had the aſſurance to tell me, that if I took any more liberties with his name he would horſewhip me! This he accompanied with a poſture

poſture as menacing as his poor emaciated frame could poſſibly aſſume. I replied, that I was reſolved to take juſt what liberties with his name I thought proper, and invited him to come immediately into the ſtreet, and put his threat of chaſtiſement into execution. Finding him hang back, it ſtruck me that he might be aſhamed to ſhow his bare bone to the populace, which were gathering about the houſe: I therefore propoſed to him to go back into my garden, and bring his friend with him. He now bethought himſelf (for the firſt time) that I was a "ſcoundrel beneath his notice."—To this I replied, that he was "a damned ſcoundrel," and dared him (which I now do again) to a compariſon between our characters, adding, that I owed nobody any thing. The reſt of the converſation would be very unedifying, as it conſiſted almoſt entirely of a mutual exchange of abuſive names and epithets, of high-toned threats on his part, and of contemptuous defiance on mine.

It will be obſerved (and the number of witneſſes precludes the poſſibility of a denial) that Beckley was the aggreſſor, both in threats of violence and in abuſive language. I am fully perſuaded that his intention was to provoke me to ſtrike him, and this opinion is corroborated by his having two or three perſons with him. I certainly did feel an almoſt irreſiſtible temptation to kick him into the ſtreet; but I luckily forbore, and he went off with no more ſatiſfaction than the miſerable one of being called "a damned ſcoundrel."

Gallo-Americans.—The late ſucceſſes of the French in Italy were celebrated at Kenſington, near Philadelphia, by a junto of Gallo-Americans, who, in the red tide of *liberty*, in the flowing bumper of Buo-

naparte, washed away discretion and the image of their native country *.

SATURDAY, 20th MAY.

Jefferson.——To THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esquire, Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate.

SIR,

Your arrival at the seat of government immediately after the publication of a letter said to be written by you to your friend Mazzei in Italy, affords you a fair opportunity of doing away any bad impression respecting your character, which the falsely ascribing to you improper sentiments may hitherto have occasioned. For the honour of the American name I would wish the letter to be a forgery, although I must confess, that your silence upon the subject, and the conduct of that party with which you appear at present to act, leaves but little probability of its not having proceeded from your pen. If it is not your production, an explicit disavowal of it appears incumbent on you, for several reasons.

1. Because it implies a contradiction of those sentiments respecting our excellent constitution, which you have formerly held before a disappointed ambition threw you into the hands of a desperate faction, by whose means you expected, no doubt, to have filled the first office of our government.

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* After a thousand more instances of the atrocity of the French Republic, which have happened since the date of the above-mentioned fact, there are still some Americans who have a hearty friendship for her, and who deplore her recent defeats, as much as they formerly rejoiced at her successes: and this, in despite of common decency, as well as the interest and honour of their own country.

2. Becauſe it is a direct libel on the character of thoſe men, whom the choice of a free people called to the exerciſe of the executive and judiciary powers of our government: And,

3. Becauſe its publication in a country from whoſe government and citizens we have met with every kind of injury and inſult, has a tendency to encourage a continuance of ſuch conduct in our allies, from a perſuaſion that our internal ſituation would admit of its exerciſe with impunity.

You ſtated truly when you repreſented all our proprietors of land as friendly to republican principles; and if you had gone further, and declared all our native citizens as faithful to the government they had formed, and diſpoſed to defend their rights as an independent nation from the inſidious attacks of foreign foes, you would have run no riſk of a contradiction. It is to be ſure, unfortunate for the *ancient dominion of Virginia*, that the names of the late ſecretary Randolph, Giles, Madiſon, Munroe, and yourſelf, are found in its rolls of citizens; but whilſt ſhe poſſeſſes the *beloved Waſhington*, and the memory of his great achievements and illuſtrious character is cheriſhed by Americans, thoſe names, like ſpecks upon the ſun's diſk, will be but tranſiently obſerved, and detract but inconſiderably from her luſtre. But it probably ſuited your purpoſe better to ſay, "Our politi-
"cal ſituation is prodigiouſly changed ſince you left
"us. Inſtead of that noble love of liberty, and that
"republican government, which carried us triumph-
"antly through the dangers of the war, an Anglo-
"monarchico-ariſtocratic party has ariſen. Their
"avowed object is to impoſe on us the ſubſtance,
"as they have already given us the form of the
"Britiſh government. Nevertheleſs the principal
"body of our citizens remained faithful to republi-
"can principles. All our proprietors of lands are
"friendly to thoſe principles, as alſo the maſs of

" men of talents. We have againſt us (republicans) " the executive power, the judiciary power (two of " the three branches of our Government) all the " officers of Government, all who are ſeeking " offices, all timid men who prefer the calm of Deſ- " potiſm to the tempeſtuous ſea of Liberty, the Bri- " tiſh merchants, and the Americans who trade on " Britiſh capitals, the ſpeculators, perſons inte- " reſted in the banks and public funds (eſtabliſh- " ments invented with views of corruption, and to aſ- " ſimilate us to the Britiſh model in all its corrupt " parts)."

Suppoſing for an inſtant, what I can by no means admit, that ſuch is the preſent ſituation of our country; is it, Sir, the part of a friend to his country, is it the part of a citizen, who had been frequently entruſted with the management of public concerns, thus to expoſe the failings of his brethren, the weak and vulnerable part of his native land, to a prattling foreigner, whoſe ſelf-conſequence and pride, abſtracted from any other motive, might induce him to make an improper uſe of this, at leaſt very imprudent, confidence? We have not forgotten the fine theme which the *precious confeſſions of your countryman Randolph* furniſhed to a former French Miniſter; and we can readily conceive that your letter, under the improving hand of an intriguing Italian, may prove the ſource of accumulating evil to the United States. Have we not repeatedly ſhown our attachment to the cauſe of liberty and to France? —Did we not exert every muſcle, ſtrain every nerve, to aſſiſt her in eſtabliſhing her right to make her own form of government untrammelled by the will of other nations?—and that too, when thoſe who now baſely fawn by her ſide, and ignominiouſly lick the duſt from her feet, were foremoſt in their oppoſition to the regeneration of a numerous people. Did we

not,

not, for a long time, patiently bear with the cringing insolence of Genet, the impertinent suggestions of Fauchet, and the dark and insidious manœuvres of Adet, without showing any intemperance of conduct at their behaviour, or ceasing our good offices to their nation, or their compatriots? True it is, Sir, that the feeble attempts of a rising republic, without a navy, or large standing army, could be of little service in battle to either of the contending parties. Of this, in the commencement of her struggle, France seemed fully sensible; and was aware of the advantage to be derived from our remaining neutral. And is it for this we are charged by you with ingratitude and injustice? and are those men, whom you once thought *Solomons in council, and Sampsons in combat*, for this to be branded by you with the name of *apostates?*

But I am, perhaps, intruding upon your time, and taking up some moments which might be more profitably employed in attention to public affairs; I shall, therefore, close this letter with a wish, that if the writing ascribed to you is spurious, it may be disowned. In doing this you will render a justice due to yourself, and oblige many of your fellow-citizens, but no one more than A NATIVE AMERICAN.

Beckley's Letter.—Mr. Cobbett, You have used an unwarrantable, I will not add base freedom, with my name and character, in your Gazette of Tuesday evening last. Referring to the proceedings of the House of Representatives of the United States on Monday last, respecting the appointment of a clerk, you remark in the following words:

"As to Mr. Beckley's ability, I can be no judge "of that; but respecting his *fidelity*, the adding up "the votes on the important question respecting the "British treaty, by which a *point already decided* "was submitted to the decision of the Chairman, "was no very favourable specimen."

The following facts, of which you could not be ignorant, will prove that the injurious inſinuation which your remarks are calculated to convey, is totally unfounded in truth:

On the 30th day of April, 1796, when the reſolution for making an appropriation to carry into effect the Britiſh treaty, was depending in the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, a motion was made by Mr. Dearborne, to prefix to the reſolution a preamble, ſtating certain objections to the treaty: on this motion the Yeas and Nays were called for. In taking the Yeas and Nays on every queſtion, the mode of proceeding is known to be this:—A record-book lies on the Clerk's table, in which the names of all the members are alphabetically entered, with a column on each ſide of the name, one for the Yeas, and the other the Nays, in this form:

Yeas.	*Names.*	*Nays.*
X	. . . . . A. B.	
	C. D.	
X	. . . . . E. F.	
	G. H.	X
	J. K.	X

As ſoon as the call is over, the Clerk reads aloud the names of all the members as they voted, whether yea or nay, ſo that if any member's vote has been omitted to be entered in the record, or afterwards to be read aloud by the Clerk, the error is inſtantly diſcovered and corrected. Now in the caſe to which you refer on Mr. Dearborne's motion, it happened that there were 49 Yeas and 50 Nays, and that, in the haſte of running up the numbers, I reported to the Chair 49 Yeas and 49 Nays, when the Speaker being about to give, or having actually given, his caſt vote, a member ſuggeſted that the Clerk had made a miſtake

miſtake in counting the numbers; I inſtantly recurred to the record-book, and reported to the Chair, that it appeared that there were 50 Nays entered on the queſtion; and having previouſly read aloud to the Houſe the names of thoſe 50 members without having omitted a ſingle vote either in entering the votes or reading the names, the miſtake in caſting up the numbers was ſo obviouſly a caſual and unintentional one, in the view of the whole Houſe, that the proceeding was inſtantly put right, and the deciſion of the queſtion on Mr. Dearborne's motion entered on the minutes and journal of the day, by a vote of 50 Nays againſt 49 Yeas, *without the deciſion of the Chair*, and contrary to your aſſertion, as will appear by a reference to the printed journal of the Houſe, page 380.

This explanation will, I preſume, ſatisfy the moſt tortured ſuggeſtions of malice; but, to remove all poſſibility of doubt, I ſubjoin the then Speaker Mr. Dayton's certificate on the ſubject.

May 19, 1797. JOHN BECKLEY.

This may certify, that the ſtatement of facts herein before made by Mr. Beckley, both as to the method of taking, entering, and announcing the Yeas and Nays, generally, and as to the error in caſting up the votes on Mr. Dearborne's motion, particularly, is accurate and juſt. This I can declare with the greater freedom and confidence, becauſe I recollect perfectly my having marked with my pen the number of 50 Nays, as Mr. Beckley read and announced them from his entry. JONA. DAYTON.

Remarks.—I might ſafely ſuffer this curious *defence* to go forth without any comment; for it does no more than give a circumſtantial confirmation of the charge it is intended to do away. I charged him with having given in a *falſe report* of the Yeas and Nays,

Nays, by which a *point already decided*, was ſubmitted to the deciſion of the Chairman. Now, how does he diſprove this? Why, he acknowledges (for he could not do otherwiſe) that "there were *fifty Yeas*, and *forty-nine Nays*," and that *he "reported to the Chair forty-nine Yeas* and *forty-nine Nays*." He alſo acknowledges, that the Speaker (he means *Chairman)* was about to give his caſting vote, or had actually given it (it is well known that it was given), when the miſtake was diſcovered; and he is beſides obliged to confeſs, that the *miſtake*, as he calls it, was diſcovered *by a member of the Houſe!* and yet he has the impudence to call my charge an "injurious inſinuation!"

It is well enough to obſerve, that he builds his defence on the circumſtance of his having *called over every name*, which he wiſhes to be looked upon as a proof that the falſehood of his report was not intentional. But, let it be remembered, that he could not omit a name *without certain detection*, as the member who found his name omitted, would have immediately complained; but in giving in the report as to numbers, there was little danger of detection, as the inaccuracy could not be well aſcertained by any one who had not the liſts before him.

In ſhort, Mr. Beckley ſeems to have formed a reſolution to make himſelf appear guilty; and, not thinking himſelf a credible witneſs, has called in the teſtimony of Mr. Dayton, a man whoſe veracity no man will doubt of.

I will juſt add, that this ſubject was not revived by me for the cruel purpoſe of triumphing over a fallen man. It was courted, it was loudly called for, by a paragraph in his friend Bache's paper, in which his *fidelity* was boaſted of, and in which a *majority* of the Houſe of Repreſentatives were ſtigmatized as a *rancorous faction*, merely becauſe they did not chooſe him for their Clerk.

The

The impudence of theſe fellows ſurpaſſes every thing that we read of in Hibernian fable. They have a right to abuſe Congreſs; call the officers of ſtate *man Timothy*, and *man Oliver*; charge the ſupreme executive power of being under Britiſh influence, and purſue General Waſhington to his retreat, with the appellations of *traitor* and *murderer*; but the moment a word is uttered againſt themſelves, the moment an attempt is made to repel their vile accuſations, they ſtun us with a cry of vengeance. For my part, I have been ſo long accuſtomed to deſpiſe them, that any thing I could now ſay on the ſubject muſt be repetition.

MONDAY, 22d MAY.

To Thomas Jefferſon, Eſq. Vice-Preſident of the United States, and Preſident of the Senate of the United States.

SIR,

With that reſpect which is due to your high official ſtations, as the next officer to the chief magiſtrate of the Union, and the Preſident of an important branch of the national legiſlature, I exerciſe the right of a citizen of the United States to call on you for an explicit avowal or diſavowal of the following letter *, which has been publicly aſcribed to you in all our newſpapers, and which contains ſentiments and principles too deeply affecting the intereſt, character, and ſafety of America, to be paſſed by unnoticed by any American who values and cheriſhes them. Although that letter has been the ſubject of great public agitation, I have been too often deceived by ſpurious fabrications of this nature, too haſtily to adopt an opinion on the ſubject; and knowing your

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* See Mr. Jefferſon's letter to Mazzei, page 345.

expected

expected arrival in this city, have forborne to make any ſtrictures upon it, until you had had a fair opportunity of denying it.

The preſent criſis of our affairs will not brook any further delay; the time is now come, when every citizen muſt ſpeak his opinion without diſguiſe; when the public have a right to know the real opinions of their high public functionaries. If you entertain the ſentiments aſcribed to you in that letter, it is your duty to avow them, to come forward manfully and to ſupport them. If they have been falſely attributed to your pen, it is no leſs incumbent on you explicitly to diſavow them. I ſhall, for the preſent, withhold further remarks. Should your ſilence continue, you will be juſtly regarded as the author of that letter, and duty to the American nation will compel me to preſent to the public view thoſe obſervations which, on the peruſal of it, have ariſen in the mind of A FELLOW-CITIZEN.

French Influence.—That we may be enabled the more juſtly to form an eſtimate of the degree and extent of the French influence in this country, it will be proper to pauſe here a moment, and reflect upon the nature of public opinion, how it is to be collected, and in what manner it may be excited, created, or directed.

In every civil ſociety the majority, unleſs rouſed by ſome appeal to their paſſions or intereſt, are quieſcent and inactive. In a republican government like ours, the great body of the people are perfectly eaſy, and repoſe with confidence on the rulers whom they have freely elected, and whom they know to be equally intereſted with themſelves in the promotion of the public welfare and happineſs.

But in every ſociety, however happy the general ſtate of it may be, there will be perſons of ſome one of the following deſcriptions: reſtleſs uneaſy ſpirits, impatient

impatient of reſtraint, ſour, moroſe, malevolent hearts, diſpoſed to view the fair objects of nature and art, the beautiful ſyſtem of laws, order, and public happineſs, with jaundiced eyes; depreſſed, deſperate, profligate, abandoned wretches, poſſeſſed of a gambling ſpirit, deſirous of change; or vain ambitious minds, purſe-proud men, but of dull and feeble talents, who think that their merits are overlooked, and who wiſh an overturn for the ſake of gratifying their rage for diſtinction. Theſe various deſcriptions abound more or leſs in different countries, according to the ſtate of manners. In England, Mr. Burke computes them at one fifth of thoſe who think at all, but ſuppoſes, that, unleſs carefully watched, they are ſufficiently numerous to overthrow the government. In this country, I do not believe that more than one tenth of thoſe who are capable of forming any opinion for themſelves, are of any of the foregoing deſcriptions; but, though ſo deſpicable in numbers and character, yet they are ſo ſubtle, active, perſevering, indefatigable, and organized, that we have ſeen them effect in a few weeks an almoſt total change in the opinions of their fellow-citizens, aſſume the language and authority of the people, and threaten the very exiſtence of government. Taught this truth, partly by their experience in their own country, and partly by obſervation of the American character, the emiſſaries of France early learned how to acquire an *influence*, and had almoſt diſcovered how to obtain a *dominion* over the opinions and conduct of the open and unſuſpecting Americans. From the peace of 1783, until the period when the Jacobin faction had erected a new deſpotiſm in France upon the ruins of the old, no particular occaſion exiſted to call forth the intriguing ſpirit of the French Government. We do not, therefore, find any particular exerciſe of this their darling propenſity.

They

They contented themſelves with filling up the full quota of diplomatic and conſular agents, who were well employed in watching every intereſting movement of our Government, and who were ready marſhalled to commence effective operations, as events or occaſions might require. Such an occaſion, unfortunately for this, until now, happy country, ſoon preſented itſelf. The firſt ſteps towards liberty which the French nation adopted, having for their object ſimply a diminution of the royal prerogatives, and an amelioration of the condition of the commonality and peaſantry, were received in this country with univerſal and unfeigned pleaſure. Our public papers teemed with congratulations on the auſpicious event. When, therefore, the *mild*, *humane*, and philoſophic Warville, and his accomplices, of the Girondiſt faction, aimed the ſanguinary ſteel againſt the head of their unfortunate monarch (to whom, if to any of the French nation, we were under *obligations)*; when they perceived that all Europe ſtood aghaſt at the horrid ſpectacle, and that incenſed humanity was urging combined nations to vindicate her rights, it was to be expected that they ſhould turn their views to America as their only friend. Selecting then one of their moſt daring and intriguing ſpirits, a man who had already proved his abilities againſt the devoted heads of the unhappy *Genevans*, and recalling from this country a Miniſter who had too much honeſty, and too great friendſhip for us, to be truſted; they ſent out this emiſſary to *draw cloſer* the bonds of *fraternity* which united the *two republics*. Every artful device, every ingenious ſcheme, every plauſible, every faſcinating ſentiment, was to be ſuggeſted to entrap us. To pleaſe our vanity, we were to be told, that the French revolution was but an emanation of our own; that a ſpark from America had lighted the *holy* flame. To gratify reſentments yet warm, to rekindle jealouſies

hardly extinguiſhed, to reſuſcitate injuries not yet healed, we were reminded of Britiſh tyranny, Britiſh treachery, and Britiſh cruelty. But above all, to captivate the idle and the deſperate, who have ever ſince been the warmeſt friends of French principles, they preached the mild, perſuaſive, and irreſiſtible doctrines of liberty and equality. Myſterious terms! what wonders you have wrought! *equality* of property! agrarian laws! *liberty* to act as our whims, paſſions, or intereſt dictate! How faſcinating to the diſſolute! how captivating to the lazy and impoveriſhed ſans-culotte! This hopeful ſon of ſedition, begot by Anarchy (the deſcription renders it ſuperfluous to call him Genet), with a dozen choice ſpirits in the conſular character, to act as aids, were cantoned out at proper diſtances in the different parts of the Union. The happy effects of their exertions and talents have been widely felt, and ſorely realized, but cannot be juſtly deſcribed, without devoting to them a ſeparate number. LEONIDAS.

Award in favour of American Claimants.—The following is a copy of an award of the Commiſſioners on American claims in London, in a ſingle caſe of a veſſel belonging to New-Haven.

Communicated for the Minerva.

Jan. 14. We award four thouſand ſix hundred and fifty-eight dollars, American currency, with intereſt thereon, at five per cent. from the firſt of January, 1794, in compenſation of the loſs and damage ſuſtained by the capture.

WM. SCOTT,
JOHN NICOLL.

To ——— *London, Feb. 12th,* 1797.

GENTLEMEN,

I have the pleaſure to ſend you the above copy of an award in your favour, by the gentleman, to whom,

whom, by an arrangement between the Government of the United States and Great Britain, cafes of coſts and damages have been referred for a more early ſettlement than could be had by way of appeal. By the earlieſt conveyance after the ſum awarded you has been paid, and the amount of coſts to be deducted from it has been aſcertained, you ſhall hear from me, and be authorized to draw for the balance.

Your obedient ſervant,

SAMUEL BAYARD.

TUESDAY, 23d MAY.

To Meſſrs. M'Lean & Lang, Printers, New-York.

GENTLEMEN,

In your paper, received this morning by the poſt, I find the following requeſt: "If you do not ſtop "writing, Meſſrs. M'Lean and Lang, printers to "King Mob, pleaſe to ſtop your paper."

Give and take, is a good old maxim, gentlemen; you cannot, I ſuppoſe, have forgotten, that you addreſſed your paper to "P. Porcupine, printer to his Majeſty." Being the aggreſſors then (if there is any aggreſſion in the matter), you can have no reaſon to complain. You might mean no harm in beſtowing a title on me: I dare ſay you only wiſhed to regale the poſt-office clerks with a little printing-office wit; and I aſſure you, upon the word and honour of a newſmonger, that "King Mob" was intended as no more than an humble imitation of ſo laudable an example. As I find, however, that it gives you diſpleaſure, I ſhall in future deſiſt.

I am, Gentlemen, your moſt obedient,

And moſt devoted ſervant,

PETER PORCUPINE.

Philadelphia, May 3d, 1797.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 24th MAY.

Various Forms of Government.—From the Shop of Meſſrs. Colon and Spondee.

Ariſtocracy.—I have looked into my Entick, and he ſays, that it is a government by nobles. Heaven preſerve us from ariſtocrats! they would cut all our farms into lordſhips, and ſell us for ſlaves: ſo ſays my neighbour Grumble, and he knows, for he is what they call a diſhononary member of a Jacobin club. But pray, my dear jealous countrymen, are not all kind of ocracys dreadful things? and are they not running rampant among us?

Yes—there is your

Hogocracy.—That is, where an ignorant booby has blundered into a great eſtate, and has the riches without the education, ſentiments, or manners of a gentleman. His pride and inſolence form a horrid hogocracy over his poor neighbours. More happy is the Ruſſian peaſant, ſold, with the land he ploughs, to his haughty boyar, than the tenant or dependant of ſuch a hogocrat.

Then there is your

Pigocracy.—The pigocrat may be known by his long pig's tail, bound with ſix yards of riband, his wheat-meal and lard upon his head, and his ſhrill dolorous whine; with theſe he eſtabliſhes a tyrannical pigocracy over the blooming generation of young ladies.

Then there is your

Ribocracy.—That is, when the married lady diſcards the bewitching drapery of the ſkirt, for the immemorial inſignia of the man, and rules the conjugal roaſt; when ſhe neglects the pie and pudding, and ſcolds politics at her huſband's viſitors; and, after having inſulted the patience of the good man by day, awakens him by night to the refreſhing elo-

quence of a curtain lecture. Such a woman has eſtabliſhed a Da******—I dare not at preſent ſay what; as, unhappily, my own dear rib now caſts a loving look over my left ſhoulder.

N. B. My wife is a profound politician: I wiſh you could hear her talk upon liberty and equality.

Then there is your

Mobocracy.—But I beg pardon, this is only a ſpecies of democracy. I ſay again, Heaven preſerve us from all ocracys. [*Farmer's Muſeum.*]

Miſcarriages of the Mails.—To Subſcribers. From different parts of the Union I have received repeated complaints of the miſcarriage or delay of my papers; and though, with ſuch numbers of diſtant ſubſcribers, it would be rather bold to declare that the fault is never to be attributed to my people, yet I can venture to affirm, that it rarely or ever is ſo. But, what is ſomething ſingular, ſubſcribers have often cauſe to complain who live at places among the leaſt diſtant, and to which the conveyance is direct, and extremely regular. I am loath to give out any thing like an accuſation; but when I am well informed that certain poſt-maſters are free to declare their mortification at being obliged to deliver out my papers, and of one, in particular, who declared he would give *thirty dollars a-year* out of his own pocket, if he could put a ſtop to its circulation, I think myſelf juſtified in communicating the circumſtances to my ſubſcribers. A miſtake *may* now and then happen in my office; but the ſubſcribers may be aſſured, that in no office in this city is the diſpatching of papers ſo carefully attended to; and that, therefore, their diſappointments muſt be aſcribed to ſome of the perſons concerned in the conveyance of them. Theſe ſcandalous perjured delinquents I will uſe my utmoſt endeavours to find out; and in ſpite of the latitude for ſhift and trick which the nature of their office affords them, they have much

much more cunning than they have honeſty, if they long eſcape undetected, or unexpoſed.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Beckley's Caſe.—MR. COBBETT, I was rather ſurpriſed to find the *Speaker* of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of Congreſs coming forward to vindicate the conduct of the diſmiſſed Clerk. I think your remarks on the Clerk's paltry defence very pertinent, but you have taken no notice of a curious fact in the Speaker's certificate. He certifies, that "he recollects perfectly having marked with his pen the number of fifty Nays, as Mr. Beckley read and announced them from his entry:" now, as there were forty-nine Yeas, and the Speaker knew there were fifty Nays, how came he to vote? It is well known that the Speaker never votes, unleſs the Houſe is equally divided; or his vote, added to the minority, will make the votes equal. But the Speaker did vote on that occaſion, and voted on the ſide of the Nays, on the ſide of the majority; which, it is fairly preſumed, he would not have done unleſs he had believed the Houſe equally divided. The concluſion is, that Beckley, being unacquainted with the Speaker's real ſentiments, expected his caſting vote, and that the Speaker, from the diſtance of time, may now have an imperfect recollection of the tranſaction. This requires further explanation. A QUERIST.

This communication has led me to perceive, that in my remarks on Beckley's defence, publiſhed in Saturday's Gazette, I put Yeas for Nays, and Chairman for Speaker.

For Porcupine's Gazette.--MR. COBBETT, Although I have never entertained a very high opinion of John Beckley's political principles or political fidelity, yet, I confeſs, I did not believe him to be that whining, pining, cringing, contemptible creature he has ſhown himſelf, on the occaſion of his late diſappoint-

ment. If he has merited his fate, as I moſt firmly believe he has, ſhame and contrition ſhould ſtop his mouth: if he is the innocent injured man he pretends to be, an honeſt pride and conſcious rectitude ſhould place him above ſuch puſillanimous conduct. At one moment he groans out the moſt lamentable complaints, calling perſonally on the compaſſion of thoſe members of the Houſe, whom, not long ſince, he treated with hauteur and inſulting neglect; at another moment, he threatens a terrible vengeance if he is not reinſtated, by the diſcovery of dire and important ſecrets. Pray, Mr. Beckley, if you are really in the poſſeſſion of theſe valuable ſecrets of official miſconduct in certain high characters, was it not your duty, long ſince, to have diſcloſed them? Or, is it more reputable to have reſerved them as bolts of vengeance and diſappointment? But ſuch threats are either the ravings of approaching inſanity, or the fretful foamings of a weak mind. That Mr. Beckley might have expected the puniſhment he has received from thoſe who inflicted it, is too evident to require proof. If a conſtant diſobliging carriage, and a marked neglect of the federal ſide of the Houſe; if the moſt ſtriking partiality in his official conduct to the democrats; if an habitual diſregard of our Government, and the moſt public and indecent abuſe of its meaſures, at all times, and in all places, juſtly demand the cenſure and puniſhment of the friends and ſupporters of that Government, ſurely this foreigner, this wretched tool of a fallen faction, has no great cauſe of ſurpriſe, if he is among the firſt of the bricks that fall from the Temple of Anarchy. As to his hopes of ſucceſs at the law, I ſuſpect he will meet with a ſecond diſappointment here. All the rank and ſtinking cats are already pledged to Secretary Dallas, and what remains will not be worth the attention of the ci-devant Clerk. Perhaps his friend Dallas will employ him

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as a journeyman, either in law or politics, both of which, I believe, are a ſource of profit to this precious coadjutor of Randolph, Gallatin, &c.

JUSTICE.

TUESDAY, 25th MAY.

Barkley Townſed's Advertiſement.—To be printed and publiſhed in Porcupine's Gazette.—This writing is written by a quill that is yet ſoft; and the writer deſires his brethren to keep the commandments, and walk in the ſtatutes of the Lord, and love one another. I ſhall be ſhort and plain, as this is only a ſhort ſcratch of the ſoft quill of the young Porcupine. There is one book written, which is now at the preſs, and I hope to have it in circulation in four weeks from this inſtant: there is one book now in circulation, and to be ſold in Market Street; in that book it is explained for what reaſon Thomas Paine called it his Age of Reaſon. I ſhall, in the next book, explain how the great red dragon is now caſt down to the earth, and I have had to encounter him. On Monday morning, between three and four o'clock, was the battle; and ſuch a battle I never ſaw before: but ſo it was, I knew his intention, and where he wanted to ſtrike, and a hard quill was pointed in ſuch a manner, that he dare not ſtrike: he then employed the witch of Endor; it was the ſame way with her. In the name of God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, I bade him defiance, and all that take his part. And I ſhow pointedly that the tail has ſwept down ſome ſtars: and in the ſtate of Pennſylvania it is done: at this time the preachers of a certain perſuaſion have deviated from the wholeſome rules of a Goſpel church: in the Methodiſt Magazine for February and March there is ſome falſe doctrine; and I now inform you, that ſome part of the doctrine is no better than Thomas Paine's Age

of Reaſon: and if you aſſume a pre-eminence over all other perſuaſions, I recommend you to conſider, and look to the end of the chapter, and not deſtroy yourſelves. It is my opinion, when the full force of your law, made by your body politic, comes fairly to be underſtood, the five New-England ſtates will be like lions; New-York nearly the ſame; and the next ſtate between two fires, and a deviation in all the reſt. Throughout the whole of the United States truth ſhall conquer. The New-England men are the leaſt corrupted of any in the United States, according to their number: therefore, my worthy friends, remember; when ye are ſtout, be merciful: the Lord fights for his people; therefore keep fortitude, and do not let reſentment carry you to acts of violence againſt your own countrymen. The true Chriſtian is an open man; he does not carry a wheel within a wheel, as ſome do at this preſent time. We are inſtruments in the hand of the Lord, and let every one diſcharge his duty faithfully, or elſe he hath no reaſon to expect to live.

And let the printer diſcharge his duty as a printer, and publiſh this in three different papers, or elſe he may expect to be rewarded as his works ſhall be. There is a ſon of David, by adoption, that ſhall kill Goliath. By authority I ſpeak it, and direct it to be publiſhed in Porcupine's Gazette; and, according to rule and order, I ſhall ſign my name, and will not deny; I truſt in God, and wicked men defy.

BARKLEY TOWNSED*.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1797.

FRIDAY, 26th MAY.

Soporiferous Effect of a long Speech.—Mr. Porcupine, I take this method of returning Meſſrs. Livingſton and

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* This fellow ſeems to me to be a match for *Brothers*. He is certainly a very great rogue or a very great fool.

Giles

Giles my hearty thanks for the nap I have for theſe two days enjoyed under the potent poppies of their oratory; but, at the ſame time, I have to complain of the improvidence of thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to provide furniture for the Repreſentatives' chamber. The hall indeed is pretty well; the chair-bottoms are ſoft, and the backs recline very commodiouſly; but, in the gallery, the place where the people reſort to, there is nothing to be found but bare hard boards! Is it juſt, is it decent, Mr. Porcupine, for the "ſervants" to be bolſtered up to their ears, while their ſovereign lies like a ſoldier upon a guard-bed?

Yours, &c. G. D.

M. M. Jefferſon and Madiſon.—A gentleman who arrived in the General Wayne from Bourdeaux, obſerves, that the late election has cloſed in the choice of ſuch men as will uſe their influence to reſtore a good underſtanding between France and America. This circumſtance was thought to be pleaſing to a large majority of that nation; who, they ſay, muſt now look to moderate legiſlatures for juſtice and protection. Americans muſt be highly pleaſed at this event; it looks pacific.

Mr. Jefferſon, inſtead of Mr. Madiſon, was mentioned in yeſterday's Gazette as being expected in France as a ſecond extra envoy.

Remark.—It is very probable that either of theſe gentlemen would be the choice of the Executive Directory, as being well inclined to ſecond their deſigns of diſtreſſing the commerce of Great Britain, and humbling the Government of the United States into a complete ſubmiſſion to the imperious dictates and ambitious ſchemes of France. But, if this ſhould take place, would theſe States be any longer free and independent? If the French are once gratified in the appointment of a Miniſter, it will not be long be-

fore they will expect the same complaisance in the election of a President, a Congress, and every other confidential officer. But it so happens, that there is no need of a new appointment. Should the Executive think it proper to renew the application to France for justice, it may be done through Mr. Pinckney: he is waiting for the purpose, and, if they refuse to hear him, they would not hear, "even should one arise from the dead."

There is no reason to expect a change in the conduct of France towards the United States, so long as the war lasts in Europe: whatever men govern French affairs, whether jacobins, moderates, or royalists, the deep-rooted hatred of Great Britain will continue; they will still envy her prosperity, and, particularly, the extension of her commerce in this country. The great object of French politics, which they have manifested every eight or ten years for a century past, has been to reduce the power of their rival to a state of less importance in the scale of nations; and the question now before the American Government is simply this; is it to the interest of our country to co-operate in this important measure, and to trust our future fortune to the magnanimity and friendship of France?

SATURDAY, 27th MAY.

Chevalier D'Yrujo's Letter to the Secretary of State.

SIR, *Philadelphia, May* 24, 1797.

In the collection of documents referred to in the President's speech, and printed for the use of the members of both Houses, I have seen the translation of the memorial I had the honour to present to you on the 6th inst. and, after a cursory perusal of it, I have observed with concern, that the translation has not been exact in some particular passages; and as it has been

been publiſhed and preſented to Congreſs in that imperfect ſtate, I ſhall take the liberty of pointing out to you, Sir, thoſe paſſages which appear to me moſt material, flattering myſelf you will be pleaſed to order the publication to be corrected.

In the 8th line, page 45, at the beginning of my memorial, it is ſaid, that the ceſſion of a conſiderable portion of territory from Spain to the United States has been made by agreeing to draw a line of demarcation between the poſſeſſions of both parties. At a time when the ſenſe of every propoſition is ſo minutely examined into, I cannot paſs over this without remarking to you, that as every State has a right to a line of demarcation to its poſſeſſions, it is not by agreeing to draw limits that the ceſſion was made to the United States, but "by the manner" in which his Catholic Majeſty agreed it ſhould be done; and this is the literal ſenſe of my words.

In the 10th line of the ſame page, ſpeaking of the advantages ariſing to the American citizens from the principle that free ſhips ſhall make free goods, it is ſaid in the tranſlation that this ſtipulation promiſed a neutrality as advantageous as durable; when in my memorial I ſay, that the Americans, for reaſons therein aſſigned, would promiſe themſelves a neutrality as advantageous as durable.

In page 47 it is ſaid, Whilſt "a ſtate of war" requires that his ſquadrons and ſhips ſhould reſpect Engliſh property on board of American veſſels. The ſenſe of my words is quite different—Whilſt it may be required of his ſquadrons and ſhips to reſpect Engliſh property on board of American veſſels.

In the 37th line of the ſame page it is ſaid, Whilſt the latter muſt ſuffer from "avarice" or the high price of an article to her ſo abſolutely neceſſary. My words are, Whilſt the latter muſt ſuffer from the "want" or the high price of an article, &c.

There are ſeveral other paſſages where the lan-

guage is materially altered; but, as the ſenſe is preſerved, I ſhall not trouble you about them. I ſhall only take the liberty to obſerve, that, had you been pleaſed to have ſent me the tranſlation, I could have corrected it, and ſaved you the trouble of this letter. As the tranſlation of my memorial has appeared in the newſpapers, I ſhall through the ſame channel publiſh this letter, in order to have theſe miſtakes removed. I have the honour to be,

With great reſpect, Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
LE CHEVALIER D'YRUJO.

Timothy Pickering, Eſq.

REMARK.—The Chevalier is marching directly in the ſteps of Citizen Adet. The above is mere verbal criticiſm: the correction produces no alteration in the import of his reſcript; and the liberty he has taken of publiſhing it has no example except that of the *Diplomatic Blunderbuſs*. Was the Britiſh Miniſter ever guilty of ſuch a breach of decorum? No. When the very warm diſpute reſpecting the conduct of Governor Simcoe was on the tapis, this Government publiſhed its complaints on the ſubject: Mr. Hammond ſoon after received the Governor's explanation of the buſineſs, doing away the calumnies which the French faction had ſpread through the country; yet Mr. H. did not publiſh this; he requeſted that the *Preſident would be pleaſed* to order it to be publiſhed.

MONDAY, 29th MAY.

Advertiſement extraordinary.—For an extraordinary purpoſe, relative to a *Miniſter Extraordinary.*—Wanted immediately, *A dozen of balloons*, finiſhed and decorated in the moſt ſuperb and magnificent manner, and fit for the reception of a number of the members of an auguſt aſſembly who are deputized to go

go to the Moon, and, perhaps, as far as Sirius the Dog-ſtar, in queſt of arguments relative to national gratitude, and which alſo can be uſed in giving a ſolution of the following important queſtion, viz. Shall the United States imitate the inflexibility of the ruſh, that bows down before the ſtorm; or ſhall they aſſume the attitude of the oak, that does not invite the tempeſt, but ſtands ready to meet it?

N. B. If the balloons are conſtructed upon pure French principles, the deputation will have no need of gas or inflammable air; for the whole weight of Congreſs Hall will barely be ſufficient for their ballaſt.

Auguſta, May 11.—A foreigner made his appearance in Auguſta, in the courſe of laſt week, to whom ſome gave the title of a Spaniſh General, others, that of a French General, and ſome again called him the Governor of Louiſiana; be his rank what it may, it is certainly underſtood that his errand was to induce America to aid and aſſiſt the Republic of France in their new dominions, the Floridas, in caſe of any attempt by the Britiſh in that quarter. A very *delicate* requiſition this, on the part of either France or Spain—whilſt the *one* inſults us with the diſmiſſal of our Ambaſſador, and ſeizes our property wherever it can be found; and the *other* refuſes to ſurrender the poſts which by ſolemn treaty they had yielded to the United States! It is doubtleſs a very natural predilection for the people of the ſouthern country to prefer their Spaniſh neighbours to any change which the preſent proſpect of affairs promiſes; but *deſpotic* as the ſyſtem of the Britiſh Government is, it would be found to ſuit us quite as well in the way of neighbourhood as the *liberty* and *equality* which emanates from *the terrible Republic.* The *ſaturnalia feſta* in ancient Rome were well enough for a little fun occaſionally, but the *perpetua ſaturnalia* would

would go d—mn—bly againſt the grain of a Georgian or Carolinian.

TUESDAY, 30th MAY.

Something to excite our "warmeſt Senſibility."—Extract of a letter from the Captain of the ſchooner Suſannah, dated Guadaloupe, 2d April. "I am ſorry to inform you of our ill ſucceſs on the voyage. I left Cape Henry on the 25th of February, and on the 12th of March, five leagues N. W. of Antigua, was captured by a French privateer mounting two guns and forty men, who took myſelf and three men out of the ſchooner, put a prize-maſter and ſeven Frenchmen on board, and brought us to this place, where, after two days, our trial commenced—both veſſel and cargo condemned—myſelf plundered of books, quadrant, and moſt of my clothes; and, what is ſtill worſe, *the whole of my people put in jail*, and myſelf threatened very hard. There are *upwards of forty Americans in jail in this place*, beſides a great number *that have been exchanged with the Engliſh*. Our treatment is moſt intolerable; *worſe than that of the Turks in Algiers---inſulted by every black ſcamp, and they protected by the Government*. Nothing is more common here than for a *black ſoldier* to have a *white man arreſted for the ſmalleſt offence*—I don't know what to compare it to, for I am ſure the Moors in Barbary have more humanity—all the black American ſeamen are obliged *to work for the Republic*, and have only three quarters of a pound of bread and *four ounces of cod-fiſh for twenty four hours*. They condemn all veſſels cleared out for the Weſt Indies, *except for Guadaloupe*; there have been about ten condemned ſince I was here. I have not been able to ſee my people ſince they were put in jail, except one, *who works for the Republic*. We are not permitted to go the jail, as *they have an idea that Ame-*

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rica will declare war againſt them. If I were to inſert the whole of my ill uſage, it would take two or three ſheets of paper. They condemn veſſels, ſome for one thing and ſome for another; any thing will anſwer if they want the cargo—The owners of the privateers are the judges; ſo that every one tries his own cauſe. I ſhall be at home, I ſuppoſe, ſome time in May, *and hope to find Congreſs ſitting; I am determined to go before them, and if they will not give us ſatisfaction, nor ſuffer us to defend ourſelves, I will never ſail under the flag again, for I am determined to have ſatisfaction at the riſk of my life and ſalvation.*—I have taken charge of a ſhip here for St. Thomas's, where I ſhall make all poſſible diſpatch for home.—Ships of 200 tons ſell here for 100 joes.

"I ſhall be obliged to leave my people here; I have tried every means to get them out, but all to no purpoſe."

[Let Mr. Livingſton and his friends reply to this honeſt fellow if he ſhould come before them. When they talk again about the forty-two American ſeamen whom the Britiſh preſſed, ſome gentlemen will do well to read this letter. Here we ſee forty American ſeamen crammed all into one jail; while others are put to hard labour for the Republic, ſcorned and inſulted even by blacks.

How different is the language of this captain from that of the oppoſition in Congreſs! The injuries, the ſtripes inflicted by the French, excite in their minds "the warmeſt ſenſibility," while he ſwears revenge, at the riſk of his life and ſalvation. What can be the cauſe of this mighty difference?—I ſhall endeavour to account for it in an eſſay on corruption, that I intend very ſoon to put to the preſs.

The cruelties inflicted on Americans by the ſanguinary tyrants in the French colonies would form another Bloody Buoy, and I have ſome thought of making a compilation of them under ſome ſuch title.]

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, 31st MAY.

Conciliation with France, on reaſonable Terms, impracticable.—During the debates in Congreſs, there has been a great deal ſaid (and it has been repeated over and over, until every hearer muſt have been tired of it) about neutral bottoms covering enemies property; about the extenſion of the liſt of contraband articles; and the capture of proviſion-veſſels: it has been ſaid, that in all of theſe articles our treaty with Great Britain gives her an advantage over France; and that juſtice and ſtrict neutrality require that both nations ſhould be *put on a level.* From which the oppoſition members infer, that an envoy extraordinary ſhould be ſent to France, with full power to negotiate with the Directory, and to relinquiſh all claims founded on the treaty of 1778, that are incompatible with this equality. Would haughty France be ſatisfied with this propoſition? Is it probable that ſhe has run the riſk of driving us into the arms of an enemy, for whoſe deſtruction, principally, ſhe now continues the war, for ſuch trifles as theſe? What would ſhe gain, if we ſhould conſent to her ſeizing Britiſh property found on board of American veſſels? She knows, and we all know, that we are not carriers for Great Britain, and of courſe that ſhe would find very little Britiſh property on board of American veſſels. She is not like, therefore, to be caught with ſuch a ſhadow. Suppoſe aga in ſhe were permitted to ſeize articles for ſhipbuilding, and any other of the *additional* contraband articles, deſtined to Britiſh ports, that ſhe may find on board of American veſſels? Would this ſatisfy her? Does ſhe want theſe articles? Has ſhe not already more veſſels than ſhe can man and equip? Is it not well known that ſhe has burnt or ſcuttled many of the veſſels that ſhe has taken, for want of the means of turning them to better account? Or

would this injury, trifling as it really would be to Great Britain, afford any material aſſiſtance to France in the preſent war ? I believe there is not a ſingle member in Congreſs weak enough to believe it would.

But ſuppoſe ſhe were permitted alſo to ſtop all the proviſion-veſſels bound to Britiſh ports, on condition ſhe would pay a reaſonable price for the cargoes and freights of the veſſels : would aſſignats, mandats, or any other paper current in France, or her dominions, purchaſe freſh cargoes in America ? I gueſs one million of livres in ſuch paper would not buy a ſingle barrel of flour. So that I think it is quite as well to ſuffer her to take our flour as ſhe does at preſent, without the trouble of a bargain and ſale, as to conſent to part with it for paper that is really worth nothing. Indeed it is better, becauſe ſuch a compact would clear her from the infamy ſhe now juſtly deſerves, and impreſs the American character indelibly with the names of fool and coward. But if we do not intend, while we pacify our enemy, to create another, we ought to conſider, likewiſe, whether by making this alteration in our treaty with France, we ſhall not excite the complaints of Great Britain. As equalization is the favourite principle with our moderators, they ought to inquire, whether Great Britain will not have juſt right to demand that her cruiſers and privateers ſhall enter our ports with their prizes, and come and go where they pleaſe, as well as France ? May it not often happen then, that Engliſh and French privateers will be in our ports at one and the ſame time : that their crews may quarrel, fight, and involve many of our own raſh partiſans in their conteſts, to the great terror, and perhaps deſtruction, of ſome of our towns ?

And as depreciated paper is the currency in which France will pay for moſt of our cargoes of flour, will not Great Britain think it right to pay us in the ſame

ſame way? for it is as eaſy for her to make paper that will be worth nothing, as it is for France.

In ſhort, I am really apprehenſive, that, by acceding to any alteration or infraction of the treaties we have already made with either of theſe powers, we ſhall involve ourſelves in a labyrinth of abſurdity, confuſion, and diſgrace; and that the wiſeſt policy we can purſue, is, unanimouſly to agree with our Executive, that we have done no injuſtice to provoke the reſentment of either nation; that we are determined to aſſert our own innocence; to defend ourſelves, and to repel the unprovoked aggreſſions of all.

AMERICANUS.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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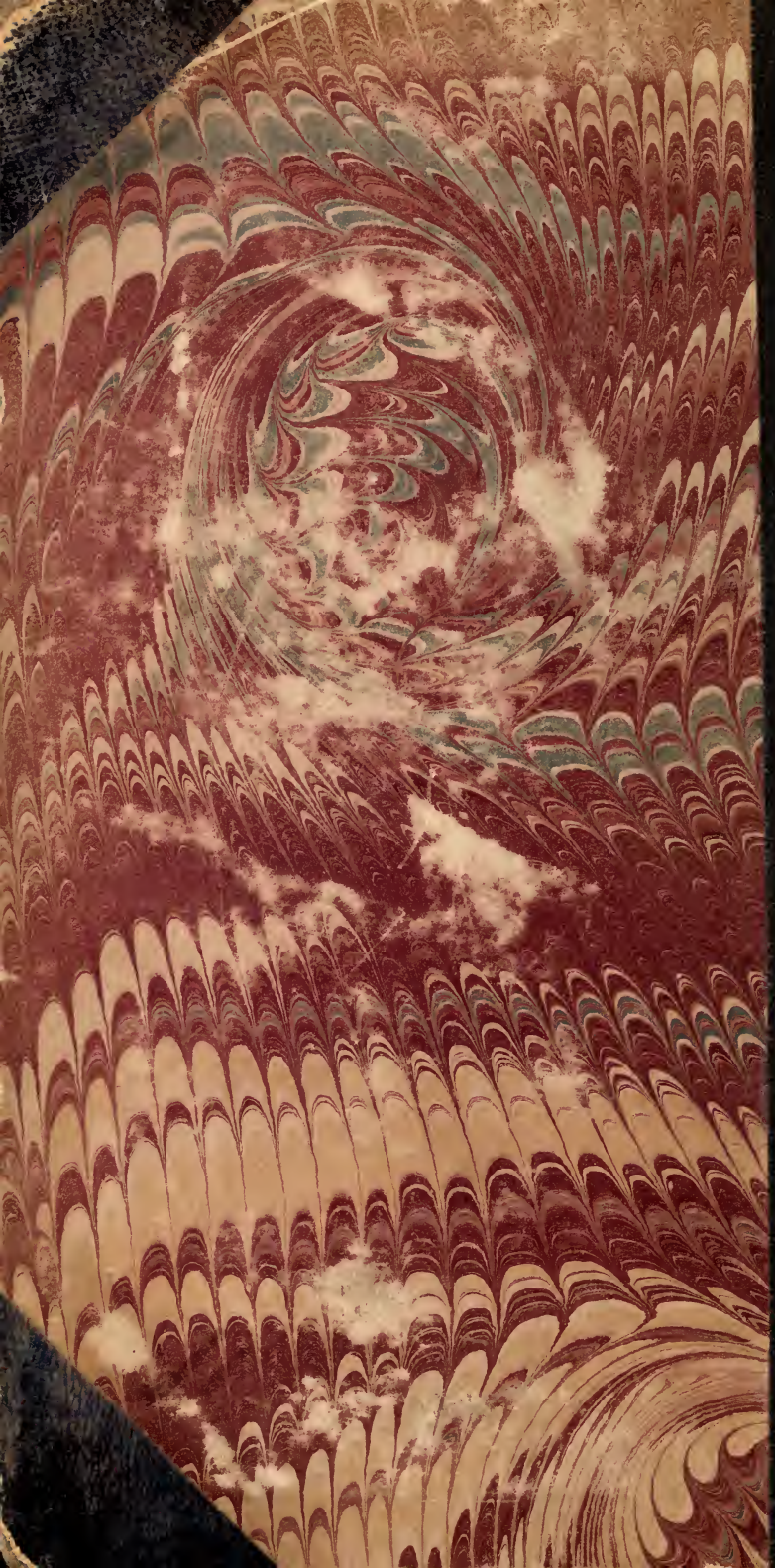
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